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THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

I.

It was market-day ; the most worthy and worshipful burgomaster and schepens of Nieuw Amsterdam turned over in bed, stretched their fat legs, and recognized that it was time to get up, while all the host of the groote en kleine Burgerrecht, at much the same time and in much the same way, did the like.

"Burgomaster and schepens," — the sounding old titles still haunted their dreams, although done away with more than a score of years before, when that choking monosyllable "York" displaced dear old Amsterdam in the city style ; but notwithstanding the treaty of Westminster and despite its English name, the little town was still Dutch to its heart's core, yielding with sorry grace to the rule of the Papist Stuart, and viewing with sullen dislike the outlandish beasts blazoned upon his flag yonder above their little fort.

After all, it was their High-Mightinesses of the Staats-General who were at fault. They had bungled the business at Westminster, and, finding themselves at a loss, coolly threw over their infant colony.

Deep was the anger and grievous the shame of the loyal burghers on learning that their little town had been tossed without scruple into the diplomatic balance as a makeweight.

But the milk was spilled, and what availed crying ? All the more patiently,

on account of their wrath at the Staats-General, they bowed their necks under the new yoke, — a yoke destined never to be lifted in their day and generation. Luckily, it proved no very irksome burden. They were left to go pretty much their own gait. Their hearth-stones were held sacred. They ate their suppaen and rolliches of an evening, smoked their pipes in the chimney-nook, and upon the Lord's Day waddled their wonted way to the Gereformeerde Kerche, cased each in who shall say how many redundant pairs of breeches, to hear Dominie Selyns expound the sacred word from the pure text approved by the clas-sis of Amsterdam.

Town affairs, too, were for the most part still left to their guidance. Indeed, so long as stern old Sir Edmund Andros was kept busy yonder by the Boston Puritans, there was little fear of encroachment from his easy-going lieutenant, who, as all the world knew, had long been sighing to get back to his London fogs.

It was market-day, early in May, in the year of grace 1689, a memorable month and a memorable year in the annals of the town. The newly risen sun, shining across the low plains of Midwoud and Breuckelen and over the rounded peaks of Remsen's Hoodgts, showed the little community already astir.

Outside the city wall, which stretched across the island from river to river, following nearly the line of the street

which still bears its name, and gathered before the Landpoort, which stood at the head of Broadway, a motley group of country-folks, afoot, on pillions, or in ox-carts laden with produce for the market, waited impatiently for the opening of the gates.

Down at the water-side, meanwhile, there was another and livelier scene. Crowded about the entrance to the dock, a fleet of small craft were awaiting the signal to swarm into the little basin and unload. Scattered over the surface of the two rivers to the north and east, other boats were making speed to come up. Afar in the distance a belated ketch could be seen tacking her way through the Hoofden, while along the misty coast-line of Staaten Island a group of tiny specks like bobbing corks showed a flotilla of Indian canoes, all bound for the same point.

Within the walls, the smoke curling from the chimney-tops showed that the thrifty huysvrouw was wrestling with her cranes and pot-hooks over the open kitchen fire, in preparation of the morning meal. Up and down the chief thoroughfares and in many a humbler street negro slaves were busy with mop and broom, scrubbing the high stoops and polishing the brass knockers, singing, whistling, or chattering back and forth to each other in their grotesque African-Dutch patois; ceasing their pranks for the moment as the schout, with grim look and heavy step, strode past, jingling the massive keys of the Landpoort.

Presently from the church in the fort rang out the mellow peal of the old bell, captured years before by a Dutch man-of-war from a Spanish galleon. It was the signal for the day to begin. In a trice the little town awoke to life and activity: the gates were thrown open, the country-folks swarmed in, the streets were filled with tradesmen and artisans going to their tasks, while the noise of hurrying feet, the creaking of the heavy ox-carts, the rattle of the windmills, the

far-echoing hammer-blows of carpenters and blacksmiths, the barking of dogs, the lowing of cattle, and the shrill laughter of children swelled the opening chorus of the day.

A large open space over against the fort was set apart for the marcktveld, which on market-days became the centre of life and affairs. A line of rude booths on the eastern side, a row of ox-carts opposite, with their tails turned inward for the better display of their goods, and an oblong grass-plot in the midst were the principal features.

Now it was a scene of turmoil, as the busy traders and hucksters bustled about disposing their wares in a fashion the most fit to tempt the buyer. Here the sturdy farmers from Vlacktebos, New Utrecht, and Ompoge disposed upon the clean straw in their carts the carcasses of calves, hogs, turkeys, and geese, flanked by heavy casks filled with salt beef and pork of their own curing. In the opposite booths the thrifty matrons from Ghmoenepaen, Vlissingen, New Haerlem, or Boomtre's Hoeck, with hoods thrown back, arms bared, hips padded to abnormal dimensions by numberless petticoats, made haste to set forth the products of their dairies, assisted by stolid, rosy-cheeked young women, wearing close-quilted caps, heavy gold earrings, bright copper buckles to set off their hobnailed shoes, and fancy jackets to relieve their homespun petticoats. Squatting upon the greensward in the middle space, Indians of the Corchang, Secatang, and Najack tribes gravely looked about on the noisy scene, and awaited customers for their venison, wild-fowl, skins, and birch-bark water-spouts.

Hardly were the wares set in order when the customers came flocking to the spot. Forth from the low brick houses, with their high stoops and battlemented gables, which lined the chief thoroughfares, came the worshipful magistrates, the rich tradesmen, the rever-

end dominie, the learned schoolmaster, some with slaves at their heels bearing hampers; while filing down Broadway, along the winding Strand, through Winkle and Pearl and Hoogh streets, and skirting the canal in the Heeren-Gracht, came craftsmen, laborers, and serving-men, the latter with bare heads, wooden shoes, red baize waistcoats, and leather aprons, all bringing their baskets to be filled.

Immediately the market-place resounds with haggling, chaffering, and good-natured jest, as the buyers, roaming from booth to cart, cheapen the wares which the crafty dealer has set at a price from which he can safely afford to abate.

"What will your worship, this morning? Here you have eggs new laid by my own fowls in Midwoud,—you'll never find an addled egg in Annetje's basket; here's twaelft, too, smoked by myself, only one string of seawant; or if you are for herbs to stuff the goose for Lord's Day, here, look you! put your worshipful nose to these!"

"Cabbages, my vrouw? Feel o' these!—your own bosom is not more firm and white; and ei! do you pass by such apples as yonder? Pinkster Bloom-itjes,—the first o' the year; no winter's leavings, mind ye; there's not their like in the velt. Come, what say ye? The cask for a beaver?"

But a neighbor with shriller tongue has lured away the wavering customer:

"Who's for cheese? See ye here, all made from cream, sweet cream in my own bouwerie at Sapokanican. Butter too—let that melt on your tongue! it costs nothing."

"Here, John, son of John!" shouts a lusty farmer-youth from his cart to a lean-looking artisan. "Come you here and buy something to fill out your skin! You'd best not come to Seawanacky, lest the crows get ye!"

"The pot calls the kettle black. Your own bones are not so far out of sight, junker, for all you feed yonder with

the cows and pigs in your bouwerie. What's here?"

"Look for yourself!—tarwe, three guilders the schepel, maeys, the like is not to be found in the market, and erten: your huysvrouw's eyes'll gladden at the sight."

"That will they not; 'a burnt child dreads the fire.' The last schepen was musty. Take care you come not in the way o' my Elsie, or your ears are like to make acquaintance with the dish-clout."

An hour or two of this, and the bustle is over. Such is the strife among the thrifty townsfolk to be on hand at the opening of the market, and thereby get the pick of the goods, that long before noon the bulk of the business is done.

Thereupon the dealers draw a breath of relief and compare notes; the farmers fill their pipes and talk over their crops, the wives gossip about their babes and kitchens, the daughters chatter of sillier matters.

"Come, Gertryd, the best is over; let's away!"

"Not so fast! I have herbs yet, and my hoof-kaas is not sold."

"What matter? Take it back; 't will do for another time. Come away, and let us see what new things are for sale."

"Not I; 't is not for nothing I got the best place to-day."

"You'll find it against your coming back; the market-place is not like to melt and run into the sea."

"All the same, good luck comes not twice in one day. I'll hold my post till all is gone—Resel, your worship? Fine and white; take some home to your huysvrouw, or you'll get no olykoeks! What mean you to buy Annetje?—A cradle? You and Claes must be of a mind by this!"

"Who knows?" and the buxom Annetje tossed her head.

"Poh! never tell me he has not spoken yet!"

"That will I not; nor tell you anything about it."

"Come!"

"You would know what I am to buy?"

"Since 't is no secret."

"Well, then, 't is no child's gear for those who may never see the light, but three ells duffels, needles and thread" —

"So! a likely story!"

"Sausage, Mynheer! four guilders in good strung seaant."

Nearly opposite the Stadthuys on the corner of the Heeren-Gracht stood the mansion of Van Cortlandt, the worshipful mayor of the town.

Duly at the ringing of the bell the worthy mayor came forth upon the stoop, followed by an old negro slave with a basket.

There was a cloud upon the magistrate's face; he paused a moment to reflect, and evidently changing his purpose of going to market himself sent the negro instead, while with a preoccupied air he bent his own steps towards the Stadthuys.

Hardly was he out of sight when the door again opened, and a youth appeared upon the stoop, busily engaged in mending a fishing-tackle which he carried in his hand. Turning in the direction opposite to that taken by his father, he crossed the bridge spanning the canal at the foot of the Heeren-Gracht and sauntered slowly along the Strand, too much absorbed in his task to note the passers-by.

"Is that Van Cortlandt's junker?" asked one burly citizen of another.

"It needs not to ask; has he not the mark of the tribe, — a fair outside with a worm at the heart?"

"What worm is that?"

"Pride and vain-glory; they would set up for lords and princes in this new world, now that they have lands to match the titles."

"Look yonder, Maretje!" cried an

old crone to her gossip. "Here comes the worshipful mayor's son, the fairest junker in Nieuw Amsterdam."

"Have a care lest some of the prying English hear that name!"

"'T is the good old name."

"'T is treason now to speak it."

"But the junker, look! he's close upon us! Saw you ever such a skin upon a man? 'T is like milk and honey, and his hair shines like silk."

"His broad shoulders please me better, and his straight legs; he's a lad of mettle already, I'll warrant him, and his chin not yet ripe for the razor. What has he in his hand?"

"A hook and line; he goes to catch sun-fish in the Kolch."

"Ei! he'll find other fish to catch one of these days; he'll have but to cast his hook to get the best."

"He has never a thought that way yet. Mark you how he passed Elsie Vanderdonck's fluttering chicks not a moment since? — a wag of the head, but never a glance back to see if they be cocks or pullets."

"And they, silly fools, darting their eyes out at him."

"'T is pride in him, they say."

"His mother had not suckled him else."

"'T is the proudest huysvrouw in the land. Mark you the pace she holds at kerche, and the air wherewith she looks about?"

"'T is said the worshipful burgomaster stands in awe of her."

"Who talks of burgomasters?"

"Pardon! — my old tongue will never learn their new names; but as for Gertryd Schuyler, 't would be a marvel if she had not given some of her spirit to her brood."

"Well may one carry a high head with a purse so deep."

"There be others with deeper purses, but who else counts back his forefathers to Russian dukes?"

"What are their dukes to us? The

bargains 'll all be gone at market, with your lagging. Come!"

Thus prattling, the two old gossips went their way to market, while young Stephanus Van Cortlandt kept along the Strand until he came to the Waterpoort, the name given to the gate at the foot of Wall Street, close to the East River, where the old wall was pierced by an opening which gave egress to the country beyond. Here stood awaiting him a youth of about his own age, and similarly dressed in a long-skirted coat with silver buttons, linsey-woolsey knee-breeches, clocked stockings, and buckled shoes.

"Hola there, Cornelis! have you waited long?"

"Did you not say two hours after sunrise? The dial had passed the mark before I started, and see now yonder shadow, how it slants!"

"'T was no fault of mine. I could not come fasting, and some saucy sailor from the Massachusetts must needs have speech with my worshipful father, which kept the table waiting."

"What matters the reason, so you are come? I have not wasted the time, you see," holding up his fishing-rod, with the name *Cornelis De Peyster* rudely cut in the bark.

"Good! we are in luck," said Van Cortlandt, as they passed through the gate. "We may get some roach, for the wind is in the south."

"How came you so weather-wise?"

"Look yonder at Jan Vinge's wind-mill!"

"Since your eyes are so good, look further, and tell me what rare sight is that in the Magde Paetje."

"I see nothing out of the common," said Van Cortlandt indifferently, turning his eyes in the direction indicated.

"There again! Oh, never mind; 't is a bird, mayhap."

"What are you at?"

"A bird they say charms you with her song."

Van Cortlandt's face kindled with a look of intelligence. He scanned the distant object, muttering, —

"There be more red hoods than one."

"Look now!"

"You 're right; 't is she!" starting eagerly to go.

"Stay! Wait, I say, Steenie! What's doing yonder in Smiet's Vly?" pointing to an excited group in the marsh to their right.

"'T is a bullock they are bringing to the shambles. See, they cannot hold him!"

"Look! look! he is at large — he has gored one — the man is killed!"

"No; he is up again."

"Let them have a care! the bull is mad!"

"See now! big Claes the butcher is bringing his axe; they will kill him on the spot."

At this juncture the attention of the two eager youths was drawn to the cries of a group of terrified children who were rushing past.

"He is free! he is free!"

"He is coming after us!"

"We shall all be killed!"

Up over the grassy edge of the basin which formed the vly, and down the slope which led to the gate, the children came bounding pell-mell.

A mischievous look suddenly gleamed in the eyes of young Van Cortlandt; a touch of pure boyishness hardly to be looked for in so strapping a youth. Spreading wide his arms, he obstructed the way of the leader of the group, a half-grown girl of thirteen or thereabouts, crying, —

"Here he comes! here — here! just at your heels!"

Screaming with fear, the poor girl, in her futile efforts to escape, darted to the right and to the left, only to find herself intercepted by her cruel tormentor, still shouting, —

"He's upon you, I say! Quick! Run! He'll catch you sure!"

"Let me go! Let me go-o-o!"

"Now — now! Look back! See, just behind you!" continued the wicked Steenie, choking with laughter.

With a frantic effort the terrified girl broke from his relaxed grasp, and rushing forward in blind haste struck her foot against a stone, and fell heavily to the ground.

Directly the sobered Steenie sprang to help her, and beheld with dismay her pale face and bleeding arm. He stood for a moment helplessly looking about, when the murmur of the little creek close by in the vly fell upon his ear. He hurried thither, soaked his handkerchief in the cold water, and, coming back, bathed the face and clumsily bound up the arm of the sufferer.

She presently revived, and gazed about in a dazed way, to find herself alone with the junker.

"There," he said, with a final turn of the bandage, "if you will but take a little care, that will stay on until you get home."

"That shall it not, nor a minute more!" cried the girl, springing to her feet and stripping off the handkerchief, which she flung disdainfully to the ground.

"But — but it will bleed again — see, 't is bleeding now!"

"I care not how much it bleeds."

"But I care. I am grieved that I hurt you. I meant not to be so rude. I pray you forgive me!"

"I never will forgive you!"

"And it would serve me right, too. Here, clear you the score now; 't is better than to wait. Here is a stick!"

"Go away!"

"Lay on! Do! I beg you, strike! Then shall we both feel better, so that against the next time we meet" —

"Go away, I say!"

—"you will forget your grudge, and we shall be friends."

"We shall never be friends!"

"'T is well, meantime, you know not

my name, to lay up resentment against me."

"I know it well enough."

"What is it, then?"

"'T is Mynheer Van Cortlandt, and I hope never to hear it again."

"And why never again?"

"Because I hate it!" she cried with spiteful energy, as she hurried away.

II.

Among the score or more of ox-carts which, in a long and straggling line, lumbered out of the Landpoort shortly before noontide, on their homeward way, Rip Van Dorn's was noted as the only one quite empty; not a scrap remained of his morning's load.

Rip was the well-known tenant of Leisler's *bouwerie*, a half mile or more beyond the walls; and although his land was not noted for its fertility nor Rip for cunning in his craft, yet he made good all such deficiencies by his skill as a chapman. He had indeed long been acknowledged as the best huckster in the market; cajoling his women patrons by shrewd personal appeals or barefaced compliments, as best served his turn, and winning over his own sex by a beguiling waggery. Now, naturally enough, with his load disposed of, he was in a happy frame of mind, and spared not, as he strode along swinging his heavy ox-goad, to rally his less successful fellows.

"*Hola daar, Matthias!*" he shouted to the driver of the cart just before him. "Get along, or the sun 'll go down on us! But what do ye with such a load, Mat? Did ye go to market to *buy* calf's flesh? I'll bet all's in my pouch there's more now in your cart than in the morning."

"'T is well Captain Leisler is not by to hear ye betting his money," countered the man promptly.

"Kill your bull, Mat, and get a ram! Ye'll do better with sheep!"

"I wait, never fear! The good people wear out their teeth by and by, eating half-starved beasts!"

"Or next time, for God's sake, take your calves down alive! 'Tis pity to kill the poor beasts that might better be driven back on their own hoofs!"

"What good to take live calves to market? You bellow so loud they could never be heard!" retorted the man, with good, current rustic humor.

Rip, nothing daunted, joined loudly in the laugh at his own expense.

"Jaa wel, 'tis better play the calf at market than the ass on the homeward way, ei, Peterse?" to the man just behind. "There's no calf's flesh in your cart, I warrant," — casting a look back, — "else there'd be no room for cabbages. Have the good people, then, lost their love for cabbages?"

"No, that have they not, for I saw all the women gaping at your head."

"Good, Peterse, good! At him again!"

"Wel zoo! and why not? There's something inside," tapping his head; "'tis full, d'ye see, Peterse? Better a full head and an empty cart than — ye know what!"

A hoarse chorus of laughter arose from the whole group of clowns, as they cried confusedly, "Down, Peterse, — ye're down again!"

"That am I not. Give me rather an empty head than one full of wind and brande-wyn!"

Loud was the shout at this dexterous thrust at one of Rip's well-known weaknesses.

"Ei, ei, give me the brande-wyn, and keep you the empty head!" retorted Rip, as he turned off the highway upon the grass-grown road leading to his own door.

"Get a bouwerie o' ye own, and then come preach to us, dominie!"

"First must I learn the trick to grow rich driving cabbages to market and back again!" rejoined Rip, with a

burst of ironical laughter, prolonged so as to prevent all attempt at a reply from his late companions until he was safely out of ear-shot.

Happily none of these good friends and neighbors were thin-skinned. Such banter, it seemed, served only to put their blood into healthful circulation, and accordingly Rip drove up to his own door in undisturbed serenity.

Rip's house, although small and poor, had an air of thrift and comfort. It was a little wooden cottage covered with shingles grown silvery-gray with age, and topped by a wooden chimney blackened with soot at the mouth. Like other cottages of the time, it stood gable-end towards the highway, with the Dutch wife's inevitable tulip-bed in front, and on the side a rude stoop furnished with two stout benches, all overhung by a clambering wild-brier. A stone's-throw from the door was a goose-pond, and along the garden wall a row of clumsy bee-hives.

Having unyoked and foddered his oxen, Rip, still wearing his beaming look, stalked into the house.

"Good luck again! Still good luck!" he cried in tones which made the rafters ring. "All is sold, to the last hair and feather."

His grim little huysvrouw, busied in getting the noonday meal, deigned neither greeting nor reply. Taking down from an upper shelf a big pewter platter, she gave her whole mind to wiping it, as oblivious, seemingly, of her husband as of a very fat and clumsy baby tugging at her skirts behind.

Having rubbed the already clean dish to a superfluous polish, she crossed briskly to the open fireplace, where with a long fork she critically prodded a huge piece of salt beef boiling in an iron pot. The baby, holding fast to her skirts, was dragged along at a pace far too swift for his uncertain equilibrium, and after one or two long, wavering strides toppled over sideways to the floor.

The busy mother betrayed no concern, nor cast so much as a glance behind. It was plainly an every-day mishap. The baby, indeed, without a cry or whimper, speedily straightened himself, got his bearings, and following like a crab along the floor was soon at her skirts again.

"Hoh, little vrouw! Good luck, I say! Look ye here!" cried Rip more lustily, as he emptied his pockets on a small table in the corner. "One good beaver, four strings of white seawant, two of black, a half dozen guilders, and more than two handfuls of stayvers."

Pulling the crane bearing the heavy pot out over the hearth-stone and balancing the platter in her left hand, Vrouw Van Dorn, with a dexterous movement, fished out the meat, and stood watching the greasy liquor drain back into the pot without betraying by so much as the quiver of an eyelash any interest in her good man's intelligence.

"Let go! let go, Ripse! Mother put baby in the fire and burn him up!"

Undeterred by this terrible threat, the persistent Ripse kept tugging to raise his ponderous bulk from the floor, rendering very difficult his mother's management of the heavy platter.

"Mother whip Ripse — slap! slap! slap!"

"Tryntie, I say!" broke in Rip senior, coming up in a rollicking manner and folding his spouse in a voluminous embrace, regardless of meat and platter. "Come, my dear! Come glad your eyes with the sight yonder!"

"Go away!" said the little woman curtly.

"'Away,' says she; she sends away her own man."

Replying only by a sniff to this bit of sentiment, Vrouw Van Dorn proceeded to bring forth from the same pot two dripping cabbages, dump them on the platter to garnish the meat, and carry the whole to the table, dragging the tottering Ripse behind her.

"Come! do you hear? Come here, I say!" persisted her husband.

Releasing her petticoats from the dimpled clutch of Ripse, and substituting by way of consolation a piece of boiled beef to suck, Vrouw Van Dorn, with a resigned air, stalked to the corner and gazed at the treasure.

"What think you now?"

"Huh!"

"Ei?"

"'T is much good — all that!"

"Why not?"

"It goes to stuff Mynheer's pocket."

"The bouwerie is his; he takes no more than his own."

"Huh!"

"Nor so much. He is a good landlord; he tosses me back always a guilder or two for the cub yonder."

"Zoo? Come here, Ripse! Show mother where keep you all these guilders the good Mynheer sends!" cried the dame ironically to the baby, who came creeping towards them.

"'T is easy to see, my dear," went on Rip, deaf to the interruption, "you have not yet learned to love Mynheer."

"No."

"Wait, then! Wait only! It will come. He loves you already: he asks always for my vrouw."

"Huh!"

"He is a good man, he has a big heart. He tries always to do the right."

Vrouw Van Dorn maintained a stony silence.

"Who was so kind when Ripse was sick?"

"Vrouw Leisler is not Mynheer."

"And the children, — Jacob?"

"The junker is well enough."

"And Mary?"

"I say nothing against her."

"And Hester?"

"She is Catalina's friend."

"Zoo? 'T is enough. Friend to Catalina, the dear Catalina! Poor Hester! nothing by yourself; but no matter, you have Catalina for a friend."

Vrouw Van Dorn listened with grim composure to this feeble raillery.

"What makes so dear to you the blackamoor's child?"

"I had her always in my arms from the hour she was born" —

"What a pity you had not me always in arms!" interposed Rip whimsically.

"She loves me, that one, better than the mother."

"And you love her better again than that. Poor Ripse and me! we must live without love, — ei, schelmje?" he cried, catching up the baby and tossing him again and again into the air, shaking and mauling him at every descent as though he had been made of putty.

This, however, was plainly a favorite exercise with the infant, who manifested his delight by certain breathless and inarticulate outcries. Altogether the two were having a truly uproarious time, when Tryntie, who meanwhile had finished spreading her board by the addition of some bread, butter, cheese, curds prepared with rennet, and a tankard of home-brewed beer, interrupted them with "Come, it is ready! Come and eat!"

"What does mother to Ripse?" asked the father, while the young one waited for another toss.

Unfolding his begrimed little hands from his father's grasp, the child brought them together with a resounding smack, which sent the father off into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Come, I say; the meat gets cold!"

Obedient to this peremptory summons, Rip returned the baby to his underfoot domain, and placed himself, nothing loath, at the board.

"Jaa wel," he continued, with a mouth full of beef and cabbage, returning to the subject of his morning's gains, "'t is Mynheer's land, and he must have his share."

"And what is left?"

"This is left," pointing to the beef and cabbage, "and this," taking up the skirt of his smock, "and — and there

will be a few pieces for your stocking, mayhap."

"Few enough!"

"'T is the way to grow rich," gasped Rip, setting down the pewter mug after a breathless draught of beer, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"One by one makes a hundred."

"It makes not a hundred here" —

"Humph — m-m," interposed Rip, recognizing a storm signal. "Saw ye ever, Tryntie, a finer beaver?"

"It makes nothing at all nor ever will, while you waste fair daylight and" —

"See! Stroke it with your own hand," he continued in precipitation, picking up the skin from the floor and tossing it across to his kindling vrouw.

—"and spend all we get at Annekin Litschoes' pot-house."

"'T is worth an English guinea, — every stuyver of it."

"Ye heed me well enough, for all your clatter!"

"What now is the matter?" opening his eyes in feigned surprise.

Tryntie tossed her head in contempt at the artifice.

"Annekin, say ye? Annekin is an honest, hard-working vrouw, and give and take is fair dealing."

"Never a doubt, and ye'll be giving and she taking till all is gone."

"Does she not buy her hoof-kaas of ye?"

"Where is my gain?"

"And many a fat pullet and basket of eggs?"

"How grow we rich on that when you pour down the whole and more in her brande-wyn" —

"Heaven help us! What is like a vrouw's tongue! But, Tryntie" —

—"and call all the idlers in the tap-room to drink at your cost?"

"Can a man drink by himself?"

"Then leave drinking alone."

"Ei, ei, hear her! Not to drink at all! To live and not to drink! Am I not to eat, too? Am I to die, then?"

"Jaa — jaa — jaa! 'T is better than wear out the life tilling Mynheer Leisler's bouwerie."

"Zoo! And what then would you have?"

"A bouwerie of our own."

"Hola! hear the mother, junker! Hear her talk!" cried Rip, rising and catching up the expectant infant. "She would be a high-mightiness! A bouwerie of our own! Hark, Ripse, while I whisper in your ear: the poor mother is crazy."

With a snort of disdain Tryntie rose from the table, and began clearing away the dishes.

"Zoo! zoo! zoo!" muttered Rip, collecting his treasure and passing out of the house, "the poor mother is crazy. A bouwerie of our own, — 't is good!"

By a prodigious clatter of her pewter trenchers and platters Tryntie quite drowned her husband's raillery, nor did she deign any answer when after a time he summoned her in good earnest.

"Tryntie! hola, Tryntie, I say! look out for the junker! I must away now to settle accounts with Captain Leisler."

Having given due warning, Rip put the infant down upon the grass, and took a short cut across the fields on his way to the Landpoort.

The adventurous baby, meantime, left to his own devices, rashly invaded the neighboring green, where a flock of geese were feeding. Thereupon followed a short and graphic chapter of experience. A warlike old gander at once set upon the innocent intruder, threw him down, and pecked and flapped his face severely.

In answer to Ripse's lusty howls, Tryntie came flying from the house. Seizing the irate bird by its long neck, she dragged it, squawking and fluttering, to the neighboring wood-pile, where with one vigorous blow of the axe she struck off its head, and hurrying back half smothered her bawling infant with caresses.

III.

The Magde Paetje, now Maiden's Lane, was once a pretty dingle, where the Dutch wives and maids went to wash and bleach their linen in the cold, clear waters of a brook which rippled and bubbled along between the hills on its way to the East River.

Just now, swollen by the melting of the snow, the brook filled the air with its roarings, the willows along its borders were silvery with catkins, while the southern hill-slopes gave promise of liverwort and saxifrage.

Up this little valley, quite neglectful of Cornelis and his purposed sport, Steenie hastened with bounding step; picking his way over the spongy turf, crossing the brawling brook upon a fallen log, keeping all the time a watchful eye upon the bobbing red hood which appeared and disappeared among the copses and thickets dotting the hillside, where its busy owner had come a-Maying.

The persistence with which the back of the hood was kept turned to the south as the young man drew near, and the conscious flush with which he was welcomed, argued that his approach had not been unnoted.

"What brings you to the Magde Paetje so early? It cannot be for flowers."

"How know you that?"

"I never heard men cared for them," said the young woman, continuing her search with affected indifference.

"I care not for all sorts myself," returned the panting Steenie, seating himself upon a neighboring log and casting off his broad-brimmed hat.

"What sort is your favorite?"

"A fair red flower."

Feigning dullness, the girl answered demurely, —

"There is no such now a-bloom."

"Surely" — more significantly — "I thought I saw one hereabouts."

Covert gratification leaked out from guarded eyes and mouth, and overran the tell-tale face of the listener.

"You must needs be always jesting."

"Where is the jest?"

"To liken my old hood to a flower."

"What if it seem to my fancy a flower?"

"Then shall I beg my mother for leave to give it to you for a keepsake," said the owner of the hood, laughing.

"Do!"

"You need not fear I shall be so silly."

"My only fear is you may not."

"You are going a-fishing!"

"Who told you?"

"The line in your hand."

"It shall tell no more lies," thrusting the fishing-gear into his wide-flapped pocket.

"But why do you not go?" asked the young woman, with transparent coquetry.

"I bethought me you might need help."

"And is this the way you would help?"

"Oh, there is no haste; 't is early yet. Sit you down till I catch my breath; see, here is a dry place," he said, making room upon the log where he was sitting.

"I have not time to waste," she objected, taking the seat, however, with sweet feminine inconsistency.

"But I must needs have some teaching; how can I be of any help otherwise? What have you here? Is it for this I am to search?" he continued, boldly pulling some flowers from her apron, and edging nearer under pretense of examining them.

"Yes."

"Is this all your store?"

"Yes, and a very fair store, too: these are not easy to find, I warn you; they hide themselves cunningly away, and you must thrust aside the leaves and look sharp to get them."

"'T is a winsome flower," said the young man, holding up one of the tiny purple-streaked bells.

"Yes, and they are not over-plentiful."

"'T is that, mayhap, makes their worth; things too common do not stir our longing."

"No more should things too precious, for they are often set at a price beyond our reach."

"I pray that may not hold true with what is now most precious to me!" burst forth the junker with sudden gravity, and an emphasis made more impressive by a moment's forethought.

Thereafter neither spoke for a space. The girl moved uneasily in her seat, and passed the flowers aimlessly from hand to hand.

Her companion's behavior was most disconcerting. It was as if his eyes had been set as sentinels upon her while his wits had gone wandering; he simply sat and stared. Oppressed by the prolonged silence, she at last faltered, —

"How green the hills are yonder on Staaten Island!"

Perhaps he thought it not worth while to answer a speech of so little pertinence. As he did not, she fell to toying again with the flowers.

"Hester," he at length broke out, "do you remember, long ago, we went one day to get water-lilies at the Kolch?"

"When we were children?"

He nodded.

"And you pulled me out when I fell into the pool?"

"You have not forgotten it?" he asked eagerly.

"No; I remember because I was so affrighted."

"Oh, humph!" The gladness visibly faded from his eyes, and only after a long pause he added in an undertone, "I was not affrighted, and yet I remember."

"Because you did a brave thing."

"I did not know it was a brave thing," he retorted, impatiently.

She looked puzzled.

"Hester," he said suddenly, "let us go back there!"

"To childhood again?" she asked, with an embarrassed laugh.

"To the Kolch."

"Now?"

"Yes; 't is but a few minutes' walk."

"And then you can fish," she said, with make-believe innocence.

But he was not in the mood for her dull little maidenly wiles, pretty as they were. He answered gravely and half frowning:—

"I shall not fish."

She looked at the flowers in her lap as though in search of another objection. He forestalled her directly:—

"We will gather some more on the way."

Thereupon he reached forth his hand imperatively; she placed her own in it without further demur. Turning northward, they crossed some intervening fields, she perversely keeping him dancing hither and thither in a vain search for the flowers which she well knew could not be found.

Presently they came to the Kolch, or Collect, a beautiful pond quite surrounded by green hills, covering the spot where now stands the gloomy prison of the Tombs.

Following a cow-path, they soon reached the water's edge, where Steenie, taking his bearings, guided his companion along the shore to a rocky point which jutted out to some distance into the deep water.

"See, here 't is!" he cried, dragging himself up the steep slope, and reaching back a helpful hand to his companion. "'T was here you stood, and I quite out upon the point yonder."

Hester sat down upon the rock, and threw back her hood, showing her cheeks glowing with the exercise.

"Is it indeed here? The rock looks

not so high nor the water so deep as I remember."

"'T is because childhood is a dream where all is big or miraculous," he said, throwing himself on the ground at her feet.

"It remains a miracle still that I was not drowned," studying the spot as she spoke.

"And a mercy, too — perhaps."

The last word came like a lagging thought involuntarily verbalized.

"I hope that is meant more graciously than it sounds," she commented, half laughing.

"I had no thought of being gracious or otherwise. I was only thinking of what might be."

"I trust 't is not a cause for repentance with you that you saved my life?"

"It may be."

She sat with a half smile, as if awaiting a jest.

"It may be a blessing, and it may be a curse," he said suddenly and with emphasis.

"Heaven be good to us!" she cried tranquilly.

"Will it not be a curse if we are to be separated in the end, if you are forbidden to hold converse with me, if you are made to give me up, to see me no more?" he asked vehemently.

Except for a slight and natural reddening of the cheeks, caused by this precipitation of the issue of their long courtship, her composure remained unshaken, her cool Dutch blood held its course unquickened, and her mild blue eyes encountered with steadiness his ardent gaze.

"You know my family," he went on, "you know your own father and their present relations, — what likelihood is there that they will ever consent? And if they do not consent, what are we to do?"

She listened to him gravely enough now, all coquetry and wiles laid aside.

She surrendered her hands to his passionate hold; she acquiesced without protest in the position he took, as the natural and proper culmination of what had gone before. She was happy, too, it was plain, but without transport. She sat in serene content with the moment. Her lover's looks and tones so filled her fancy as to leave no room for the gloomy auguries he was so busily marshaling. Withal she may have been a little dazed at the sudden development of the climax, or by the effort to follow his swiftly succeeding words and emotions.

"One thing they cannot do!" he went on impetuously: "they cannot help our being faithful to each other!"

She pressed his hand, in answer to the question in his eyes.

"But they will make trouble for us: prepare for that, — have a care for that. Well I know them! They will make hindrances enough, never fear, for us; they will be for making another match for you."

She shook her head and smiled.

That smile, brimful of confidence, of security, of deep-going fidelity, outweighed a hundred verbal protests. It went straight to his heart, a doubt-dispelling balm. With an eloquent look of gratitude he went on: —

"Ah, sweetheart, hold to that and we are safe! Never heed them, never fear them. They can do nothing so we but stand fast by one another."

She pressed his hand again, as if no other answer were needed. But he craved a more definite pledge.

"Come, pipe up, little bird! Where is your voice? I am hungering for a note of it. What say you, ei? Promise me now that whatever they do you will cleave the closer to me."

"I promise," she said demurely.

Thereupon he seized her rapturously in his arms, and her face suffered a total eclipse for several moments.

"Stay!" he said presently. "Why

not bind ourselves after the old fashion?"

Whereupon, taking a gold piece from his pocket, with the aid of his hunting-knife and a heavy stone he cut it in two.

"See, this is my pocket-piece! I give you half. Never part with it, Hester, whatever comes."

"That will I not, save to you yourself," she answered firmly.

Directly her face suffered another and a longer eclipse.

"Then will you keep it forever?"

They were interrupted by a gabble of approaching voices. A group of boys with fishing-tackle had come to take possession of the point on which they were seated.

IV.

"Come, let us go," said Hester, as the intruders drew near.

"So soon?"

"See yonder, how late it grows!" pointing to the shadow of a neighboring tree.

"But your flowers!"

"There is no time for them now."

"Never mind. You shall have them to-morrow. We will go in my ketch to Staaten Island, where there is a great store of all sorts."

"Mother will never give me leave to go so far save in older company."

"Let us have company, then."

"We might mayhap get Tryntie."

"Tryntie?"

"The huysvrouw of Rip Van Dorn, who tills my father's bouwerie above the Landpoort."

"Good!"

"And Catalina."

"Van Dorn?"

"Not she," laughing. "Well for you she hears not that! Vrouw Van Dorn was her nurse and foster-mother. She is Catalina Staats, my dearest friend; daughter of the worshipful Dr. Staats."

"He that married the Eastern princess they call the begum?"

"Yes, and not long ago fetched her hither from India to live."

"Catalina! I wonder if 't is not the fiery little elf I met this morning."

"What was she like?"

"Like nothing else I ever saw."

"Oh, then, 't was she!"

"With big black eyes, a skin like smoked pearl, and hair not to be told from flax."

"Yes; Dutch and Indian, see you, half and half, her father and mother mixed."

"Get her, — get her, by all means! 'T would be sport to have the little wild-cat, though she might scratch and bite; and as for Vrouw Van Dorn, let us go now and make sure of her."

"The bouwerie is near by; we may take it on the way home. But I warn you I am no great favorite there, and she may not come at a bidding."

Turning southward, they followed a grass-path to the highway, which in a short time brought them to Rip's cottage. About to knock at the door, they were stayed by a sound from within.

"Somebody is in pain," suggested Steenie.

"No, no," whispered Hester, stifling a laugh; "'t is Tryntie singing."

"Never! 'T is one in mortal agony, that!"

"Sh-h! Come here!"

Tiptoeing along the path, with no great delicacy they peeped in at the window.

Before them, in a high-backed chair, sat Vrouw Van Dorn, with one knee thrown across the other, balancing upon her outstretched foot the ponderous Ripse, while in a strident and raucous voice she sang the following ditty: —

"Trip a trop a tronjes,
De varkens in de boonjes,
De koejes in de klaver,
De paarden in de haver.
De eenjes in de water-plass,
So groot myn kleine Ripse was!"

As she reached his name, with a vigorous kick she sent high in air the delighted infant, who came down each time gurgling and choking with hysterical laughter. In strong contrast with the bacchanalian air of the babe was the severe aspect of the mother, who nevertheless went on patiently repeating a gymnastic exercise which might well have taxed the strength of a man.

Stepping back to the door, Hester, after a warning cough, lifted the latch and went in.

"Good-day to you, Tryntie!"

The vrouw, as if ashamed at being detected in such a display of maternal weakness, put Ripse straightway upon the floor, rose, and stiffly curtsied.

"'T is a fine day."

"Yes."

"I hope you are well."

"Yes."

"My mother was greatly obliged for the hoof-kaas you sent the other day by Rip."

"I am glad to suit her — Go away, Ripse!" heading off the creeping young one from an attack upon the stranger by a swiftly protruded foot. "Sit you down, pray!"

"Ahem!" coughed Hester, her skirmishing ammunition nearly exhausted. "Your tulip-bed is truly a wonder."

"It is nothing."

"You — er — we seldom see you in town these days," continued the visitor, casting about cautiously for some fit introduction of her subject.

"'T is that one!" pointing to the baby.

"So! I thought not of him. Have you — ahem — er — seen Catalina of late?"

"Yes; she comes often."

The little huysvrouw's bolt-upright attitude, while profoundly respectful, contributed little towards reassuring the visitor. Meantime, the latter showed few resources of diplomacy. In the awkward pause, Steenie's form darkened

ing the doorway was suggestively welcome.

"I have brought with me Mynheer Van Cortlandt; we are on our homeward way from the Koleh."

"Good-day to you, vrouw!" said Steenie, seating himself in the nearest chair with homespun familiarity. "I am happy to make your acquaintance. I see you have a fine lump of a boy yonder. Come, you rogue schelmje, — come to me!"

Dislodged from her defenses by this flank attack of the ingratiating stranger, Tryntie flushed with pleasure at the compliment, and casting an admiring glance at the tall junker she muttered some incoherent disclaimer.

Noting with gratitude their first advantage, Hester lost not a moment in following it up. "I promised Mynheer Van Cortlandt you would give him a drink of buttermilk."

This was a masterly touch, and put them a long stride onward.

"That I will, and most welcome!" cried Tryntie, bristling in a moment with activity.

Taking her best pewter tankard from the shelf, she plunged into the cellar, and presently brought it back filled with foaming sweet buttermilk. Going next to the pantry, she produced a couple of mugs and a heaped-up plate of cakes, murmuring as she set forth her treat, —

"If you had but sent me warning!"

"A year's warning could not have found you better prepared. Come, junker!" and lifting the baby to his knee, Steenie placed himself at the table. "Where are you, Hester? Make haste if you would get your share."

"Oh, I know well nobody makes olykoeks like Tryntie."

The praise of the food demanded by etiquette was received without elation by their hostess, who indeed was at the moment far more interested in the matter of Ripse's toilet.

With great uneasiness she beheld him

in such close proximity to the elegant stranger. Accordingly, making some pretext for taking him, she employed the interval while her guests were at their luncheon in plying the wash-rag and comb to such good effect that Cinderella suffered no greater transformation at the hands of the fairy godmother.

Hester presently brushed the crumbs from her lap, and went to the window.

"Who would think of seeing the water from here!" she cried, again getting on the track of her object. "You may see the masts of the ketches as they go sailing along. Were you ever on the sea, Tryntie?"

"Yes, as I came hither on the ship."

"It makes you not qualmish, then?"

"No."

"What would I give to cross the sea! Did you find it sport?"

"I was like a fool over it."

"A sail in the harbor is nothing to crossing the sea, but 't would be better than nothing, surely," said Hester, cautiously advancing.

Tryntie listened with the feeble and unattached interest she might have lent to one talking of trips to the moon.

"A ketch might prove a poor matter after a big ship."

"'T was old times then," sighed the dame absently, as with attention fixed upon the table she watched to see that Steenie was kept supplied; "there is no chance for such fooling now."

"See your mistake; here is a chance already. Mynheer and I go sailing to Staaten Island to-morrow; you shall go with us."

Tryntie only stared; this sudden proposal, so without motive or preliminary, was very perplexing. She covered her embarrassment by darting forward and pouring another mug of buttermilk for Steenie, despite his emphatic protest.

"What say you?" demanded Hester, waiting patiently for an answer.

"You are most kind — 't is a great honor — I thank you much."

"Then you will go?"

"No," passing her stiff little hand with a discontented movement over her lips, as if to wipe away the effect of her ungracious refusal.

"What hinders you?"

"That one," pointing to the baby.

"We will take him too."

Tryntie shook her head.

"What harm can come to him? The sea air is wholesome: 't will do him good, 't will give you a holiday. Come, Tryntie, such chances are not forthcoming every day; you will go?"

"No."

"But why not, please you?"

"I — he — the father will be afraid," stammered the dame, driven to the wall for an answer.

"Rip afraid? Not he! I will answer for him."

Tryntie, however, stood stubbornly upon the defense. Her visitor showed no less resources in the attack.

"'T is a short course, mind you; only to Staaten Island."

The dame still continued to emphasize every fresh argument by a prompt negation.

"We may be back for dinner."

A head-shake.

"There is no danger."

Another head-shake.

"'T is Mynheer's own ketch."

A third.

"And he himself is to sail it."

Another yet.

With a growing look of persistence in her cool blue eyes, Hester paused a moment to cast about for a change of tactics. Opportunely Steenie came up, with Ripse on his arm.

With one stroke of unswerving direct-

ness he stultified all Hester's laborious circumlocution.

"I hope, vrouw, you will oblige us. 'T is for my pleasure. I would take Hester for a sail, and her mother will be better content that some discreet person is of the company."

This speech might as well have been accompanied by an overt wink, so meaning was the glance the junker fixed upon his listener.

In a trice she understood. Few women could have resisted such an appeal. Tryntie was *not* one of them. Flattered and disarmed, she showed instant signs of relenting.

"And Catalina," put in Hester for a clincher, — "Catalina is to go too."

But her sympathies were aroused, and Tryntie needed no more urging.

"Mind you," continued Hester, turning upon the step as they were about to set forth, "I have not yet my mother's consent, but she cannot refuse when she knows you are to be with us; and so if you have no word from me, be in waiting at the dock as soon as may be after the opening of the gates."

"And bring this rogue with you," added Steenie, giving Ripse a parting toss.

A smile which contorted for a moment the dame's face was promptly and violently repressed, as if she were ashamed of such weakness.

"'T is settled, then. Come, Hester! Good-by, vrouw!"

The junker had builded better than he knew; by one happy stroke he had gained an ally whose value the happy pair little suspected, as they marched rollicking away.

And well for them they did not.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION : USES AND LIMITS.

MORE numerous than any other class in America in the present generation are the reformers. We have no voice of one crying in the wilderness, but the voices of many crying in the marketplace, till the very word "reform" becomes weariness to the ear and confusion to the understanding. Reform movements in divorce, civil service, fashion, education, come and go, winning our approval and occasionally our support, but one reform we have always with us. By the frightful magnitude of the evil with which it deals, the temperance movement compels attention, and even from the most indifferent at least a half-hearted support. The present efforts to secure the desired end by legislation are characteristic of the time. There is a general tendency to regard law as a panacea. An abuse once discovered, a law must be passed to correct it. Even in this age of liberty of thought and action we are prone to compel our less numerous neighbors to do and be what we feel sure is right. For a hundred years we have been lauding our principle of government by the majority, until at last the approval of a majority is regarded both as justification of a law and guarantee of its enforcement, while the possibility of a tyranny of the majority is as yet hardly recognized.

The sumptuary legislation of the last few years is an outgrowth and an illustration of the above idea, particularly of the attempt to create moral character by legal enactment. How different was the view of earlier times may be shown by an example from John Milton. That worthy Puritan, protesting against the appointment of government censors of printing, seeks to show the absurdity of attempts to regulate public morals by citing this very matter of temperance: "Next, what more Nationall corruption,

for which England hears ill abroad, then household gluttony? who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbour'd?" The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of our day would give a curt answer to those questions, but Milton went on to say: "These things will be and must be; but how they shall be lest hurtfull, how lest enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a State. To sequester out of the world into Atlantick and Eutopian polities, which can never be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midd'st whereof God hath plac't us unavoidably." I know that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with its pronounced view of woman's sphere, can have no love for old John Milton or respect for his opinions, but still it may be well to consider whether there be not some truth worth our remembering in these words of his: not in the practice suggested by the opening questions, but in the principles laid down at the close. Measures must change with times and circumstances, but principles are the same now as two hundred and fifty years ago.

We are, then, in danger of forgetting the true function of law. This is not to reform the community, but to impose upon individuals obedience to what is already the common moral sense. A law will be enforced in accordance (1) with the strength in relative numbers, and (2) with the strength in conviction, of those who uphold it. Law is not, as too many reformers seem to regard it, an automatic force. Compare, for instance, the laws against theft with those against liquor selling. Probably ninety-

nine hundredths of the community believe that stealing is wrong, and perhaps nine tenths would not steal, even though undeterred by fear of punishment. Hence the laws against theft are well enforced. In the case of a prohibitory law, on the other hand, it may be that only a bare majority believe the law right, while all the rest are interested in its non-enforcement. Thus it cannot be nearly so effective. If a thief escapes, there is general regret; if a saloon keeper is punished, he receives considerable sympathy. The popular sense of honor condemns the employment of means to detect the law-breaking liquor seller that are expected as a matter of course in the case of thieves. People who are ashamed of themselves for the feeling still think that it is mean to be informers. So long as juries are composed of sympathetic human beings, they will be loath to condemn men for an act which, though a crime by the local majority vote, is not a sin by general consent. These difficulties need to be borne in mind alike by those who propose restrictive sumptuary laws, and by those who are ever ready to decry them because they are less perfectly enforced than other laws. In the nature of the case that is to be expected. The only question is, Does a given law operate as a check on the evil at which it is aimed? or, more precisely, Does it do more good than harm? For such a law may do harm in two ways: In the first place, the knowledge that any law cannot be, or is not, enforced creates disrespect of government and encourages general lawlessness. Secondly, a law may sometimes be enforced, and yet be unjust in principle, or lead to abuse in its operation. Advocates of temperance legislation, then, should consider these two questions: (1.) Is a proposed law practical? (2.) Is it just? They may be sure that injustice in a law will sooner or later awaken an opposition to it which will render it unpractical, also.

Such a state of affairs would do the cause of morality a double injury, giving an example of unenforced law and creating a sense of injured rights.

The question, what it is right for us to do in the effort to protect ourselves from the evils of intemperance, is one on which agreement seems to be impossible. What is practical we are slowly learning by experience. There can be no doubt, however, that the community has the right to protect itself from detriment, not only by restraining offenders, but also, if necessary, by restricting the personal liberty of the innocent. While the right to take land by eminent domain, and even to draft men for military service, is undisputed, it is idle to question the right of the State to forbid its members the use of alcoholic beverages, provided the public good requires. But does the public good require? It is necessary to prove not only that good is accomplished by a prohibitory law, but also that the same good cannot be secured by less extreme means. It is obviously our duty to make every effort to gain our object without interfering with the rights or the convenience of any one. It is as obviously the duty of patriotic citizens to submit without complaint to inconvenience, or even to considerable deprivation, if a great public good can be obtained in no other way. The burden of proof, however, rests on those who propose interference with individual freedom. Again, effectively as a prohibitory law may be enforced, it must still be regarded as an imperfect makeshift; the best available, but yet an oppressive means of reaching the end desired, which is not universal abstinence, but temperance. A community passing a prohibitory law, like a man signing the pledge, gives at once an exhibition of moral strength and a confession of moral weakness. Regret that such restraint is necessary must temper the satisfaction even of its voluntary adoption. A prohibitory law is not

to be compared with ordinary criminal laws which forbid and punish wrongdoing. Nor is it fair to say that the difference is an advantage, since prohibition not only prevents wrongdoing, but removes the occasion for it. The occasion, it is true, is removed, but only by interference with the liberty of the innocent. It is rather as if a law were to forbid any one to pass through certain dangerous streets, on the ground that the police could not furnish protection there. The ideal law will be one which restrains abuses without restraining liberty.

A prohibitory law, then, however successful, must always be apologized for as an imperfect, temporary measure, little hope though there may be of finding anything better. How is it with those other restraints on which dependence is placed where public sentiment will not permit the passage of prohibition, such as high license, early closing, or civil damage laws? Some of these, also, may be found to be more or less unfair in principle, but as a rule they have the advantage that they aim directly at the evil, dealing with the abuse, not the use, of intoxicants. In this they keep within their proper limits, though as compared with prohibitory laws they have the fault of not dealing completely with their subject. Still, a number of vigorous blows directed at weak points of the adversary may tell better in the end than one mighty effort at his head, which overreaches and spends its strength in part on the unoffending bystanders.

The most popular cry at present with those who hesitate to take the full step of prohibition is high license. There is, of course, no essential difference in principle between high and low license. Each system recognizes the liquor traffic as an evil to be checked. The license fee is supposed to impose on the dealer an additional motive for obeying the law, lest, if he break it, he lose not

only the right to carry on his business, but also the sum paid for the privilege. The license fee is also properly regarded as the damages, inadequate though they be, which the community is able to assess on the liquor dealer for the injury the presence of his kind inflicts upon society. There is no possible reason, other than the quibble based on the dictionary definition of the word, for regarding a license law as a sanction of liquor selling. It is a restriction, not a permission. It reduces the number of those who may sell from everybody to one in a hundred or more. Conscientious opponents of license should remember that words are intended to express ideas, not to confound them. The license law simply declares the measure of restraint and penalty which the community feels itself able to impose on an evil which it would gladly extirpate if it could; and no community has a right to consider its moral duty performed in sitting helpless by and forbidding an evil which it has not the power to prevent, but which it might modify.

The high-license system, however, as usually administered, is open to a charge of unfairness, and this is followed close by the more serious indictment that it becomes a power for political corruption. The injustice arises from the necessary powers of discrimination vested in those who grant the licenses. In fact, it is inherent in the system itself, since the exaction of a fee must operate in favor of the rich as against the poor applicant. The higher the charge, the greater is this injustice; while at the same time, especially where a legal limit is fixed for the number of licenses to be granted, the opportunities for favoritism increase. Perhaps we need not stop to spend much pity on the ill-treated liquor sellers, but the power for corruption placed in the hands of the license commissioners is a serious matter. Not only can they sell their favors to the highest briber, but they can hold every liquor

dealer bound to serve them politically by the fear of losing his license. Thus we have at hand all the material for a ring made up of liquor sellers and local government officials. It must, at the very best, be impossible for the most upright commissioners to keep themselves free from suspicion of partiality. The remedy for this abuse, as has been suggested, is to fix a high fee, and then give the right to sell to all who pay it; or, going still further, to limit the number of licenses according to population, and sell them to the highest bidders, insisting in any case on a certain minimum fee. It seems as if the latter system ought to do away with the abuse of favoritism in granting the licenses, without sacrificing any point already gained by other means. To limit the number of licenses to one in so many hundred, and at the same time to allow the commissioners discretion in granting them, as is the custom in some places, must tend to create a plutocracy of liquor sellers with the license commissioners at the head.

License laws are accompanied by various restrictive laws. Some of these do much good, and some do no good at all. One of the most general is that requiring Sunday closing. This is probably enforced in different places with about the same rigor or laxity as similar laws against other forms of business. It has the justification of other Sunday laws as a measure to protect workers in the enjoyment of a regular day of rest. It is further a wise means of relieving workingmen from the temptation to waste their money for liquor at a time when they have the most money to spend and the most leisure for spending it. Laws requiring early evening closing, especially on Saturdays, and holiday closing have the same justification, beside the fact that experience proves their value as a preventive of disorder.

An effective means of limiting the saloon nuisance is found to be shutting

it out of certain districts in cities and requiring it to keep its distance from churches and schoolhouses, as well as giving adjacent property holders the right to forbid its presence. When, as in Philadelphia, this is supplemented by the requirement of heavy bonds and of neighboring property holders as bondsmen, a great deal is accomplished. By this last requirement one step further is taken, and the principle is established that no saloon shall be allowed in a locality where it cannot show a decided demand for its presence. The charge is made that all these restrictions only serve to give the saloon once opened in compliance with them an added appearance of respectability. It is hard, however, to believe, in view of present public opinion, that this bane of civilization can ever masquerade in the guise of respectability again. Such laws as these, restricting the time and place of sale, and the law forbidding sales to minors ought to be capable of enforcement in any community that has energy to interest itself at all in the matter. Prohibition of sales to habitual drunkards could hardly be effective outside of villages and small towns. Various minor measures, like the screen law and anti-treating laws, prove of little practical effect; and that most righteous enactment of all, the civil damage law, has accomplished far less than was hoped.

Another blow at the evil, which is beginning to be advocated, is the prohibition of the open saloon, where intoxicants are sold to be drunk on the premises. It seems as if such a law could be enforced where absolute prohibition would fail, and if it were enforced much good would certainly result. The associations which lead to immoderate drinking would largely be removed, while at the same time personal liberty would not be seriously curtailed. It is objected that by closing the saloons we should take away the only attractive place many men have in which to pass

their evenings; but by saving the money spent in saloons they could make their homes attractive. To remove the attractiveness of drinking is an end much to be desired; and this plan of prohibiting the saloon, as distinguished from the liquor store, deserves more attention than it has yet received.

The question of our moral right to interfere with others arises not only in considering what laws shall be passed, but also in considering who shall pass them. Shall it be each town, county, or State for itself, or the nation for the whole? Is the nation at large so vitally concerned in a State's practice in this matter that it has a right to lay down the law in opposition to the will of the State itself? Has a State the same justification of the general welfare to warrant its prescribing for a town within its limits? This certainly may be said: The authority that makes the law must be prepared to assume the responsibility of enforcing it where it is unpopular. The State has no right to pass a law, and then leave the responsibility for its enforcement on a city that is opposed to it. The nation has no right to pass a prohibitory constitutional amendment, unless it is ready to enforce its decree in every State. To secure such an amendment, it is therefore necessary, not only that three fourths of the States should wish prohibition for themselves, but also that they should covet the task of enforcing it on the remaining fourth. Under these circumstances, it seems hardly likely that prohibition can be adopted into the national Constitution until all the States individually come to approve it, and then it will be no longer needed. National prohibition is a grand idea in the abstract, but all save its most violent advocates must pause at the thought of what the attempt to enforce it implies. This is nothing less than a national police force, comparable in numbers to a standing army of Europe, distributed in every city and

village in our land, and absolutely irresponsible to the local communities under its supervision. For if, while nominally United States officials, these police were responsible to local bodies, prohibition would at once degenerate from a national to a local institution. Such a centralization of power as the above would be practically a revolution in our form of government, and would be utterly intolerable to the American people. At least it would appear to be more practical for prohibitionists to wait, before organizing a national party, until they have secured prohibition in something like three fourths of the several States. The present constitutional powers of the general government in this matter are inconsiderable, and will soon be appreciably diminished by the admission of Territories to the Union. They certainly are not such as to warrant the attempt to place temperance above other public questions as a national issue.

State prohibition is open, though in much less degree, to the same objection as national; namely, that the State in general has no such concern in the affairs of its individual towns as to make interference tolerable. That the State is intimately interested in the welfare of its parts must, however, be admitted, and it then becomes an open question, with room for fair difference of opinion, how much interference is justifiable. Against state prohibition the devotees of local self-government set local option. Yet the plea of preserving local rights must be a lame excuse for this system, if it cannot also be shown that the practical results obtained are better than under state prohibition. The claim of those who favor local option is that experience yields the result which common sense would expect; that local approval is essential for the enforcement of any law, especially a law which interferes with the general practice of a large portion of the community. If the towns are left to themselves, those that oppose

the law will pay little attention to it; while, even if the State attempts its enforcement, evidence and conviction are almost impossible to obtain in opposition to popular sentiment. The assertion is frequently made that prohibition in a given State is well enforced in the great majority of towns, or that the evils of intemperance are much less under prohibition than under license. The trouble with these statements is that they have no bearing on the question in hand. That question is not whether state prohibition is better than state license, but whether state prohibition is better than local option. It may be that adequate statistics are not yet available to settle this point, but the burden of proof properly rests on the prohibitionists, and they cannot meet it by wearisome repetition of the fact that general prohibition works better than general license. There is great, and it would seem needless, confusion on this matter. The contention of local option is simply this: that the only places in which, under a state law, prohibition is enforced are the identical places which, if left to their own choice, would voluntarily adopt prohibition; while in no town which would not of itself adopt the system will the State be able to enforce it. There may be found exceptional towns in both classes, but the general rule will still hold true. In the face of facts it is idle to talk of sworn duties of public officers. The mayor of a New York city, who declared that he saw "no harm in a little quiet violation of the law," was only the spokesman of a class; and it is after all unfair to blame public officers for their lethargy, when they know that public opinion will not sustain them in vigorous action.

Under local option, then, we have prohibition in all those places where we can hope to have it under a state law, while in the remaining places we still have the benefit of the usual restrictive laws, which are of necessity all swept

away by the enactment of general prohibition. The fact that non-enforcement of prohibition means the removal of all restraints usually imposed by law on the liquor business is too often forgotten. The law cannot place minor restraints on a traffic the existence of which its own self-respect forbids it to recognize. The business for the state prohibitionists, if they would prove their case against local option, is to examine the last recorded votes on the question of prohibition in the several towns of prohibition States, mark those that voted against it, and then try honestly to find out in what proportion of those towns it is a success. It is on the record of those towns, and of those only, that the merits of the question between local option and prohibition can be decided. Where local option, but not prohibition, has been tried, significant facts also appear. For instance, in the past few years several cities in Massachusetts have changed back from prohibition to license, finding that they lacked the energy to enforce the stricter system, in spite of a small majority apparently in its favor. On the other hand, the city of Cambridge furnishes a striking proof of what a small majority can do when willing to work for prohibition as well as to vote for it. Such instances, however, count nothing in favor of a state law, while every case where a majority fails to maintain the law it has itself passed tells with double effect against such a law.

It would indicate a deplorable and un-American sameness of character if we all agreed on such a subject as this. Neither is it to be expected that similar measures will be advisable in all cases. The most that we can hope is to find our common principles, and to act unitedly and aggressively so far as we can; ready to make sacrifices in minor matters of method for the sake of agreement, and not standing stubbornly for abstract principles at the expense of practical results. Extremists must re-

member, too, that while the more moderate should be ready to advance half-way to meet them in matters of detail, they cannot be expected to yield a single point of principle for the sake of harmony. It will therefore often be necessary for those who would prefer to go the furthest to make the greater concession. Those who believe that a given measure is best can ask no compromise from those who believe that it is wrong. Moderate measures are at least right, even though they be not the best. It is true there are those who declare uncompromisingly that nothing but prohibition is right, and who carry their belief to a logical conclusion. Certain of these in the West not long since complained that in a local election they were only offered the choice between high and low license, and so, as they could not conscientiously vote for either, were practically disfranchised. Evidently, it is useless to count on the coöperation of so sensitive consciences in the effort to secure practical temperance legislation. Still, there is reason to believe that they are not very numerous. Probably they were all included in the prohibition party in 1884, when that party's total vote was only about one hundred and fifty thousand, and included in that number thousands of dissatisfied Republicans.

The question still remains of the relation of temperance workers to political parties. The treatment of the liquor business is the most important public question in most of the States, and there is no reason why parties within a State should not be formed on that issue, except the all-important fact that the people seem determined to keep up their national political divisions in local affairs also. For this practical reason, it seems as though the friends of temperance could gain more if they would learn a lesson from the saloon interests, and, instead of declaring that a third party must be formed because both the old parties are under the control of the

saloon, try to wrest them out of that control. If the advocates of temperance legislation were to demand recognition of both parties as aggressively as do the liquor men, were they to stand by their friends and mark their enemies, they ought to prove themselves strong enough to drive the saloon influence out of politics. Both parties might be compelled to support restrictive temperance legislation. The Republican party, with its centralizing tendency, ought more naturally to be the home of the state prohibitionists, while the Democratic party should maintain the rights of smaller communities and of individual citizens. The Prohibition party cannot fairly claim to be the exclusive representative of a moral cause. The moral cause is the promotion of temperance, which all favor. The means believed to be best may be prohibition, high license, or low license. The most drastic measures are not necessarily the most moral, though they do, unfortunately, often force that plea on the conscience over the common sense.

Out of all the conflict of views and methods we may be sure of so much as this: until three fourths of the States have pronounced in favor of prohibition, the temperance question, though of national importance, can have no logical place in national politics. The treatment of the liquor traffic is, then, a question for each State by itself. The ordinary course, both of justice and expediency, is for the State to pass such restricting laws as deal directly with the evil without trenching on personal liberty, and to leave to its counties and cities the decision, each for itself, of the question of absolute prohibition; remembering, however, that the larger the majority of towns voting prohibition, the less questionable becomes the right of the State to seek protection against the contagion of local plague spots by general legislation for the whole body. On these lines, by every means which ingenuity

can devise and experience proves can be enforced, to suppress the evils of the liquor traffic, and in particular the open saloon, should be our aim. Neither should we diminish respect for law by placing, or leaving, on the statute-books laws which experience shows cannot be enforced. Further, let no state law ever be so framed as to forbid a smaller community within the State to be as stringent as it please within its own limits. Again, we must not forget that the attempt to create moral sentiment by law reverses the true order.

Law must follow and enforce the decree of moral sentiment already created by education. Pushed in advance, it becomes inoperative and ridiculous, discouraging instead of stimulating. For a guiding principle we must recognize personal liberty, while insisting on the common weal. Finally, let us be coöperative and practical, and not "sequester out of the world into Atlantick and Eutopian polities, . . . but ordain wisely as in this world of evill, in the midd'st whereof God hath plac't us unavoidably."

Charles Worcester Clark.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

At Naishápúr his ashes lie
 O'ershadowed by the mosque's blue dome;
 There folded in his tent of sky
 The star of Persia sleeps at home.

The Rose her buried Nightingale
 Remembers, faithful all these years;
 Around his grave the winds exhale
 The fragrant sorrow of her tears.

Sultans and slaves in caravans
 Since Malik Shah have gone their way,
 And ridges in the Kubberstans
 Are their memorials to-day.

But from the dust in Omar's tomb
 A Fakir has revived a Rose,—
 Perchance the old, ancestral bloom
 Of that one by the mosque which blows;

And from its petals he has caught
 The inspiration Omar knew,
 Who from the stars his wisdom brought,—
 A Persian Rose that drank the dew.

The Fakir now in dust lies low
 With Omar of the Orient;
 Fitzgerald, shall we call him? No;
 'T was Omar in the Occident!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

BRANDYWINE, GERMANTOWN, AND SARATOGA.

WE have seen how, owing to the gross negligence of Lord George Germaine,¹ discretionary power had been left to Howe, while entirely taken away from Burgoyne. The latter had no choice but to move down the Hudson. The former was instructed to move up the Hudson, but at the same time was left free to depart from the strict letter of his instructions, should there be any manifest advantage in so doing. Nevertheless, the movement up the Hudson was so clearly prescribed by all sound military considerations that everybody wondered why Howe did not attempt it. Why he should have left his brother general in the lurch, and gone sailing off to Chesapeake Bay, was a mystery which no one was able to unravel, until some thirty years ago a document was discovered which has thrown much light upon the question. Here there steps again upon the scene that miserable intriguer, whose presence in the American army had so nearly wrecked the fortunes of the patriot cause, and who now, in captivity, proceeded to act the part of a doubly-dyed traitor. A marplot and mischief-maker from beginning to end, Charles Lee never failed to work injury to whichever party his selfish vanity or craven fear inclined him for the moment to serve. We have seen how, on the day when he was captured and taken to the British camp, his first thought was for his personal safety, which he might well suppose to be in some jeopardy, since he had formerly held the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the British army. He was taken to New York and confined in the City Hall, where he was treated with ordinary courtesy; but there is no doubt that Sir William Howe looked upon him as a deserter, and was more than half inclined to hang him

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1889.

without ceremony. Fearing, however, as he said, that he might "fall into a law scrape," should he act too hastily, Sir William wrote home for instructions, and in reply was directed by Lord George Germaine to send his prisoner to England for trial. In pursuance of this order, Lee had already been carried on board ship, when a letter from Washington put a stop to these proceedings. The letter informed General Howe that Washington held five Hessian field-officers as hostages for Lee's personal safety, and that all exchange of prisoners would be suspended until due assurance should be received that Lee was to be recognized as a prisoner of war. After reading this letter General Howe did not dare to send Lee to England for trial, for fear of possible evil consequences to the five Hessian officers, which might cause serious disaffection among the German troops. The king approved of this cautious behavior, and so Lee was kept in New York, with his fate undecided, until it had become quite clear that neither arguments nor threats could avail one jot to shake Washington's determination. When Lord George Germaine had become convinced of this, he persuaded the reluctant king to yield the point; and Howe was accordingly instructed that Lee, although worthy of condign punishment, should be deemed a prisoner of war, and might be exchanged as such, whenever convenient.

All this discussion necessitated the exchange of several letters between London and New York, so that a whole year elapsed before the question was settled. It was not until December 12, 1777, that Howe received these final instructions. But Lee had not been idle during all this time while his fate was in suspense. Hardly had the key been turned upon him in his rooms at

the City Hall when he began his intrigues. First, he assured Lord Howe and his brother that he had always opposed the declaration of independence, and even now cherished hopes that by a judiciously arranged interview with some of the delegates in Congress he might persuade the misguided people of America to return to their old allegiance. Lord Howe, who always kept one hand on the olive-branch, eagerly caught at the suggestion, and permitted Lee to send a letter to Congress, urging that a committee be sent to confer with him, as he had "important communications to make." Could such a conference be brought about, he thought, his zeal for effecting a reconciliation would interest the Howes in his favor, and might save his precious neck. Congress, however, flatly refused to listen to the proposal, and then the wretch, without further ado, went over to the enemy, and began to counsel with the British commanders how they might best subdue the Americans in the summer campaign. He went so far as to write out for the brothers Howe a plan of operations, giving them the advantage of what was supposed to be his intimate knowledge of the conditions of the case. This document the Howes did not care to show after the disastrous event of the campaign, and it remained hidden for eighty years, until it was found among the domestic archives of the Strachey family, at Sutton Court, in Somerset. The first Sir Henry Strachey was secretary to the Howes from 1775 to 1778. The document is in Lee's well-known handwriting, and is indorsed by Strachey as "Mr. Lee's plan, March 29, 1777." In this document Lee maintains that if the State of Maryland could be overawed, and the people of Virginia prevented from sending aid to Pennsylvania, then Philadelphia might be taken and held, and the operations of the "rebel government" paralyzed. The Tory party was known to be strong in Pennsylvania, and the

circumstances under which Maryland had declared for independence, last of all the colonies save New York, were such as to make it seem probable that there also the loyalist feeling was very powerful. Lee did not hesitate to assert, as of his own personal knowledge, that the people of Maryland and Pennsylvania were nearly all loyalists, who only awaited the arrival of a British army in order to declare themselves. He therefore recommended that 14,000 men should drive Washington out of New Jersey and capture Philadelphia, while the remainder of Howe's army, 4000 in number, should go around by sea to Chesapeake Bay, and occupy Alexandria and Annapolis. From these points, if Lord Howe were to issue a proclamation of amnesty, the pacification of the central "colonies" might be effected in less than two months; and so confident of all this did the writer feel that he declared himself ready to "stake his life upon the issue," a remark which betrays, perhaps, what was uppermost in his mind throughout the whole proceeding. At the same time, he argued that offensive operations toward the North could not "answer any sort of purpose," since the Northern provinces "are at present neither the seat of government, strength, nor politics; and the apprehensions from General Carleton's army will, I am confident, keep the New Englanders at home, or at least confine 'em to the east side the [Hudson] river."

It will be observed that this plan of Lee's was similar to that of Lord George Germaine, in so far as it aimed at thrusting the British power like a wedge into the centre of the confederacy, and thus cutting asunder New England and Virginia, the two chief centres of the rebellion. But instead of aiming his blow at the Hudson River, Lee aims it at Philadelphia, as the "rebel capital;" and his reason for doing this shows how little he understood American affairs, and

how strictly he viewed them in the light of his military experience in Europe. In European warfare it is customary to strike at the enemy's capital city, in order to get control of his whole system of administration; but that the possession of an enemy's capital is not always decisive the wars of Napoleon have most abundantly proved. The battles of Austerlitz in 1805 and Wagram in 1809 were fought by Napoleon after he had entered Vienna; it was not his acquisition of Berlin in 1806, but his victory at Friedland in the following summer, that completed the overthrow of Prussia; and where he had to contend against a strong and united national feeling, as in Spain and Russia, the possession of the capital did not help him in the least. Nevertheless, in European countries, where the systems of administration are highly centralized, it is usually advisable to move upon the enemy's capital. But to apply such a principle to Philadelphia in 1777 was the height of absurdity. Philadelphia had been selected for the meetings of the Continental Congress because of its geographical position. It was the most centrally situated of our large towns, but it was in no sense the centre of a vast administrative machinery. If taken by an enemy, it was only necessary for Congress to move to any other town, and everything would go on as before. As it was not an administrative, so neither was it a military centre. It commanded no great system of interior highways, and it was comparatively difficult to protect by the fleet. It might be argued, on the other hand, that because Philadelphia was the largest town in the United States, and possessed of a certain preëminence as the seat of Congress, the acquisition of it by the invaders would give them a certain moral advantage. It would help the Tory party, and discourage the patriots. Such a gain, however, would be trifling compared with the loss which might come from Howe's failure to coöperate

with Burgoyne; and so the event most signally proved.

Just how far the Howes were persuaded by Lee's arguments must be a matter of inference. The course which they ultimately pursued, in close conformity with the suggestions of this remarkable document, was so disastrous to the British cause that the author might almost seem to have been intentionally luring them off on a false scent. One would gladly take so charitable a view of the matter, were it not both inconsistent with what we have already seen of Lee, and utterly negatived by his scandalous behavior the following year, after his restoration to his command in the American army. We cannot doubt that Lee gave his advice in sober earnest. That considerable weight was attached to it is shown by a secret letter from Sir William Howe to Lord George Germaine, dated the 2d of April, or four days after the date of Lee's extraordinary document. In this letter, Howe intimates for the first time that he has an expedition in mind which may modify the scheme for a joint campaign with the Northern army along the line of the Hudson. To this suggestion Lord George replied on the 18th of May: "I trust that whatever you may meditate will be executed in time for you to coöperate with the army to proceed from Canada." It was a few days after this that Lord George, perhaps feeling a little uneasy about the matter, wrote that imperative order which lay in its pigeon-hole in London until all the damage was done.

With these data at our command, it becomes easy to comprehend General Howe's movements during the spring and summer. His first intention was to push across New Jersey with the great body of his army, and occupy Philadelphia; and since he had twice as many men as Washington, he might hope to do this in time to get back to the Hudson as soon as he was likely to be needed there. He began his march on

the 12th of June, five days before Burgoyne's flotilla started southward on Lake Champlain. The enterprise did not seem hazardous, but Howe was completely foiled by Washington's superior strategy. Before the British commander had fairly begun to move, Washington, from various symptoms, divined his purpose, and, coming down from his lair at Morristown, planted himself on the heights of Middlebrook, within ten miles of New Brunswick, close upon the flank of Howe's line of march. Such a position, occupied by 8000 men under such a general, was equivalent to a fortress, which it would not do for Howe to pass by and leave in his rear. But the position was so strong that to try to storm it would be to invite defeat. It remained to be seen what could be done by manœuvring. The British army of 18,000 men was concentrated at New Brunswick, with plenty of boats for crossing the Delaware River, when that obstacle should be reached. But the really insuperable obstacle was close at hand. A campaign of eighteen days ensued, consisting of wily marches and counter-marches, the result of which showed that Washington's advantage of position could not be wrested from him. Howe could neither get by him nor outwit him, and was too prudent to attack him; and accordingly, on the last day of June, he abandoned his first plan, and evacuated New Jersey, taking his whole army over to Staten Island.

This campaign has attracted far less attention than it deserves, mainly, no doubt, because it contained no battles or other striking incidents. It was purely a series of strategic devices. But in point of military skill it was, perhaps, as remarkable as anything that Washington ever did, and it certainly occupies a cardinal position in the history of the overthrow of Burgoyne. For if Howe had been able to take Philadelphia early in the summer, it is difficult to see what could have prevented him

from returning and ascending the Hudson, in accordance with the plan of the ministry. Now the month of June was gone, and Burgoyne was approaching Ticonderoga. Howe ought to have held himself in readiness to aid him, but he could not seem to get Philadelphia, the "rebel capital," out of his mind. His next plan coincided remarkably with the other half of Lee's scheme. He decided to go around to Philadelphia by sea, but he was slow in starting, and seems to have paused for a moment to watch the course of events at the North. He began early in July to put his men on board ship, but confided his plans to no one but Cornwallis and Grant; and his own army, as well as the Americans, believed that this show of going to sea was only a feint to disguise his real intention. Every one supposed that he would go up the Hudson. As soon as New Jersey was evacuated Washington moved back to Morristown, and threw his advance, under Sullivan, as far north as Pompton, so as to be ready to co-operate with Putnam, in the Highlands, at a moment's notice. As soon as it became known that Ticonderoga had fallen, Washington, supposing that his adversary would do what a good general ought to do, advanced into the Ramapo Clove, a rugged defile in the Highlands, near Haverstraw, and actually sent the divisions of Sullivan and Stirling across the river to Peekskill. All this while Howe kept moving some of his ships, now up the Hudson, now into the Sound, now off from Sandy Hook, so that people might doubt whether his destination were the Highlands, or Boston, or Philadelphia. Probably his own mind was not fully made up until after the news from Ticonderoga. Then, amid the general exultation, he seems to have concluded that Burgoyne would be able to take care of himself, at least with such coöperation as he might get from Sir Henry Clinton. In this mood he wrote to Burgoyne as follows: "I have . . .

heard from the rebel army of your being in possession of Ticonderoga, which is a great event, carried without loss. . . . Washington is waiting our motions here, and has detached Sullivan with about 2500 men, as I learn, to Albany. My intention is for Pennsylvania, where I expect to meet Washington; but if he goes to the northward, contrary to my expectations, and you can keep him at bay, be assured I shall soon be after him to relieve you. After your arrival at Albany, the movements of the enemy will guide yours; but my wishes are that the enemy be drove [*sic*] out of this province before any operation takes place in Connecticut. Sir Henry Clinton remains in the command here, and will act as occurrences may direct. Putnam is in the Highlands with about 4000 men. Success be ever with you." This letter, which was written on very narrow strips of thin paper, and conveyed in a quill, did not reach Burgoyne till the middle of September, when things wore a very different aspect from that which they wore in the middle of July. Nothing could better illustrate the rash, overconfident spirit in which Howe proceeded to carry out his Southern scheme. A few days afterward he put to sea with the fleet of 228 sail, carrying an army of 18,000 men, while 7000 were left in New York, under Sir Henry Clinton, to garrison the city and act according to circumstances. Just before sailing he wrote a letter to Burgoyne, stating that the destination of his fleet was Boston, and he artfully contrived that this letter should fall into Washington's hands. But Washington was a difficult person to hoodwink. On reading the letter, he rightly inferred that Howe had gone southward. Accordingly, recalling Sullivan and Stirling to the west side of the Hudson, he set out for the Delaware, but proceeded very cautiously, lest Howe should suddenly retrace his course, and dart up the Hudson. To guard against such an emergency, he let

Sullivan advance no farther than Morristown, and kept everything in readiness for an instant counter-march. In a letter of July 30th he writes, "Howe's in a manner abandoning Burgoyne is so unaccountable a matter that, till I am fully assured of it, *I cannot help casting my eyes continually behind me.*" Next day, learning that the fleet had arrived at the Capes of Delaware, he advanced to Germantown; but on the day after, when he heard that the fleet had put out to sea again, he at once suspected that the whole movement had been a feint. He believed that Howe would at once return to the Hudson, and immediately ordered Sullivan to counter-march, while he held himself ready to follow at a moment's notice. His best generals entertained the same opinion. "I cannot persuade myself," said Greene, "that General Burgoyne would dare to push with such rapidity towards Albany if he did not expect support from General Howe." A similar view of the military exigencies of the case was taken by the British officers, who, almost to a man, disapproved of the southward movement. They knew as well as Greene that, however fine a city Philadelphia might be, it was "an object of far less military importance than the Hudson River."

No wonder that the American generals were wide of the mark in their conjectures, for the folly of Howe's movements after reaching the mouth of the Delaware was quite beyond credence, and would be inexplicable to-day except as the result of the wild advice of the marplot Lee. Howe alleged as his reason for turning away from the Delaware that there were obstructions in the river and forts to pass, and accordingly he thought it best to go around by way of Chesapeake Bay, and land his army at Elkton. Now he might easily have gone a little way up the Delaware River without encountering any obstructions whatever, and landed his troops at a point only thirteen miles east of Elkton.

Instead of attempting this, he wasted twenty-four days in a voyage of four hundred miles, mostly against head-winds, in order to reach the same point! No sensible antagonist could be expected to understand such eccentric behavior. No wonder that, after it had become clear that the fleet had gone southward, Washington should have supposed an attack on Charleston to be intended. A council of war on the 21st decided that this must be the case, and since an overland march of seven hundred miles could not be accomplished in time to prevent such an attack, it was decided to go back to New York, and operate against Sir Henry Clinton. But before this decision was acted on Howe appeared at the head of Chesapeake Bay, where he landed his forces at Elkton. It was now the 25th of August, — nine days after the battle of Bennington and three days after the flight of St. Leger. Since entering Chesapeake Bay, Howe had received Lord George Germaine's letter of May 18th, telling him that whatever he had to do ought to be done in time for him to coöperate with Burgoyne. Now Burgoyne's situation had become dangerous, and here was Howe at Elkton, fifty miles southwest of Philadelphia, with Washington's army in front of him, and more than three hundred miles away from Burgoyne!

On hearing of Howe's arrival at the head of Chesapeake Bay, Washington had advanced as far as Wilmington to meet him. The first proceeding of the British general, on landing at Elkton, was to issue his proclamation of amnesty; but it did not bring him many recruits. A counter-proclamation, drawn up by Luther Martin, sufficed to neutralize it. Though there were many people in the neighborhood who cared little for the cause of independence, there were but few who sympathized with the invaders enough to render them any valuable assistance. It was through a country indifferent, perhaps, but not friendly

in feeling, that the British army cautiously pushed its way northward for a fortnight, until it reached the village of Kennett Square, six miles west of the Brandywine Creek, behind which Washington had planted himself to oppose its progress.

The time had arrived when Washington felt it necessary to offer battle, even though such a step might not be justified from purely military reasons. The people were weary of a Fabian policy which they did not comprehend, and Washington saw that even if he were defeated, the moral effect upon the country would not be so bad as if he were to abandon Philadelphia without a blow. A victory he was hardly entitled to expect, since he had but 11,000 men against Howe's 18,000, and since the British were still greatly superior in equipment and discipline. Under these circumstances Washington chose his ground with his usual sagacity, and took possession of it by a swift and masterly movement. The Brandywine Creek ran directly athwart Howe's line of march to Philadelphia. Though large enough to serve as a military obstacle, — in England it would be called a river, — it was crossed by numerous fords, of which the principal one, Chadd's Ford, lay in Howe's way. Washington placed the centre of his army just behind Chadd's Ford and across the road. His centre was defended in front by a corps of artillery under Wayne, while Greene, on some high ground in the rear, was stationed as a reserve. Below Chadd's Ford, the Brandywine becomes a roaring torrent, shut in between steep, high cliffs, so that the American left, resting upon these natural defenses, was sufficiently guarded by the Pennsylvania militia under Armstrong. The right wing, stretching two miles up the stream, into an uneven and thickly wooded country, was commanded by Sullivan.

This was a very strong position. On the left it was practically inaccessible.

To try storming it in front would be a doubtful experiment, sure to result in terrible loss of life. The only weak point was the right, which could be taken in flank by a long circuitous march through the woods. Accordingly, on the morning of the 11th of September, the British right wing, under Knyphausen, began skirmishing and occupying Washington's attention at Chadd's Ford; while the left column, under the energetic Cornwallis, marched up the Lancaster road, crossed the forks of the Brandywine, and turned southward toward Birmingham church, with the intention of striking the rear of the American right wing. It was similar to the flanking movement which had been tried so successfully at the battle of Long Island, a year before. It was quite like the splendid movement of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville, eighty-five years afterward. In Howe's time such flanking marches were eminently fashionable. It was in this way that the great Frederick had won some of his most astonishing victories. They were, nevertheless, then as always, dangerous expedients, as the stupendous overthrow of the Austro-Russian army at Austerlitz was by and by to show. There is always a serious chance that the tables may be turned. Such flanking movements are comparatively safe, however, when the attacking army greatly outnumbered the army attacked, as at the Brandywine. But in all cases the chief element in their success is secrecy; above all things, the party attacked must be kept in the dark.

These points are admirably illustrated in the battle of the Brandywine. The danger of a flank attack upon his right wing was well understood by Washington; and as soon as he heard that Cornwallis was marching up the Lancaster road, he considered the feasibility of doing what Frederick would probably have done, — of crossing quickly at Chadd's and Brinton's fords, in full

force, and crushing Knyphausen's division. This he could doubtless have accomplished, had he been so fortunate as to have inherited an army trained by the father of Frederick the Great. But Washington's army was not yet well trained, and its numerical inferiority was such that Knyphausen's division might of itself be regarded as a fair match for it. The British movement was, therefore, well considered, and it was doubtless well that Washington did not return the offensive by crossing the creek. Moreover, the organization of his staff was far from complete. He was puzzled by conflicting reports as to the enemy's movements. While considering the question of throwing his whole force against Knyphausen, he was stopped by a false report that Cornwallis was *not* moving upon his flank. So great was the delay in getting intelligence that Cornwallis had accomplished his long march of eighteen miles, and was approaching Birmingham church, before it was well known where he was. Nevertheless, his intention of dealing a death-blow to the American army was forestalled and partially checked. Before he had reached our right wing, Washington had ordered Sullivan to form a new front and advance toward Birmingham church. Owing to the imperfect discipline of the troops, Sullivan executed the movement rather clumsily, but enough was accomplished to save the army from rout. In the obstinate and murderous fight which ensued near Birmingham church between Cornwallis and Sullivan, the latter was at length slowly pushed back in the direction of Dilworth. To save the army from being broken in two, it was now necessary for the centre to retreat upon Chester by way of Dilworth, and this movement was accomplished by Greene with most consummate skill. It was now possible for Knyphausen to advance across Chadd's Ford against Wayne's position; and he did so, aided by the right wing

of Cornwallis's division, which, instead of joining in the oblique pursuit toward Dilworth, kept straight onward, and came down upon Wayne's rear. Nothing was left for Wayne and Armstrong but to retreat and join the rest of the army at Chester, and so the battle of the Brandywine came to an end.

This famous battle was admirably conducted on both sides. The risk assumed in the long flanking march of Cornwallis was fully justified. The poor organization of the American army was of course well known to the British commanders, and they took advantage of the fact. Had they been dealing with an organization as efficient as their own, their course would have been foolhardy. On the other hand, when we consider the relative strength of the two armies, it is clear that the bold move of Cornwallis ought not simply to have won the field of battle. It ought to have annihilated the American army, had not its worst consequences been averted by Washington's promptness, aided by Sullivan's obstinate bravery and Greene's masterly conduct of the retreat upon Dilworth. As it was, the American soldiers came out of the fight in good order. Nothing could be more absurd than the careless statement, so often made, that the Americans were "routed" at the Brandywine. Their organization was preserved, and at Chester, next day, they were as ready for fight as ever. They had exacted from the enemy a round price for the victory. The American loss was a little more than 1000, incurred chiefly in Sullivan's gallant struggle; rolls afterward captured at Germantown showed that the British loss considerably exceeded that figure.

So far as the possession of Philadelphia was concerned, the British victory was decisive. When the news came, next morning, that the army had retreated upon Chester, there was great consternation in the "rebel capital." Some timid people left their homes, and sought

refuge in the mountains. Congress fled to Lancaster, first clothing Washington for sixty days with the same extraordinary powers which had been granted him the year before. Yet there was no need of such unseemly haste, for Washington detained the victorious enemy a fortnight on the march of only twenty-six miles; a feat which not even Napoleon could have performed with an army that had just been "routed." He had now heard of Stark's victory and St. Leger's flight, and his letters show how clearly he foresaw Burgoyne's inevitable fate, provided Howe could be kept away from him. To keep Howe's whole force employed near Philadelphia as long as possible was of the utmost importance. Accordingly, during the fortnight following the battle of the Brandywine, every day saw manœuvres or skirmishes, in one of which General Wayne was defeated by Sir Charles Grey, with a loss of three hundred men. On the 26th, while Howe established his headquarters at Germantown, Cornwallis entered Philadelphia in triumph, marching with bands of music and flying colors, and all the troops decked out in their finest scarlet array.

Having got possession of the "rebel capital," the question now arose whether it would be possible to hold it through the winter. The Delaware River, below the city, had been carefully obstructed by *chevaux-de-frise*, which were guarded by two strong fortresses, — Fort Mifflin on an island in mid-stream, and Fort Mercer on the Jersey shore. The river was here about two miles in width, but it was impossible for ships to pass until the forts should have been reduced. About the first of October, after a rough return voyage of four hundred miles, Lord Howe's fleet appeared at the mouth of the Delaware. It was absolutely necessary to gain control of the river, in order that the city might get supplies by sea; for so long as Washington's army remained unbroken, the Americans were quite able to cut off all

supplies by land. Sir William Howe, therefore, threw a portion of his forces across the river, to aid his brother in reducing the forts. The quick eye of Washington now saw an opportunity for attacking the main British army, while thus temporarily weakened; and he forthwith planned a most brilliant battle, which was fated to be lost, at the very moment of victory, by an extraordinary accident.

The village of Germantown, on the bank of the Schuylkill River, was then separated from Philadelphia by about six miles of open country. The village consisted chiefly of a single street, about two miles in length, with stone houses on either side, standing about a hundred yards apart from each other, and surrounded by gardens and orchards. Near the upper end of the street, in the midst of ornamental shrubbery, vases, and statues, arranged in a French style of landscape gardening, stood the massively built house of Benjamin Chew, formerly Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. About a mile below, at the Market House, the main street was crossed at right angles by the Old School Lane. Beside the main street, running over Chestnut Hill, the village was approached from the northward by three roads. The Monatawny road ran down by the bank of the Schuylkill, and, crossing the Old School Lane, bore on toward Philadelphia. The Limekiln road, coming from the northeast, became continuous with the Old School Lane. The Old York road, still further eastward, joined the main street at the Rising Sun tavern, about two miles below the Market House.

The British army lay encamped just behind the Old School Lane, in the lower part of the village: the left wing, under Knyphausen, to the west of the main street; the right, under Grant, to the east. A strong detachment of *chasseurs*, under Sir Charles Grey, covered the left wing. About a mile in advance

of the army, Colonel Musgrave's regiment lay in a field opposite Judge Chew's house; and yet a mile further forward a battalion of light infantry was stationed on the slight eminence known as Mount Airy, where a small battery commanded the road to the north.

Washington's plan of attack seems to have contemplated nothing less than the destruction or capture of the British army. His forces were to advance from the north by all four roads at once, and converge upon the British at the Market House. The American right wing, under Sullivan, and consisting of Sullivan's own brigade, with those of Conway, Wayne, Maxwell, and Nash, was to march down the main street, overwhelm the advanced parties of the British, and engage their left wing in front; while Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to move down the Monatawny road, and take the same wing in flank. The American left wing, commanded by Greene, was also to proceed in two columns. Greene, with his own brigade, supported by Stephen and McDougal, was to march down the Limekiln road, and assail the British right wing in front and in flank; while Smallwood and Forman, coming down the Old York road, were to strike the same wing in the rear. The flank attack upon the British left, entrusted as it was to militia, was intended merely as a demonstration. The attack upon their right, conducted by more than half of the American army, including its best troops, was intended to crush that wing, and, folding back the whole British army upon the Schuylkill River, compel it to surrender.

Considering that the Americans had not even yet a superiority in numbers, this was a most audacious plan. No better instance could be given of the spirit of wild and venturesome daring which was as conspicuous in Washington as his cautious vigilance, whenever any fit occasion arose for displaying it. The

brilliant scheme came surprisingly near to success ; so near as to redeem it from the imputation of foolhardiness, and to show that here, as in all Washington's military movements, cool judgment went along with fiery dash. At seven in the evening of the 3d of October, the night march upon Germantown began, Washington accompanying Sullivan's column. At sunrise a heavy fog came up, and the darkness went on increasing. Soon after the hour of daybreak the light infantry upon Mount Airy were surprised and routed, and the battery was captured. Musgrave was next overwhelmed by the heavy American column ; but he, with a small force, took refuge in Judge Chew's house, and set up a brisk fire from the windows. The Americans opened an artillery-fire upon the house, but its stone walls were too solid to be beaten down by the three-pound and six-pound field-pieces of that day ; and so Maxwell's brigade was left behind to besiege the house, while the rest of the column rushed on down the street. The chief effect of this incident was to warn the enemy, while retarding and somewhat weakening the American charge. Nevertheless, the fury of the attack was such as to disconcert Knyphausen's veterans, and the British left wing slowly gave way before Sullivan. At this moment, Greene, who had also been delayed, attacked the right wing with such vigor as presently to force it back toward the Market House. The British ranks were falling into confusion, and Smallwood's column had already arrived upon their right flank, when the accident occurred which changed the fortunes of the day. From the beginning the dense fog had been a source of confusion to both armies, and had seriously interfered with the solidity of the American advance. Now, as Stephen's brigade, on the right of Greene's column, came into the village, the heavy firing at Judge Chew's seems to have caused him to diverge more and more to the west, in the belief

that there was the thick of the battle. At the same time, Wayne, in driving the enemy before him, had swayed somewhat to the east, so that his brigade stood almost directly in the line of Stephen's progress. In this position he was attacked by Stephen, who mistook him for the enemy. This lamentable blunder instantly ruined the battle. Wayne's men, thus fiercely attacked in the rear, and struggling to extricate themselves, were thrown upon the left flank of Sullivan's brigade, and a panic suddenly ran through the army. The confusion grew worse and worse, till a general retreat began, and Grey, who had come up to support the crumbling right wing of the British, was now able to lead in the pursuit of the Americans. He was joined by Cornwallis, who had sprung from his bed in Philadelphia at the first sound of the cannon, and had brought up two battalions with him at double-quick. But the panic had subsided almost as soon as the golden moment of victory was lost, and the retreat was conducted in excellent order. One regiment in Greene's column was surrounded and captured, but the army brought away all its cannon and wounded, with several cannon taken from the enemy. The loss of the Americans in killed and wounded was 673, and the loss of the British was 535.

The fog which enshrouded the village of Germantown on that eventful morning has been hardly less confusing to the historian than it was to the armies engaged. The reports of different observers conflicted in many details, and particularly as to the immediate occasion of the fatal panic. The best accounts agree, however, that the entanglement of Stephen with Wayne was chiefly responsible for the disaster. It was charged against Stephen that he had taken too many pulls at his canteen on the long, damp night march, and he was tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service. The chagrin of the Americans

at losing the prize so nearly grasped was profound. The total rout of Howe, coming at the same time with the surrender of Burgoyne, would probably have been too much for Lord North's ministry to bear, and might have brought the war to a sudden close. As it was, the British took an undue amount of comfort in the acquisition of Philadelphia, though so long as Washington's army remained defiant it was of small military value to them. On the other hand, the genius and audacity shown by Washington, in thus planning and so nearly accomplishing the ruin of the British army only three weeks after the defeat at the Brandywine, produced a profound impression upon military critics in Europe. Frederick of Prussia saw that presently, when American soldiers should come to be disciplined veterans, they would become a very formidable instrument in the hands of their great commander; and the French court, in making up its mind that the Americans would prove efficient allies, is said to have been influenced almost as much by the battle of Germantown as by the surrender of Burgoyne.

Having thus escaped the catastrophe which Washington had designed for him, the British commander was now able to put forth his utmost efforts for the capture of the forts on the Delaware. His utmost efforts were needed, for in the first attack on Fort Mercer, October 22, the Hessians were totally defeated, with the loss of Count Donop and 400 men, while the Americans lost but 37. But after a month of hard work, with the aid of 6000 more men sent from New York by Clinton, both forts were reduced, and the command of the Delaware was wrested from the Americans. Another month of manœuvring and skirmishing followed, and then Washington took his army into winter quarters at Valley Forge. The events which attended his sojourn in that natural stronghold belong to a later period of the war.

We must now return to the upper waters of the Hudson, and show how the whole period, which may be most fitly described as a struggle for the control of the great central State of New York, was brought to an end by the complete and overwhelming victory of the Americans.

We have seen how it became impossible for Howe to act upon Lord George Germaine's order, received in August, in Chesapeake Bay, and get back to the Hudson in time to be of any use to Burgoyne. We have also seen how critical was the situation in which the Northern general was left, after the destruction of Baum and St. Leger, and the accumulation of New England yeomanry in his rear. Burgoyne now fully acknowledged the terrible mistake of the ministry in assuming that the resistance of the Americans was due to the machinations of a few wily demagogues, and that the people would hail the approach of the king's troops as deliverers. "The great bulk of the country," said he, "is undoubtedly with the Congress in principle and zeal, and their measures are executed with a secrecy and dispatch that are not to be equaled. . . . The Hampshire Grants, in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown last war, now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race of the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm upon my left." The situation had, indeed, become so alarming that it is hard to say what Burgoyne ought to have done. A retreat upon Ticonderoga would have been fraught with peril, while to cross the Hudson and advance from Albany would be doing like Cortes, when he burned his ships behind him. But Burgoyne was a man of chivalrous nature. He did not think it right or prudent to abandon Sir William Howe, whom he still supposed to be coming up the river to meet him. In a letter to Lord George Germaine, written three days after the surrender, he says, "The difficulty

of a retreat upon Canada was clearly foreseen, as was the dilemma, should the retreat be effected, of leaving at liberty such an army as General Gates's to operate against Sir William Howe. This consideration operated forcibly to determine me to abide events as long as possible, and I reasoned thus: the expedition which I commanded was at first evidently intended to be *hazarded*; circumstances might require it should be *devoted*."

Influenced by these views, which were supported by all his generals except Riedesel, Burgoyne threw a bridge of boats across the Hudson, and passed over with his whole army on the 13th of September. The Americans had taken a strong position on Bemis Heights, where Kosciuszko had skillfully fortified their camp with batteries and redoubts. Burgoyne felt that the time for desperate fighting had now come, and it seemed to him that the American position might be turned and carried by an attack upon its left flank. On the morning of the 19th, he advanced through the woods, with the centre of his army, toward the point where the Quaker road passes Bemis Heights. The right wing, under Fraser, proceeded somewhat more circuitously toward the same point, the plan being that they should join forces and strike the rear of the American camp, while Riedesel and Phillips, with the left wing and the artillery, marching down the river road, should assail it in front. Three heavy guns, announcing to the left wing the junction of Burgoyne and Fraser, were to give the signal for a general assault. American scouts, lurking among the upper branches of tall trees that grew on steep hillsides, presently caught glimpses of bright scarlet flitting through the green depths of the forest, while the long sunbeams that found their way through the foliage sent back quick burning flashes from a thousand bayonets. By noon the course of the British march and their plan of at-

tack had been fully deciphered, and the intelligence was carried to Arnold, who commanded the exposed left wing of the American army. Gates appears to have been unwilling to let any of the forces descend from their strong position; but the fiery Arnold urged and implored, until he got permission to take Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's infantry, and go forth to attack the enemy. Arnold's advance, under Morgan, first fell upon Burgoyne's advance, at Freeman's Farm, and checked its progress. Fraser then, hearing the musketry, turned eastward to the rescue, while Arnold, moving upon Fraser's left, sought to cut him asunder from Burgoyne. He seemed to be winning the day, when he was attacked in flank by Riedesel, who had hurried up from the river road. Arnold had already sent to Gates for reinforcements, which were refused him. Arnold maintained that this was a gross blunder on the part of the commanding general, and that with 2000 more men he could now easily have crushed the British centre and defeated their army. In this opinion he was probably right, since even as it was he held his own, in a desperate fight, for two hours, until darkness put an end to the struggle. The losses on each side are variously estimated at from 600 to 1000, or from one fifth to one fourth of the forces engaged, which indicates severe fighting. Arnold's command had numbered about 3000, and he had been engaged, in the course of the afternoon, with at least 4000 of Burgoyne's army; yet all this while some 11,000 Americans — most of the army, in short — had been kept idle on Bemis Heights by the incompetent Gates. Burgoyne tried to console himself with the idea that he had won a victory, because his army slept that night at Freeman's Farm; but, in his testimony given afterward before the House of Commons, he rightly maintained that his plan of attack had been utterly defeated by the bold and skillful tactics of "Mr." Arnold.

In the dispatches which he now sent to Congress, Gates took to himself all the credit of this brilliant affair, and did not even mention Arnold's name. The army, however, rang with praise of the fighting general, until Gates, who never could bear to hear any one but himself well spoken of, waxed wroth and revengeful. Arnold, moreover, freely blamed Gates for not supporting him, and for refusing to renew the battle on the next morning, while the enemy were still disconcerted. Arnold's warm friendship with Schuyler gave further offense to the commander; and three days after the battle he sought to wreak his spite by withdrawing Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's light infantry from Arnold's division. A fierce quarrel ensued; and Gates told Arnold that as soon as Lincoln should arrive he would have no further use for him, and he might go back to Washington's camp as soon as he liked. Arnold, in a white rage, said he would go, and asked for a pass, which his enemy promptly gave him; but after receiving it, second thoughts prevented him from going. All the general officers except Lincoln — who seems to have refrained from unwillingness to give umbrage to a commander so high in the good graces of Massachusetts as Gates — united in signing a letter entreating Arnold to remain. He had been sent here by Washington to aid the Northern army with all his might, and clearly it would be wrong to leave it now, on the eve of a decisive battle. So the proud, fiery soldier, smarting under an accumulation of injuries, made up his mind once more to swallow the affront, and wait for a chance to make himself useful. He stayed in his quarters, awaiting the day of battle, though it was understood that he was relieved of his command, and Gates took no more notice of him than if he had been a dog.

Nothing more was done for eighteen days. Just before the crossing of the Hudson by the Northern army, Sir

Henry Clinton, acting "as circumstances may direct," had planned an expedition up the river in aid of it; and Burgoyne, hearing of this the day after the battle at Freeman's Farm, thought it best to wait awhile before undertaking another assault upon the American lines. But things were swiftly coming to such a pass that it would not do to wait. On the 21st, news came to the British camp that a detachment of Lincoln's troops had laid siege to Ticonderoga, and, while holding the garrison in check, had captured several ships and taken 300 prisoners. A day or two later came the news that these stout New Englanders had embarked on Lake George in the ships they had captured, and were cutting off the last sources of supply. And now, while even on shortest rations there was barely three weeks' food for the army, Lincoln's main force appeared in front, thus swelling the numbers of the American army to more than 16,000. The case had become as desperate as that of the Athenians at Syracuse before their last dreadful battle in the harbor. So, after eighteen weary days, no word yet coming from Clinton, the gallant Burgoyne attempted, by a furious effort, to break through the lines of an army that now outnumbered him more than three to one.

On the morning of October 7th, leaving the rest of his army in camp, Burgoyne advanced with 1500 picked men to turn the American left. Small as the force was, its quality was superb, and with it were all the best commanders, — Phillips, Riedesel, Fraser, Balcarras, and Ackland. Such a compact force, so ably led, might manœuvre quickly. If, on sounding the American position on the left, they should find it too strong to be forced, they might swiftly retreat. At all events, the movement would cover a foraging party which Burgoyne had sent out, — and this was no small matter. Arnold, too, the fighting general, held no command; and Gates was known

to be a sluggard. Such thoughts may have helped to shape the conduct of the British commander on this critical morning. But the scheme was swiftly overturned. As the British came on, their right was suddenly attacked by Morgan, while the New England regulars with 3000 New York militia assailed them in front. After a short, sharp fight against overwhelming numbers, their whole line was broken, and Fraser sought to form a second line a little further back and on the west border of Freeman's Farm, though the ranks were badly disordered and all their cannon were lost. At this moment, Arnold, who had been watching from the heights, saw that a well-directed blow might not only ruin this retreating column, but also shatter the whole British army. Quick as thought he sprang upon his horse, and galloped to the scene of action. He was greeted with deafening hurrahs, and the men, leaping with exultation at sight of their beloved commander, rushed upon Fraser's half-formed line. At the same moment, while Morgan was still pressing on the British right, one of his marksmen shot General Fraser, who fell, mortally wounded, just as Arnold charged with mad fury upon his line. The British forthwith turned and fled from the field. Arnold next attacked Lord Balcarras, who had retired behind intrenchments at the north of Freeman's Farm; but finding the resistance here too strong, he swept by, and charged upon the Canadian auxiliaries, who occupied a position just north of Balcarras, and covered the left wing of Breyman's forces at the extreme right of the British camp. The Canadians soon fled, leaving Breyman uncovered; and Arnold forthwith rushed against Breyman on the left, just as Morgan, who had prolonged his flanking march, assailed him on the right. Breyman was slain and his force routed; the British right wing was crushed, and their whole position

taken in reverse and made untenable. Just at this moment, a wounded German soldier, lying on the ground, took aim at Arnold, and slew his horse, while the ball passed through the general's left leg, that had been wounded at Quebec, and fractured the bone a little above the knee. As Arnold fell, one of his men rushed up to bayonet the wounded soldier who had shot him, when the prostrate general cried, "For God's sake, don't hurt him; he's a fine fellow!" The poor German was saved, and it has been well said that this was the hour when Benedict Arnold should have died. His fall and the gathering twilight stopped the progress of the battle, but the American victory was complete and decisive. Nothing was left for Burgoyne but to get the wreck of his army out of the way as quickly as possible, and the next day he did so, making a skillful retreat upon Saratoga, in the course of which, during a skirmish, his soldiers burned General Schuyler's princely country-house, with its barns and granaries, thus inflicting upon the general a loss of more than £10,000.

As the British retreated, General Gates steadily closed in upon them with his overwhelming forces, which now numbered nearly 20,000. Gates knew how to be active after the victory, although, when fighting was going on, he was a general of sedentary habits. When Arnold rushed down, at the critical moment, to complete the victory of Saratoga, Gates sent out Major Armstrong to stop him. "Call back that fellow," said Gates, "or he will be doing something rash!" But the eager Arnold had outgalloped the messenger, and came back only when his leg was broken and the victory won. In the mean time Gates sat at his headquarters, forgetful of the battle that was raging below, while he argued the merits of the American Revolution with a wounded British officer, Sir Francis Clarke, who had been brought in and laid upon the

commander's bed to die. Losing his temper in the discussion, Gates called his adjutant, Wilkinson, out of the room, and asked him, "Did you ever hear so impudent a son of a b—h?" And this seems to have been all that the commanding general contributed to the crowning victory of Saratoga.

When Burgoyne reached the place where he had crossed the Hudson, he found a force of 3000 Americans, with several batteries of cannon, occupying the hills on the other side, so that it was now impossible to cross. A council of war decided to abandon all the artillery and baggage, push through the woods by night, and effect a crossing higher up, by Fort Edward, where the great river begins to be fordable. But no sooner had this plan been made than word was brought that the Americans were guarding all the fords, and had also planted detachments in a strong position to the northward, between Fort Edward and Fort George. The British army, in short, was surrounded. A brisk cannonade was opened upon it from the east and south, while Morgan's sharpshooters kept up a galling fire in the rear. Some of the women and wounded men were sent for safety to a large house in the neighborhood, where they took refuge in the cellar; and there the Baroness Riedesel tells us how she passed six dismal nights and days, crouching in a corner near the doorway, with her three little children clinging about her, while every now and then, with hideous crashing, a heavy cannon-ball passed through the room overhead. The cellar became crowded with crippled and dying men. But little food could be obtained, and the suffering from thirst was dreadful. It was only a few steps to the river, but every man who ventured out with a bucket was shot dead by Virginia rifles that never missed their aim. At last the brave wife of a British soldier volunteered to go; and thus the water was brought

again and again, for the Americans would not fire at a woman.

And now, while Burgoyne's last ray of hope was dying, and while the veteran Phillips declared himself heart-broken at the misery which he could not relieve, where was Sir Henry Clinton? He had not thought it prudent to leave New York until after the arrival of 3000 soldiers whom he expected from England. These men arrived on the 29th of September, but six days more elapsed before Sir Henry had taken them up the river and landed them near Putnam's headquarters at Peekskill. In a campaign of three days he outwitted that general, carried two of the forts after obstinate resistance, and compelled the Americans to abandon the others; and thus laid open the river so that British ships might go up to Albany. On the 8th of October, Sir Henry wrote to Burgoyne from Fort Montgomery: "*Nous y voici*, and nothing between us and Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours will facilitate your operations." This dispatch was written on a scrap of very thin paper, and encased in an oval silver bullet, which opened with a tiny screw in the middle. Sir Henry then sent General Vaughan, with several frigates and the greater part of his force, to make all haste for Albany. As they passed up the river, the next day, they could not resist the temptation to land and set fire to the pretty village of Kingston, then the seat of the state legislature. George Clinton, governor of the State, just retreating from his able defense of the captured forts, hastened to protect the village, but came up only in time to see it in flames from one end to the other. Just then Sir Henry's messenger, as he skulked by the roadside, was caught and taken to the governor. He had been seen swallowing something, so they gave him an emetic, and obtained the silver bullet. The dispatch was read; the bearer was hanged to an apple-tree; and Burgoyne, weary

with waiting for the news that never came, at last sent a flag of truce to General Gates, inquiring what terms of surrender would be accepted.

Gates first demanded an unconditional surrender, but on Burgoyne's indignant refusal he consented to make terms, and the more readily, no doubt, since he knew what had just happened in the Highlands, though his adversary did not. After three days of discussion the terms of surrender were agreed upon. Just as Burgoyne was about to sign the articles, a Tory made his way into camp with hearsay news that part of Clinton's army was approaching Albany. The subject was then anxiously reconsidered by the British officers, and an interesting discussion ensued as to whether they had so far pledged their faith to the surrender that they could not in honor draw back. The majority of the council decided that their faith was irrevocably pledged, and Burgoyne yielded to this opinion, though he did not share it, for he did not feel quite clear that the rumored advance of Clinton could now avail to save him in any case. In this he was undoubtedly right. The American army, with its daily accretions of militia, had now grown to more than 20,000, and armed yeomanry were still pouring in by the hundred. A diversion threatened by less than 3000 men, who were still more than fifty miles distant, could not now have averted the doom of the British army. The only effect which it did produce was, perhaps, to work upon the timid Gates, and induce him to offer easy terms in order to hasten the surrender. On the 17th of October, accordingly, the articles were signed, exchanged, and put into execution. It was agreed that the British army should march out of camp with the honors of war, and pile their arms at an appointed place; they should then march through Massachusetts to Boston, from which port they might sail for Europe, it being understood that none of

them should serve again in America during the war; all the officers might retain their small arms, and no one's private luggage should be searched or molested. At Burgoyne's earnest solicitation, the American general consented that these proceedings should be styled a "convention," instead of a surrender, in imitation of the famous Convention of Kloster-Seven, by which the Duke of Cumberland, twenty years before, had sought to save his feelings while losing his army, beleaguered by the French in Hanover. The soothing phrase has been well remembered by British historians, who to this day continue to speak of Burgoyne's surrender as the "Convention of Saratoga."

In carrying out the terms of the convention, both Gates and his soldiers showed praiseworthy delicacy. As the British marched off to a meadow by the river side and laid down their arms, the Americans remained within their lines, refusing to add to the humiliation of a gallant enemy by standing and looking on. As the disarmed soldiers then passed by the American lines, says Lieutenant Anbury, one of the captured officers, "I did not observe the least disrespect or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity." Burgoyne stepped up and handed his sword to Gates, simply saying, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The American general instantly returned the sword, replying, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." When Baron Riedesel had been presented to Gates and the other generals, he sent for his wife and children. Set free at last from the dreadful cellar, the baroness came with some trepidation into the enemy's camp; but the only look she saw upon any face was one of sympathy. "As I approached the tents," she says, "a noble-looking gentleman came toward me, and took the children out of the wagon; embraced and

kissed them ; and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. . . . Presently he said, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with so many gentlemen. If you will come with your children to my tent, I will give you a frugal meal, but one that will at least be seasoned with good wishes.' 'Oh, sir,' I cried, 'you must surely be a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness!' I then learned that it was General Schuyler."

Schuyler had indeed come, with unruffled soul, to look on while the fruit which he had sown, with the gallant aid of Stark and Herkimer, Arnold and Morgan, was plucked by an unworthy rival. He now met Burgoyne, who was naturally pained and embarrassed at the recollection of the beautiful house which his men had burned a few days before. In a speech in the House of Commons, some months later, Burgoyne told how Schuyler received him. "I expressed to General Schuyler," says Burgoyne, "my regret at the event which had happened, and the reasons which had occasioned it. He desired me to think no more of it, saying that the occasion justified it, according to the rules of war. . . . He did more: he sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure me better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. This gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family; and in this general's house I remained during my whole stay at Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other possible demonstration of hospitality." Madame Riedesel was also invited to stay with the Schuylers; and when first she arrived in the house, one of her little girls exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! Is this the palace that papa was to have when he came to America?" As the Schuylers understood German, the baroness colored, but

all laughed pleasantly, and put her at ease.

With the generosity and delicacy thus shown alike by generals and soldiers, it is painful, though instructive, to contrast the coarseness and bad faith with which Congress proceeded to treat the captured army. The presence of the troops in and about Boston was felt to be a hardship, and General Heath, who commanded there, wrote to Washington, saying that if they were to stay till cold weather he hardly knew how to find shelter and fuel for them. Washington replied that they would not be likely to stay long, since it was clearly for Howe's interest to send them back to England as soon as possible, in order that they might replace other soldiers who would be sent over to America for the spring campaign. Congress caught up this suggestion with avidity, and put it to uses the furthest possible removed from Washington's meaning. When Sir William Howe proposed Newport as a point from which the soldiers might more speedily be shipped, Washington, for sound and obvious reasons, urged that there should be no departure from the strict letter of the convention. Congress forthwith not only acted upon this suggestion so far as to refuse Sir William Howe's request, but it went on gratuitously and absurdly to charge the British general with bad faith. It was hinted that he secretly intended to bring the troops to New York for immediate service, in defiance of the convention, and Congress proceeded to make this imputed treachery the ground for really false dealing on its own part. When Lord Howe's transports reached Boston, it was not only ordered that no troops should be allowed to embark until all the accounts for their subsistence should have been settled, but it was also required that these accounts should be liquidated in gold. In the instructions given to General Washington a year before, a refusal on the part of anybody to receive the Continental paper money

was to be treated as a high misdemeanor. Now Congress refused to take its own money, which had depreciated till it was worth barely thirty cents on a dollar. The captured army was supplied with provisions and fuel that were paid for by General Heath with Continental paper, and now Congress insisted that General Burgoyne should make his repayment dollar for dollar in British gold, worth three times as much. In fairness to the delegates, we may admit that in all probability they did not realize the baseness of this conduct. They were no doubt misled by one of those wonderful bits of financial sophistry by which the enacting mind of our countrymen has so often been hopelessly confused. In an amusing letter to Washington, honest General Heath naively exclaims, "What an opinion must General Burgoyne have of the authority of these States, to suppose that his money would be received at any higher rate than our own in public payment! Such payment would at once be depreciating our currency with a witness." Washington was seriously annoyed and mortified by these vagaries, — the more so that he was at this very time endeavoring to arrange with Howe a general cartel for the exchange of prisoners; and he knew that the attempt to make thirty cents equal to a dollar would, as he said, "destroy the very idea of a cartel."

While these discussions were going on, Congress, like the wicked king in the fairy tale, anxious to impose conditions unlikely to be fulfilled, demanded that General Burgoyne should make out a descriptive list of all the officers and soldiers in his army, in order that if any of them should thereafter be found serving against the United States they might be punished accordingly. As no such provision was contained in the convention, upon the faith of which Burgoyne had surrendered, he naturally regarded the demand as insulting, and at first refused to comply with it. He afterwards

yielded the point, in his eagerness to liberate his soldiers; but meanwhile, in a letter to Gates, he had incautiously let fall the expression, "The publick faith is broke [*sic*];" and this remark, coming to the ears of Congress, was immediately laid hold of as a pretext for repudiating the convention altogether. It was argued that Burgoyne had charged the United States with bad faith, in order to have an excuse for repudiating the convention on his own part; and on the 8th of January, Congress accordingly resolved, "that the embarkation of Lieutenant-General Burgoyne and the troops under his command be suspended till a distinct and explicit ratification of the Convention of Saratoga shall be properly notified by the court of Great Britain to Congress." Now as the British government could not give the required ratification without implicitly recognizing the independence of the United States, no further steps were taken in the matter, the "publick faith" was really broken, and the captured army was never sent home.

In this wretched affair, Congress deliberately sacrificed principle to policy. It refused, on paltry pretexts, to carry out a solemn engagement which had been made by its accredited agent; and it did so simply through the fear that the British army might indirectly gain a possible reinforcement. Its conduct can be justified upon no grounds save such as would equally justify firing upon flags of truce. Nor can it be palliated even upon the lowest grounds of expediency, for, as it has been well said, "to a people struggling for political life the moral support derivable from the maintenance of honor and good faith was worth a dozen material victories." This sacrifice of principle to policy has served only to call down the condemnation of impartial historians, and to dim the lustre of the magnificent victory which the valor of our soldiers and the self-devotion of our people had won in the field.

It was one out of many instances which show that, under any form of government, the moral sense of the governing body is likely to fall far below the highest moral standard recognized in the community.

The captured army was never sent home. The officers were treated as prisoners of war, and from time to time were exchanged. Burgoyne was allowed to go to England in the spring, and while still a prisoner on parole he took his seat in Parliament, and became conspicuous among the defenders of the American cause. The troops were detained in the neighborhood of Boston until the autumn of 1778, when they were all transferred to Charlottesville in Virginia. Here a rude village was built on the brow of a pleasant ridge of hills, and gardens were laid out and planted. Much kind assistance was rendered in all this work by Thomas Jefferson, who was then living close by, on his estate at Monticello, and did everything in his power to make things comfortable for soldiers and officers. Two years afterward, when Virginia became the seat of war, some of them were removed to Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, to Frederick in Maryland, and to Lancaster in Pennsylvania. Those who wished to return to Europe were exchanged or allowed to escape. The greater number, especially

of the Germans, preferred to stay in this country and become American citizens. Before the end of 1780 they had dispersed in all directions.

Such was the strange sequel of a campaign which, whether we consider the picturesqueness of its incidents or the magnitude of its results, was one of the most memorable in the history of mankind. Its varied scenes, framed in landscapes of grand and stirring beauty, had brought together such types of manhood as the feathered Mohawk sachem, the helmeted Brunswick dragoon, and the blue-frocked yeoman of New England, — types of ancient savagery, of the militant despotism bequeathed from the Middle Ages, and of the industrial democracy that is to possess and control the future of the world. These men had mingled in a deadly struggle for the strategic centre of the Atlantic coast of North America, and now the fight had ended in the complete and overwhelming defeat of the forces of George III. Four years, indeed, — four years of sore distress and hope deferred, — were yet to pass before the fruits of this great victory could be gathered. The independence of the United States was not yet won; but the triumph at Saratoga set in motion a train of events from which the winning of independence was destined surely to follow.

John Fiske.

A PARIS EXPOSITION IN DISHABILLE.

I THINK I had come abroad a little Exposition-proof. I have established myself near this one, it is true, but that is rather for the thoroughly French quarter, the open space and good air, and especially for the noble gilded dome of the Invalides, which manages to shine into my windows with a perpetual hint of sunshine even when the weather is

bad, — and Heaven knows Paris winter weather is bad enough. I was here at the Exposition of 1878, and my printed impressions of it must still survive somewhere in the back file of *The Atlantic*. What with that and some other experiences, and having no more than the usual fondness for crowds, I assure the reader that if this very latest Paris Exposition

and I find ourselves together, it is pure coincidence, and through no collusion of ours.

But it is impossible to keep one's attention withdrawn from it. The great thing, in the first place, is to see how very seriously the French nation takes it. It is no affair of a clique, no mere ephemeral mammoth show got up by a few enterprising individuals apart, but it is the hobby of the people, the parties of all shades. They look upon it with veneration; it is sacred; it is an explosion of patriotism and the national pride in a direction in which France knows it can excel, though it has been so sorely humiliated elsewhere. Naturally, all the journals are full of it, and full too of everything connected with the centenary of the Revolution which its date commemorates. The eighteenth century is getting a very thorough revival. The *Matin*, for instance, a journal which adopts some of the best features of the American plan without adopting the worst also, gives every day a *résumé* of events on the corresponding day in 1789. I was amused to find there, lately, as a detail among others, the alleged origin of a familiar expression which has seen hard service, it appears, in more languages than ours. A romance which made some stir in its time, called the *Memoirs of a Young Girl*, contained the statement that the young girl was born of poor but honest parents: "Cette jeune fille, née de parents honnêtes mais pauvres, est élevée," etc. The *Matin* desired to salute the birth and the centennial of this time-honored form of description; but I think it over-sanguine in being content to carry its researches no further back, just as I think M. de Goncourt and some others over-sanguine in the appeal they make, with their handsome illustrated books on the Revolution, to a public which seems more than half inclined to retrograde from republican institutions.

Politics turn upon the Exposition, or

rather turn around it; for it is put forward between the combatants as the women and children sometimes used to be in old days, to keep them from falling upon each other at once. The most damaging statement against General Boulanger by his enemies is to say that he has designs upon the Exposition; while his proudest reply is that the industrial interests of France are inexpressibly dear to him, that "Boulanger is peace," and that nothing in the world would induce him to harm the enterprise.

There are those who think, since the late overwhelming demonstration in his favor, that Boulanger himself, as President or mayhap as dictator, will open the Exposition, though President Carnot's term does not expire till 1892. There are even those who think it will not open at all, but that some ruthless bombshell will drop into it, and shatter its dainty array of the arts of peace to flinders. Fancy, in that case, the exceptional position of one who has been almost the only witness of an international Exposition prepared for millions! I by no means covet the distinction, nor indeed do I expect to have it. While there is little reluctance to considering the possibility of establishing a dictatorship, a monarchy, or what not, of plunging into domestic or foreign wars, and of sacrificing all that makes life dear, yet there is a general agreement that these calamities ought to be put off for the present; let them not be entered upon till the Exposition is over. This is a trifle finical, to be sure, and somewhat like the qualms of the condemned who are particular about their breakfast just before being led out to execution; but if the Exposition can serve as a bond for keeping the peace for even six months, its promoters will have builded better than they knew. In the interval calmer counsels will have time to prevail, and our French brethren may conclude to put up with the *eunui* which is

so hard for them to bear, to recognize that all men and rulers are imperfect, and to jog along with a popular republic, — never the most brilliant form of government, — after the American fashion.

Some of the heavy material for the Exposition, hauled by strong teams of Norman and Breton horses, was passing our way all the autumn and winter. The driver of one of the teams used to have a pet bull-dog standing upright on the back of his leading steed. There was a good deal of human nature among these drivers. They were as delighted to block a busy tramway line as if they had been operating in the narrowest street of New York or Boston. Down by Louis XV.'s Military School, at the corner below us, where various tramways and omnibuses concentrate, are always to be seen some of the confused features of the great Vanity Fair, rising above the high palisade behind which it is being prepared; especially an immense glass edifice, the Palais des Machines, which is to be its principal triumph. Paris gains something tangible from each of its Expositions, and has something to show for its money. Just as we find scattered about the country various boulders, which, since they have no connection with the ordinary strata of the place, we know to have been left there by former geological periods, so Paris has many very notable edifices which remain to her as the heritage from past Expositions. Thus the Palais de l'Industrie, where the annual Salon is held; the Pavillon de Paris alongside it, convenient for such smaller exhibitions as the late black-and-white display; and the remarkable massive palace, with sweeping wings, which crowns the slope of the Trocadero, all trace their origin to such a source. Now, finally, it is said that this Palace of Machines is to be left over by this one, to make the most magnificent of covered exercise grounds for the military insti-

tution across the way. My interest persists in attaching itself most to the long Military School, however, its serious façade now dingy with age. One day, as I looked, a stirring cavalcade came pouring out of its barrack-gates. There was regiment after regiment of heavy cuirassiers in their brass helmets, a costume not unlike that they wore at Waterloo; the officers riding in their midst draped in their cloaks, and the colors nodding nonchalantly this way and that, like some baleful, sagacious sort of divinities. Behind them, in another dress, familiar since Sebastopol and Solferino, came drumming long regiments of infantry. All looked very deft and business-like, in this year of grace and the peaceful Exposition.

Perhaps the difficulty of getting into the Military School has something to do with its attraction. I am told — for I have not tried personally — that you have first to apply to your minister, he to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and he to the Minister of War, and then — you are refused. There is no telling, in these times, who may or may not be a German spy, and everything connected with military life is guarded with the most jealous care. There is going to be a special exhibition of the material of the art of war, among the thick settlement of buildings devoted to the French colonies, on the esplanade of the Invalides; but one may judge, partly from the mediæval gateway, with portcullis and drawbridge, set up before it, that it is likely to be largely retrospective, and neither the pattern of the Lebel rifle nor any other important state secret will be betrayed.

I was coming home from a reception of the President of the republic, an occasion provocative of speculation as to change in the government, and the possible doings of Boulanger should he find himself installed in those comfortable parlors and the long, palm-bordered conservatory of the Palace of the Elysée.

It was late at night, and our street was quiet and deserted, when I saw suddenly loom up before me a procession of large trees, leafless, nodding, and moving on-wards. They were going to adorn the grounds of the Exposition. "If Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane," I was obliged to mutter, then indeed it is time to take an interest in this irrepressible Exposition, which will not be overlooked. I went into the sacred inclosure, therefore, in the latter days of January, and I can truthfully say that I had no cause to regret my change of heart, but that it proved the occasion of a very novel and enjoyable experience. There was something peculiarly attractive in witnessing it in its formative state, and in having it nearly all to myself. Few other visitors came, either because they did not care to, or that, now as the end approaches, it is made increasingly difficult to get in. It was peaceful there in spite of all the work in progress, and, as it chanced, the weather was mild. The ground was spaded up for the coming gardens, and dug deep for the fountains, lake, and costly drainage and water supply. Long lines of magnolias stood protected by tents of coarse bagging, open to the south. Much of the shrubbery had been planted a year before, and was in a flourishing condition. There was some of my Birnam wood. I gossiped with the gardeners about it and various other matters. A bright-eyed, vivacious old man, with a skin like leather, confided to me that capable men on these government jobs were paid only the same wages as the quite incapable. It was something like seven cents an hour. The chiefs of gangs got more, say from eleven to fourteen cents an hour, but they were chiefs only in virtue of favoritism, and not of superior capacity. Further on, the inventor of a new decorative process complained that his architect did not put it forward enough, because he had not bribed him sufficiently. I chanced to have heard

not a little of this kind of discontent from persons who seemed glad of an opportunity to pour out their grievances to a stranger; and though the fault in some cases was no doubt their own, it was evident that self-seeking and favoritism were not confined to any one side of the water.

I could only assure my glittering-eyed old gardener that things are apt to go that way in the public service. If I had not heard of it at home, I could have been more severe with it here. He went on to say that he had learned his business from an *author*, a man who had run through three editions; and then he stood off a little, to receive my admiration. But, further than that, he himself was an author. Yes, he had written a treatise on horticulture, and had taken it to a publisher. He had simply wished the publisher to pay him some ten or twelve hundred francs down and his royalty on the sales, leaving to the publisher all the rest of the large profits that might accrue, no matter through how many editions the work should run. "But what do you think that publisher did?" he asked. "Il ne voulait pas," — He did not wish to. And he drew off again, affording ample time to receive my natural astonishment and disgust at such conduct.

I could not give him any great comfort even here, for there are publishers in America who will act the same way. I had been looking over his shoulder, as we talked, for he stood in the forefront of the plaza. The first great difference, in the Champ de Mars, between this Exposition and the last is that whereas there was then one enormous rectangular edifice that contained almost everything in itself, and presented a long straight façade, now the central façade is less, but five wings sweep out from it and project far forward. On the centre is a fine dome, and on each of the twin Palaces of the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts, which form the grander portions

of the wings, is another. The whole is set upon a stately terrace, reached by grand flights of steps and bordered by a balustrade.

Each successive universal Exposition naturally desires to have a plan of its own, and we do not ask it why it did not retain that of the last. This one, it appears, is to cover a much larger number of square feet of ground than any before it, and it has the best of rights to adopt whatever arrangement of wings, or no wings, that may seem most favorable to its new conditions. Yet having looked over these arrangements, I cannot help going back again to my conclusions of 1878. In my article of that date, referred to, I made a rough diagram showing in contrast the arrangements at Philadelphia, Vienna, and the Paris Expositions of '67 and '78. Adding this new one to the list, I can still say that I have seen nothing else so good, for the logical and convenient display of all the multifarious contents of a universal Exposition, as the ellipse adopted at Paris in '67. It had concentric as well as converging aisles, the respective nations were placed in segments, and you had thus not only each nation side by side, but also what there was of the same class in each nation side by side.

At present the nations are not to be so placed. They are in the two wings, some in one wing and some in the other. Austria and Russia alone back up from the wings into the main building, the bulk of which is properly reserved for France, as the exhibiting country. Perhaps it is not undesirable, on the whole, to have a little break in the transition, and not to go too suddenly from one clime to another, in this kind of condensed traveling. In going from Great Britain to Italy, it is no great hardship to cross a lovely garden, or stroll five or ten minutes around by lovely corridors, to be filled with all that is fascinating in the way of refreshment booths. But it takes time, if one has much traveling

to do in a day; and the system is not uniform, for you go from Italy to Switzerland or from Italy to the United States by simply passing an ornamental wooden portal.

The general view is best from under the arches of the Eiffel tower, the great curiosity built by the engineer Eiffel, who constructed the framework of the Bartholdi statue and the locks of the Panama Canal. Each Exposition should have some one novelty, at least, some distinctive feature to separate it from all the rest, and this one has gone far beyond all others in finding a veritable new thing under the sun. The tower is a light, open framework of iron trussing, and, as all the world knows, is to be a thousand feet in height. Its very pedestal rises above nearly all the other architectural flights of men. It is a gratifying source of patriotic pride to Americans, of course, to know that our Washington monument is the next tallest thing in the world to the Eiffel tower, but even that rises only a little more than half its prodigious altitude. Babel was the merest trifle to it. In the illustrated papers and colored lithographs, and from the open galleries of the Trocadero, whence you have the whole gay pleasure spot of the Exposition spread out before you, the tower is like a candlestick of Brobdignag set down in Lilliput. But close to, it has real sublimity. The smallness of detail gives a proper scale, and lets us realize its vastness, yet without dwarfing the surrounding objects. The endless criss-cross lattice work of the construction; the innumerable struts, braces, tie-rods, and girders; the airy crocheting, whose stitches are iron beams often a foot across, fall into impressive bundles like ship's cordage, which always has a noble effect against the sky; and in the midst are platforms that recall the fore and mizzen tops and the top-gallant cross-trees. Elevators will run up the four wide-spreading supports, following their slope; and from the first

platform, their stopping-place, others will go on to the top, making the complete journey in fifteen minutes, and carrying up some four hundred persons in an hour. It was a captive balloon, held by a rope in the garden of the Tuileries, to which people who wanted to make such daring ascensions into the air had recourse during the last Exposition.

Stairways, too, zigzag interminably along the beams, which at a little distance present no peculiarity distinguishable from the rest. When one sees the workmen, in their baggy corduroy trousers, red caps, and red sashes, climbing up and down them, though these men are by no means angels, as they showed in their repeated strikes in the air against Engineer Eiffel, one has perforce to recall that staircase in Jacob's dream, upon which the angels were ascending and descending between heaven and earth. By no other work of man have heaven and earth been so closely connected. Along both the first and second platforms of the tower, the latter as high as the top of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, is a row of pavilions, each like a large hall in itself; and each side even of the second platform has apparently a stretch as great as that of a long New York city block. The eye is continually baffled, and continually returns in renewed wonderment at these vast dimensions; and I speak of the tower when it has yet two hundred feet to rise. Certain patterns interwoven among the trusses for ornament are pleasing; and though, when it is painted and gilded, the structure may look from a distance more like a candlestick than ever, nothing can keep it, at close quarters, from being a most dignified monument.

They say the tower is to have valuable uses in a scientific way. Meteorologic experiments can be conducted there under much more favorable conditions than on any mountain slope. The lower strata of the atmosphere, the formation of rain,

fog, mist, and dew, variations in humidity, and electric tension will be studied by many sets of registering instruments at various heights and capable of being consulted at the same moment. Even the astronomers expect to find their profit in the clearer air about the lantern that is to crown its top. When the electric light is placed there to shine like a new sun, and the electric fountain is playing below among the gardens, cafés, and promenading thousands, the republic will have given us an Exposition that the fabled brilliancy of that of the Third Empire could not equal. For the first time on record, the inclosure is to remain open in the evening, till eleven o'clock. This is a new departure indeed, doubling its possibilities for both usefulness and gayety. How well I recall, at the last Exposition, the way the drummer and his assistants used to approach, towards sunset, and, forming a cordon, "shoo" us out of the place!

Only a military nation could give such an Exposition as this in the heart of its capital; immediately accessible from everywhere. Paris has a great parade-ground, the Champ de Mars, with one end bordering on the Seine; and a smaller one, the Esplanade des Invalides, at some distance, forming an angle with the first, and also bordering the river; and then, connected with the Champ de Mars by the bridge of Jena, the small park of the Trocadero. These provide most convenient sites for the installations. And furthermore, if need be, these can be carried along the right bank from the Trocadero to the Champs Elysées, just as the exhibition of Agriculture, on the left bank, already connects the Champ de Mars with the Esplanade des Invalides. The ground is dug up and remodeled each time in the most remorseless manner; nor is it restored to its normal condition for some years after the event. The nation plays there for its industrial purposes, just as the engineers whom I watched on their ex-

ercise-ground at Versailles last summer played at making bastions and rifle-pits, and as children play with pail and shovel on the seashore. The military have to suffer in default of their parade-ground. The regiments in the barracks near us, on the Rue de Babylone, for instance, have been drilling for months past on our boulevards instead of on the Champ de Mars. Civilians suffer, too, in having their right of way on certain streets and bridges cut off for long periods. There is always more or less sentiment, after each Exposition is over, in favor of keeping things in their reformed and beautified condition, and not restoring the parade-ground to its military uses. If the troops can get along without it for so considerable a time, why can they not altogether? The general government ceded the city a strip off the lower end for a park, — the site now occupied by M. Garnier's historic exhibition of the habitations of men, — and as the Palace of Machines is to take another liberal strip off the upper end, this view, it is quite likely, may yet prevail.

The Eiffel tower stands four-square across the main avenue that extends throughout the Exposition. Its grand arches, something like a hundred and thirty feet high, frame in, according to the way you look, either the hill of the Trocadero, beyond the river, or the whole nearer field of view. The arches in no way interfere with the vision; they seem rather to belong to heaven itself. I had expected to have to construct the Exposition for myself, at this early stage, from fragments and indications, as certain scientists find a rib and tooth or so of a mastodon in a swamp, and put together the whole skeleton for us in the Smithsonian Institution. But in fact no great effort of the imagination was necessary to conceive it already under a pretty complete and wholly charming aspect. Yonder, as I looked over the little gardener's shoul-

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der, was a veritable domain of fairy palaces on a great scale. It was seeing an Exposition in dishabille, it is true, but it was like being privileged to assist at the *petit lever* of one of the *grandes dames* of the eighteenth century, who received a select few while still dressing, and who were only the more beautiful for not yet having put on the complete war-paint and feathers of the day. Plenty of scaffoldings were still up, but through them the buildings could be perfectly well seen. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them." Not that the shapes are especially bubble-like; the prevailing lines are horizontal. The material is chiefly iron, glass, terra cotta, and glazed tiles. The iron is painted soft blue instead of the conventional ugly red; the terra cotta is pink; the tiles are richly colored or gilded; the sky shows delicate azure through the glass; and bold grandiose sculpture begins to embellish the whole. The construction is exceedingly light and graceful, yet free from any air of ephemerality, of pasteboard and trumpery makeshift. There is no need of bunting drapery or the arrival of commercial exhibits to cover up rude framing or unsightliness of any kind. Everything is beautifully finished, complete, perfect in itself. If the Exposition never went a step further than to give us these lovely buildings, even then it would have deserved no small measure of our gratitude.

The three domes are the three leading features and salient points of departure for the eye. They are elaborately framed up in iron, and faced with colored encaustic tiles. I acquired a taste for domes colored in encaustic tiles in Mexico, where they are a fine old Spanish tradition, and hardly expect now to get over it. All round the front of the Palais des Groupes Divers, or, as we should say, the main building, runs a two-storied arcade, abutting against the two high transverse galleries, the Galerie

Rapp and the Galerie Dessaix, which form a division between the wings of the main building and the Palaces of the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts respectively. Its upper story is formed into a frieze, some fifteen feet high, in the Renaissance manner, which is of the richest and most original description. It is fretted in very high relief with a tossing foam of leafage, scrolls, and cherubim supporting escutcheons. The figures are of more than life-size. The work is simply in plaster, to which a general tone of old ivory has been given, while portions, such as the borders and the shields, were being picked out with gold and colors. The part where this mingled sculpture and mosaic was already complete, serving as a specimen of the whole, was like a dashing, lovely sketch, which you would like to keep in its present condition. Plaster is naturally not the most durable of materials, but, treated as this is with something to harden its surface, it can easily last its six months' exposure out-of-doors during the pleasant season. It will be a great pity if, after that, some means be not found for reproducing this remarkable frieze in stone or terra cotta.

Like the *bizarre* details of a dream which begins to lose its vagueness, I saw here and there a monumental stork set upon the angles of the unfinished domes, indicating all the sculpture that is yet to follow. I went into a shop, standing temporarily in the lofty nave of the Palace of Fine Arts, and was amazed to see there the lightness of these figures which seemed so substantial, and the great ingenuity with which they were put together. The heads, claws, and the like were cast, but the chief portion of the huge bodies was built up simply on iron framework, joined together in sections. This was helped out by bits of wood and bent twigs, coming still closer to the modeling, and then wire netting was stretched

over the whole. Upon this men with large bowls of plaster dashed handfuls of their material, and completed the work just about as a lath-and-plaster partition is made. The plaster being tinted with yellow ochre, and the surface left with its rough treatment, at a little distance precisely the effect of boldly finished terra cotta was attained. The wings alone of the figures must have been eight or ten feet high. There is no cheapness in the design, at least, of this plaster sculpture; it is the work of the very best talent of the day. It is to play a notable part in giving the façades their final grand appearance; but meantime I kept running across portions of it in a very quaint incompleteness. A procession of colossal legs, for instance, all of the same pattern, were to be seen marching, as it were, in vigorous military lock-step; a few carrying their loose heads and arms on top. Again, a sturdy young woman, with a camera under one arm, representing Photography (as an amateur myself, I felt especially interested in her case), looked on, with a rather pert air, I thought, at some workmen who were completing the lower part of her figure at a distance.

The classification of goods and general contents in this Exposition remains the same as at the last one. There are nine groups, into which everything must be distributed. Beginning with the raw materials in the usual way, they go on up to the highest products of man's intelligence, — a plan which, as I have elsewhere maintained, would be excellent as a basis for education. I may here mention in condensed form these nine groups in their order: I. the Fine Arts; II. the Liberal Arts; III. Furniture; IV. Clothing; V. Raw Materials; VI. Machinery; VII. Food; VIII. Agriculture; IX. Horticulture. They are subdivided, of course, into numerous minor classes. Thus, for an example, you have Group II. extending from

Class 6 (Education of the Infant, Primary and Adult Instruction) through Class 9 (the Printing and Manufacture of Books) and Class 14 (Medicine and Surgery) to Class 16, which comprises maps, geographical, cosmographical, and topographical apparatus. Group IV. comprises cotton, linen, wool, and silk goods; laces; accessories for the toilet; dress for both sexes; arms; articles for traveling and camping out; and more, each with a class to itself.

It was desirable to have a neat plan of everything contained in the heaven, the earth, and the sea all ready made to one's hand, and easy to ask the nations to conform to it, but the difficulty of finding the best places for everything still remained. The problem has been settled in the present instance by giving Groups I., II., and VI. each a building to themselves; placing Groups III., IV., and V. together in the Palais des Groupes Divers; and making an entire department each of Groups VII., VIII., and IX. The former two are accommodated in a series of pavilions extending by the half mile, in a double row, along the winding Quai d'Orsay (which the very framing of the buildings deftly follows), and connecting the Champ de Mars with the Esplanade des Invalides. Group IX., which includes also the important domain of forestry, will ornament and be ornamented by the pretty park of the Trocadero.

The strongest feeling, on first entering the yet unfurnished buildings, was that of new admiration for the beauty of simplicity. Who will make that doctrine prevail, especially in America? Who will convince us that the first condition of lasting, noble, and pleasant effect is rather large, plain shapes, smooth and temperate in the matter of ornament? The multifarious undergrowth of lesser details had not yet sprung up, either outside or within. The plentiful breadth, the long vistas, the imposing height, still undisturbed by the

"exhibits" of the coming human beehive, and the neatness of the untrodden flooring, were very grateful. In the main palace, the light dividing screens were being put up, each space opening into the next through a graceful portal, and the smell of the new pine filled the air. The British section had in progress an uncommonly good screen of Renaissance arches, with carved heraldic animals on top. In this edifice no large general effect is intended; it is simply a succession of long, glazed galleries, not very high, and to be cut up into booths, like a vast bazaar. The foreign nations, as I have said, are chiefly in the wings. One is gratified to find the United States entitled to a smooth strip in the right wing, which contains over three thousand square metres of space. At present it is a pure *tabula rasa*; it might furnish the theatre for an exhibition of any sort; and one can only hope we shall come out with as much credit as the last time, which was very well indeed. The strip terminates upon two of the characteristic long transverse galleries, where its decorative entrances will be arranged. We have more space allotted us here than any other exhibiting foreign nation except Great Britain and Belgium; commensurate room also in the machinery department; and when it comes to the fine arts, more room than any other foreign nation. I trust there is no error about this latter allotment, and that we may be able to fill it worthily; for in 1878 we exhibited only 165 pictures as against 726 from England, 644 from Italy, and so on; France herself showing 2071. The appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is not exorbitant, in view of the fact that Mexico, for instance, has contributed a million dollars.

The republican countries are perhaps receiving especial consideration from this Exposition, given by so very republican a government, and intended to fête at the same time the fierce revolt against monarchy in 1789. The South

and Central American republics have chosen the plan of erecting separate pavilions for themselves, and these are scattered about the Eiffel tower in a settlement which will rank, like that of the French colonies in Algeria, Tunis, and the Indies, as one of the most attractive features of the exhibit. Their pavilions are as white and tropical-looking as plenty of lime-wash can make them, and the architecture is coquettish and dainty, with a touch of that Byzantine feeling which had been infused into Spanish Renaissance at the time when Spain conquered her vast American possessions. The enterprising Argentine Republic, which has lately made so much of a stir here in offering its loans at attractive interest, on all the dead-walls and bill-boards of the metropolis, will hardly fail to improve in good style such an occasion, to produce a further favorable impression on the French people. With characteristic thrift, its pavilion is so constructed as to be easily taken down and transported across the ocean, for use at home when the display is over.

It was really a risky thing in the French to ask the monarchies of Europe to take part in an Exposition having so distinctly for its object a jubilee in honor of that famous French Revolution which did so much to overthrow them. M. Jules Ferry, the distinguished minister and statesman, who had not fallen to his present degree of unpopularity, thought of this at the time the proposition was submitted to him by its promoters. He saw nothing weighty in the scruple, however. For, said he, "there is a distinction to be made between the principles of '89 and those of the wild period of '93. During the century that has elapsed, the former have found general acceptance, and become the basis of the constitutional forms of government now actually prevailing in Europe. I do not see, therefore, where the monarchies can find any serious reason for

declining. The more so," he added, "because France by the Exposition offers the most sincere guarantee for the peace of Europe."

But it so happened, in fact, whether out of hostility to the principles of '89 or not, that the monarchies did decline. The Orient did not bother with fine scruples, but of all those in Europe only the comparatively small kingdoms of Norway, Greece, and Servia have agreed to take an official representation.

In this condition of affairs, the republics might well be treated with the more favor. It need not be fancied, however, that the Exposition is going to suffer in its importance or dimensions from such apparent neglect. These are only sentimental questions, after all, and the success of the exhibits rests, as usual, with the people of the respective countries, who find their commercial profit in making them as full as possible. Committees were therefore organized, and in most of the great states the governments, being perfectly willing to aid the cause, once the sentimental scruple was got rid of, have dealt liberally with these private committees, voting handsome subsidies, which will be used pretty much in the usual way. Even in Russia, Austria, Italy, the Low Countries, and Great Britain, where the government has aided neither directly nor indirectly, the private initiative has taken hold with plenty of vigor and efficiency, and the results are expected to be not less striking than on previous occasions.

Most of the greater palaces, with their system of high and wide cross-galleries which serve as spacious lobbies for them, are built upon a general plan; to wit, a central nave covered by a skylight, and flanked by aisles two stories in height. The upper story makes a fine gallery, from the bays of which an excellent view is afforded of the large nave, and the lower is often an open arcade. It is satisfactory here to speak of palaces: the name is no misnomer; the

structures to which it is applied are worthy of the name. Yes, it is good to be here. At present I do not regret being converted back again from the view that Expositions are tame, crowded, stuffy, uncomfortable to a degree, and carefully to be avoided by all sensible persons. Over yonder is the department of the fine arts, a thing of delicious grace and color, a magnified piece of jewelry, as it were, in opal and gold, a lovely creation in itself; and presently this is to be filled with the finest pictures and statues in the world. And then the ceramics, and then — But it would only be to repeat a good part of the groups, from I. to IX., with their various classes, to enumerate all the possibilities that arise upon a little closer inspection of so great a storehouse of interest. Yes, it is really a grand and delightful thing, such a vast massing together of achievements of the arts of peace; and these spike-helmeted Germans, these red-trouser Frenchmen, this all-pervading militarism of Europe, — how wretched and petty in comparison are all the interests about which they contend or stand ready to contend!

The Palais des Machines appears worthy of its name even beyond the rest. What an improvement upon our "Machinery Hall"! And the name seems to give the contents a human interest, as if the machines were a kind of genii who were coming to inhabit it. It is a grand, bright hall, some four-

teen hundred feet by three hundred and eighty, raised upon pivot trusses, which sustain the framed glass-work. That is a riding-school indeed for a military academy. Perhaps some fortunate people in future days will have railway stations like this. You seem to breathe almost freer within the inclosure than without, since the sensation of great space is the more enjoyed for being a little bounded. Science and beauty are combined in a rare fashion in the pivot trusses. They meet in pairs overhead, making a curve of noble sweep. They weigh tons upon tons, and yet rest upon such a small point that only the most trifling space is occupied, and the palace is practically all in the air. The tall blocks of Paris houses round about it look in through its glass sides, and are much dwarfed in the process. Men of about the size of flies, suspended on swinging platforms, are painting its far-distant, interminable ridge-pole. Rows of stout iron supports are being set up to sustain all the array of shafts and belting. An elevated railway is to run along the top of one of these lines of support, to furnish visitors a favorable continuous view. The machines will soon be humming and clattering here, and their palace will have begun its best uses; but then what will have become of the charm of simplicity! I fear I am going to be perverse enough not to like it then half as well as I do now.

William Henry Bishop.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XI.

WHEN she had descended into the street with Sherringham, Miriam informed him that she was thirsty, dying to drink something: upon which he

asked her if she would have any objection to going with him to a *café*.

"Objection? I have spent my life in *cafés*!" she exclaimed. "They are warm in winter, and they are full of gaslight. Mamma and I have sat in

them for hours, many a time, with a *consommation* of three sous, to save fire and candles at home. We have lived in places we could n't sit in, if you want to know — where there was only really room if we were in bed. Mamma's money is sent out from England, and sometimes it did n't come. Once it did n't come for months — for months and months. I don't know how we lived. There was n't any to come; there was n't any to get home. That is n't amusing when you're away, in a foreign town, without any friends. Mamma used to borrow, but people would n't always lend. You need n't be afraid — she won't borrow from you. We are rather better now. Something has been done in England; I don't understand what. It's only fivepence a year, but it has been settled; it comes regularly; it used to come only when we had written and begged and waited. But it made no difference; mamma was always up to her ears in books. They served her for food and drink. When she had nothing to eat she began a novel in ten volumes — the old-fashioned ones; they lasted longest. She knows every *cabinet de lecture* in every town; the little cheap, shabby ones, I mean, in the back streets, where they have odd volumes and only ask a sou, and the books are so old that they smell bad. She takes them to the cafés — the little cheap, shabby cafés, too — and she reads there all the evening. That's very well for her, but it does n't feed me. I don't like a diet of dirty old novels. I sit there beside her, with nothing to do, not even a stocking to mend; she does n't think that's *comme il faut*. I don't know what the people take me for. However, we have never been spoken to: any one can see mamma's a lady. As for me, I dare say I might be anything. If you're going to be an actress, you must get used to being looked at. There were people in England who used to ask us to stay; some of them were our cousins — or

mamma says they were. I have never been very clear about our cousins, and I don't think they were at all clear about us. Some of them are dead; the others don't ask us any more. You should hear mamma on the subject of our visits in England. It's very convenient when your cousins are dead, because that explains everything. Mamma has delightful phrases: 'My family is almost extinct.' Then your family may have been anything you like. Ours, of course, was magnificent. We did stay in a place once where there was a deer-park, and also private theatricals. I played in them; I was only fifteen years old, but I was very big, and I thought I was in heaven. I will go anywhere you like; you need n't be afraid, we have been in places! I have learned a great deal that way; sitting beside mamma and watching people, their faces, their types, their movements. There's a great deal goes on in cafés: people come to them to talk things over, their private affairs, their complications; they have important meetings. Oh, I've observed scenes, between men and women — very quiet, terribly quiet, but tragic! Once I saw a woman do something that I'm going to do some day, when I'm great — if I can get the situation. I'll tell you what it is some day; I'll do it for you. Oh, it *is* the book of life!"

So Miriam discoursed, familiarly, disconnectedly, as the pair went their way down the Rue de Constantinople; and she continued to abound in anecdote and remark after they were seated, face to face, at a little marble table in an establishment which Sherringham selected carefully, and he had caused her, at her request, to be accommodated with *sirop d'orgeat*. "I know what it will come to: Madame Carré will want to keep me." This was one of the announcements she presently made.

"To keep you?"

"For the French stage. She won't want to let you have me." She said

things of that kind, astounding in self-complacency, the assumption of quick success. She was in earnest, evidently prepared to work, but her imagination flew over preliminaries and probations, took no account of the steps in the process, especially the first tiresome ones, the test of patience. Sherringham had done nothing for her as yet, given no substantial pledge of interest; yet she was already talking as if his protection were assured and jealous. Certainly, however, she seemed to belong to him very much indeed, as she sat facing him in the Paris café, in her youth, her beauty and her talkative confidence. This degree of possession was highly agreeable to him, and he asked nothing more than to make it last and go further. The impulse to draw her out was irresistible, to encourage her to show herself to the end; for if he was really destined to take her career in hand he counted on some pleasant equivalent — such, for instance, as that she should at least amuse him.

"It's very singular; I know nothing like it," he said — "your equal mastery of two languages."

"Say of half a dozen," Miriam smiled.

"Oh, I don't believe in the others, to the same degree. I don't imagine that, will all deference to your undeniable facility, you would be judged fit to address a German or an Italian audience in their own tongue. But you might a French, perfectly, and they are the most particular of all; for their idiom is super-sensitive, and they are incapable of enduring the *baragouinage* of foreigners, to which we listen with such complacency. In fact, your French is better than your English — it's more conventional; there are little queerinesses and impurities in your English, as if you had lived abroad too much. Ah, you must work that."

"I'll work it with you. I like the way you speak."

"You must speak beautifully; you must do something for the standard."

"For the standard?"

"There is n't any, after all; it has gone to the dogs."

"Oh, I'll bring it back. I know what you mean."

"No one knows, no one cares; the sense is gone — it is n't in the public," Sherringham continued, ventilating a grievance he was rarely able to forget, the vision of which now suddenly made a mission, full of sanctity, for Miriam Rooth. "Purity of speech, on our stage, does n't exist. Every one speaks as he likes, and audiences never notice; it's the last thing they think of. The place is given up to abominable dialects and individual tricks, any vulgarity flourishes, and on top of it all the Americans, with every conceivable crudity, come in to make confusion worse confounded. And when one laments it, people stare; they don't know what one means."

"Do you mean the grand manner, certain pompous pronunciations, the style of the Kembles?"

"I mean any style that is a style, that is a system, an art, that contributes a positive beauty to utterance. When I pay ten shillings to hear you speak, I want you to know how, *que diable!* Say that to people, and they are mostly lost in stupor; only a few, the very intelligent ones, exclaim, 'Then do you want actors to be affected?'"

"And *do* you?" asked Miriam, full of interest.

"My poor child, what else, under the sun, should they be? Is n't their whole art the affectation *par excellence*? The public won't stand that to-day, so one hears it said. If that be true, it simply means that the theatre, as I care for it, that is as a personal art, is at an end."

"Never, never, never!" the girl cried, in a voice that made a dozen people look round.

"I sometimes think it — that the per-

sonal art is at an end, and that henceforth we shall have only the arts — capable, no doubt, of immense development in their way (indeed they have already reached it) — of the stage-carpenter and the costumer. In London the drama is already smothered in scenery; the interpretation comes off as it can. To get the old personal impression, which used to be everything, you must go to the poor countries, and most of all to Italy.”

“Oh, I’ve had it; it’s very personal!” said Miriam, knowingly.

“You’ve seen the nudity of the stage, the poor painted, tattered screen behind, and in the empty space the histrionic figure, doing everything it knows how, in complete possession. The personality is n’t our English personality, and it may not always carry us with it; but the direction is right, and it has the superiority that it’s a human exhibition, not a mechanical one.”

“I can act just like an Italian,” said Miriam, eagerly.

“I would rather you acted like an Englishwoman, if an Englishwoman would only act.”

“Oh, I’ll show you!”

“But you’re not English,” said Sherringham, sociably, with his arms on the table.

“I beg your pardon; you should hear mamma about our ‘race.’”

“You’re a Jewess — I’m sure of that,” Sherringham went on.

She jumped at this, as he was destined to see, later, that she would jump at anything that would make her more interesting or striking; even at things which, grotesquely, contradicted or excluded each other. “That’s always possible, if one’s clever. I’m very willing, because I want to be the English Rachel.”

“Then you must leave Madame Carré, as soon as you have got from her what she can give.”

“Oh, you need n’t fear; you sha’n’t

lose me,” the girl replied, with gross, charming fatuity. “My name is Jewish,” she went on, “but it was that of my grandmother, my father’s mother. She was a baroness, in Germany. That is, she was the daughter of a baron.”

Sherringham accepted this statement with reservations, but he replied, “Put all that together, and it makes you very sufficiently of Rachel’s tribe.”

“I don’t care, if I’m of her tribe artistically. I’m of the family of the artists; *je me fiche* of any other! I’m in the same style as that woman; I know it.”

“You speak as if you had seen her,” said Sherringham, amused at the way she spoke of “that woman.”

“Oh, I know all about her; I know all about all the great actors. But that won’t prevent me from speaking divine English.”

“You must learn lots of verse; you must repeat it to me,” Sherringham went on. “You must break yourself in till you can say anything. You must learn passages of Milton, passages of Wordsworth.”

“Did *they* write plays?”

“Oh, it is n’t only a matter of plays! You can’t speak a part properly till you can speak everything else, anything that comes up, especially in proportion as it’s difficult. That gives you authority.”

“Oh, yes, I’m going in for authority. There’s more chance in English,” the girl added, in the next breath. “There are not so many others — the terrible competition. There are so many here — not that I’m afraid,” she chattered on. “But we’ve got America, and they have n’t. America’s a great place.”

“You talk like a theatrical agent. They’re lucky not to have it as we have it. Some of them do go, and it ruins them.”

“Why, it fills their pockets!” Miriam cried.

"Yes, but see what they pay. It's the death of an actor to play to big populations that don't understand his language. It's nothing then but the *gros moyens*; all his delicacy perishes. However, they'll understand you."

"Perhaps I shall be too affected," said Miriam.

"You won't be more so than Garrick, or Mrs. Siddons, or John Kemble, or Edmund Kean. They understood Edmund Kean. All reflection is affectation, and all acting is reflection."

"I don't know; mine is instinct," Miriam replied.

"My dear young lady, you talk of 'yours'; but don't be offended if I tell you that yours does n't exist. Some day it will, if it comes off. Madame Carré's does, because she has reflected. The talent, the desire, the energy are an instinct; but by the time these things become a performance they are an instinct put in its place."

"Madame Carré is very philosophic. I shall never be like her."

"Of course you won't; you'll be original. But you'll have your own ideas."

"I dare say I shall have a good many of yours," said Miriam, smiling across the table.

They sat a moment, looking at each other.

"Don't go in for coquetry; it's a waste of time."

"Well, that's civil!" the girl cried.

"Oh, I don't mean for me; I mean for yourself. I want you to be so concentrated. I am bound to give you good advice. You don't strike me as flirtatious and that sort of thing, and that's in your favor."

"In my favor?"

"It does save time."

"Perhaps it saves too much. Don't you think the artist ought to have passions?"

Sherringham hesitated a moment; he thought an examination of this question

premature. "Flirtations are not passions," he replied. "No, you are simple—at least I suspect you are; for of course, with a woman, one would be clever to know." She asked why he pronounced her simple, but he judged it best, and more consonant with fair play, to defer even a treatment of this branch of the question; so that, to change the subject, he said, "Be sure you don't betray me to your friend Mr. Nash."

"Betray you? Do you mean about your recommending affectation?"

"Dear me, no; he recommends it himself. That is, he practices it, and on a scale!"

"But he makes one hate it."

"He proves what I mean," said Sherringham: "that the great comedian is the one who raises it to a science. If we paid ten shillings to listen to Mr. Nash, we should think him very fine. But we want to know what it's supposed to be."

"It's too odious, the way he talks about *us*!" Miriam cried, assentingly.

"About '*us*'?"

"Us poor actors."

"It's the competition he dislikes," said Sherringham, laughing.

"However, he is very good-natured; he lent mamma ten pounds," the girl added, honestly. Sherringham, at this information, was not able to repress a certain small twinge, which his companion perceived and of which she appeared to mistake the meaning. "Of course he'll get it back," she went on, while Sherringham looked at her in silence for a minute. Fortune had not supplied him profusely with money, but his emotion was not caused by the apprehension that he too would probably have to put his hand in his pocket for Mrs. Rooth. It was simply the instinctive recoil of a fastidious nature from the idea of familiar intimacy with people who lived from hand to mouth, and a sense that that intimacy would have to be defined, if it was to go much further.

He would wish to know what it was supposed to be, like Gabriel Nash's histrionics. After a moment Miriam mistook his thought still more completely, and in doing so gave him a flash of foreknowledge of the way it was in her to strike from time to time a note exasperatingly, almost consciously vulgar, which one would hate for the reason, among others, that by that time one would be in love with her. "Well, then, he won't — if you don't believe it!" she exclaimed, with a laugh. He was saying to himself that the only possible form was that they should borrow only from him. "You're a funny man. I make you blush," Miriam persisted.

"I must reply with the *tu quoque*, though I have not that effect on you."

"I don't understand," said the girl.

"You're an extraordinary young lady."

"You mean I'm horrid. Well, I dare say I am. But I'm better when you know me."

Sherringham made no direct rejoinder to this, but after a moment he said, "Your mother must repay that money. I'll give it to her."

"You had better give it to him!" cried Miriam. "If once *we* have it" — She interrupted herself, and with another and a softer tone, one of her dramatic transitions, she remarked, "I suppose you have never known any one that's poor."

"I'm poor myself. That is, I'm very far from rich. But why receive favors" — And here he, in turn, checked himself, with the sense that he was indeed taking a great deal on his back if he pretended already (he had not seen the pair three times) to regulate their intercourse with the rest of the world. But Miriam instantly carried out his thought, and more than his thought.

"Favors from Mr. Nash? Oh, he does n't count!"

The way she dropped these words (they would have been admirable on the

stage) made him laugh and say, immediately, "What I meant just now was that you are not to tell him, after all my swagger, that I consider that you and I are really required to save our theatre."

"Oh, if we can save it, he shall know it!" Then Miriam added that she must positively get home; her mother would be in a state; she had really scarcely ever been out alone. He might n't think it, but so it was. Her mother's ideas, those awfully proper ones, were not all talk. She *did* keep her! Sherringham accepted this — he had an adequate, and indeed an analytic vision of Mrs. Rooth's conservatism; but he observed at the same time that his companion made no motion to rise. He made none, either; he only said —

"We are very frivolous, the way we chatter. What you want to do, to get your foot in the stirrup, is supremely difficult. There is everything to overcome. You have neither an engagement nor the prospect of an engagement."

"Oh, you'll get me one!" Miriam's manner expressed that this was so certain that it was not worth dilating upon; so, instead of dilating, she inquired, abruptly, a second time, "Why do you think I'm so simple?"

"I don't, then. Did n't I tell you just now that you were extraordinary? That's the term, moreover, that you applied to yourself, when you came to see me — when you said a girl had to be, to wish to go on the stage. It remains the right one, and your simplicity does n't mitigate it. What's rare in you is that you have — as I suspect, at least — no nature of your own." Miriam listened to this as if she were preparing to argue with it or not, only as it should strike her as being a pleasing picture; but as yet, naturally, she failed to understand. "You are always playing something; there are no intervals. It's the absence of intervals, of a *fond* or back-

ground, that I don't comprehend. You're an embroidery without a canvas."

"Yes, perhaps," the girl replied, with her head on one side, as if she were looking at the pattern. "But I'm very honest."

"You can't be everything, a consummate actress and a flower of the field. You've got to choose."

She looked at him a moment. "I'm glad you think I'm so wonderful."

"Your feigning may be honest, in the sense that your only feeling is your feigned one," Sherringham went on. "That's what I mean by the absence of a ground or of intervals. It's a kind of thing that's a labyrinth!"

"I know what I am," said Miriam, sententiously.

But her companion continued, following his own train: "Were you really so frightened, the first day you went to Madame Carré's?"

She stared a moment, and then, with a flush, throwing back her head, "Do you think I was pretending?"

"I think you always are. However, your vanity (if you had any!) would be natural."

"I have plenty of that — I am not ashamed to own it."

"You would be capable of pretending that you have! But excuse the audacity and the crudity of my speculations — it only proves my interest. What is it that you know you are?"

"Why, an artist. Is n't that a canvas?"

"Yes, an intellectual one, but not a moral."

"Oh yes, it is, too. And I'm a good girl: won't that do?"

"It remains to be seen!" Sherringham laughed. "A creature who is *all* an artist — I am curious to see that."

"Surely it has been seen, in lots of painters, lots of musicians."

"Yes, but those arts are not personal, like yours. I mean not so much so.

There is something left for — what shall I call it? — for character."

Miriam stared again, with her tragic light. "And do you think I've got no character?" As he hesitated she pushed back her chair, rising rapidly.

He looked up at her an instant — she seemed so "plastic;" and then, rising too, he answered, "Delightful being, you've got a hundred!"

XII.

The summer arrived and the dense air of the Paris theatres became, in fact, a still more complicated mixture; yet the occasions were not few on which Peter Sherringham, having placed a box, near the stage (most often a stuffy, dusky *baignoire*), at the disposal of Mrs. Rooth and her daughter, found time to look in, as he said, to spend a part of the evening with them and point the moral of the performance. The pieces, the successes of the winter, had entered the perfunctory phase: they went on by the force of the impetus acquired, deriving little fresh life from the interpretation, and in ordinary conditions their strong points, as rendered by the actors, would have been as wearisome to Sherringham as an importunate repetition of a good story. But it was not long before he became aware that the conditions could not be regarded as ordinary. There was a new infusion in his consciousness — an element in his life which altered the relations of things. He was not easy till he had found the right name for it — a name the more satisfactory that it was simple, comprehensive and plausible. A new "distraction" was what he flattered himself he had discovered; he could recognize that as freely as possible without being obliged to classify the agreeable resource as a new entanglement. He was neither haunted nor demoralized; he had all his usual attention to give to his work: he had only an

employment for his odd hours, which, without being imperative, had, over various others, the advantage of a certain continuity.

And yet, I hasten to add, he was not so well pleased with it but that, among his friends, he maintained for the present a considerable reserve in regard to it. He had no irresistible impulse to tell people that he had disinterred a strange, handsome girl whom he was bringing up for the theatre. She had been seen by several of his associates, at his rooms; but she was not soon to be seen there again. Sherringham's reserve might by the ill-natured have been termed dissimulation, inasmuch as when asked by the ladies of the embassy what had become of the young person who amused them, that day, so cleverly, he gave it out that her whereabouts was uncertain and her destiny probably obscure; he let it be supposed, in a word, that his interest in Miss Rooth had scarcely survived an accidental, charitable occasion. As he went about his customary business, and perhaps even put a little more conscience into the transaction of it, there was nothing to suggest to his companions that he was engaged in a private speculation of a singular kind. It was perhaps his weakness that he carried the apprehension of ridicule too far; but his excuse may be said to be that he held it unpardonable for a man publicly enrolled in the service of his country to be ridiculous. It was of course not out of all order that such functionaries, their private situation permitting, should enjoy a personal acquaintance with stars of the dramatic, the lyric, or even the choregraphic stage: high diplomatists had indeed not rarely, and not invisibly, cultivated this privilege without its proving the sepulchre of their reputation. That a gentleman who was not a fool should consent a little to become one for the sake of a celebrated actress or singer — *cela s'était vu*, though it was not perhaps to be rec-

ommended. It was not a tendency that was encouraged at headquarters, and it was scarcely open to the cleverest young men to pile up material for a scandal. Still, it might pass, if it were kept in its place; and there were ancient worthies yet in the profession (not those, however, whom the tradition had helped to go furthest) who held that something of the sort was a graceful ornament of the diplomatic character. Sherringham was aware that he was one of the cleverest young men; but Miriam Rooth was not yet a celebrated actress. She was only a youthful artist, in conscientious process of formation, encumbered with a mother still more conscientious than herself. She was a young English lady, very earnest about artistic, about remunerative problems. He had accepted the position of a formative influence; and that was precisely what might provoke a smile. He was a ministering angel — his patience and good-nature really entitled him to the epithet, and his rewards would doubtless some day define themselves; but meanwhile other promotions were in contingent prospect, for the failure of which these would not, even in their abundance, be a compensation. He kept an undiverted eye upon Downing Street; and while it may frankly be said for him that he was neither a pedant nor a prig, he remembered that the last impression he ought to wish to produce there was that of frivolity.

He felt not particularly frivolous, however, when he sat behind Miriam at the play, and looked over her shoulder at the stage; her observation being so keen and her comments so unexpected in their vivacity that his curiosity was refreshed and his attention stretched beyond its wont. If the spectacle before the footlights had now lost much of its annual brilliancy, the fashion in which Miriam followed it came near being spectacle enough. Moreover, in most cases the attendance of the little

party was at the Théâtre Français ; and it has been sufficiently indicated that Sherringham, though the child of a skeptical age and the votary of a cynical science, was still candid enough to take the serious, the religious view of that establishment — the view of M. Sarcey and of the unregenerate provincial mind. "In the trade that I follow we see things too much in the hard light of reason, of calculation," he once remarked to his young companion ; "but it's good for the mind to keep up a superstition or two ; it leaves a margin, like having a second horse to your brougham, for night-work. The arts, the amusements, the æsthetic part of life, are night-work, if I may say so without suggesting the nefarious. At any rate, you want your second horse — your superstition that stays at home when the sun is high — to go your rounds with. The Théâtre Français is my second horse."

Miriam's avidity for this pleasure showed him vividly enough how rarely, in the past, it had been within her reach ; and she pleased him, at first, by liking everything, seeing almost no differences, and taking her deep draught undiluted. She leaned on the edge of the box with a sort of bright voracity ; devouring both the story and the manner of the telling, watching each movement of each actor, attending to the way each thing was said or done as if it were the most important thing, and emitting from time to time applausive or protesting sounds. It was a very pretty exhibition of enthusiasm, if enthusiasm be ever critical. Sherringham had his wonder about it, as it was a part of the attraction exerted by this young lady that she caused him to have his wonder about everything she did. Was it in fact an exhibition, a line taken for effect, so that, at the comedy, her own comedy was the most successful of all ? That question danced attendance on the liberal intercourse of these young peo-

ple, and fortunately, as yet, did little to embitter Sherringham's share of it. His general sense that she was personating had its especial moments of suspense and perplexity, and added variety and even occasionally a degree of excitement to their conversation. At the theatre, for the most part, she was really flushed with eagerness ; and with the spectators who turned an admiring eye into the dim compartment of which she pervaded the front, she might have passed for a romantic, or at any rate an insatiable, young woman from the country.

Mrs. Rooth took a more placid view, but attended immensely to the story, in respect to which she manifested a patient good faith which had its surprises and its comicalities for Sherringham. She found no play too tedious, no entr'acte too long, no baignoire too hot, no tissue of incidents too complicated, no situation too unnatural and no sentiments too sublime. She gave Sherringham the measure of her power to sit and sit — an accomplishment to which she owed, in the struggle for existence, such superiority as she might be said to have achieved. She could outsit every one, everything else ; looking as if she had acquired the practice in repeated years of small frugality combined with large leisure — periods when she had nothing but time to spend, and had learned to calculate, in any situation, how long she could stay. "Staying" was so often a saving — a saving of candles, of fire, and even (for it sometimes implied a vision of light refreshment) of food. Sherringham perceived soon enough that she was complete, in her way, and if he had been addicted to studying the human mixture in its different combinations he would have found in her an interesting compendium of some of the infatuations that survive a hard discipline. He made, indeed, without difficulty, the reflection that her life might have taught her the reality of things, at the same time that

he could scarcely help thinking it clever of her to have so persistently declined the lesson. She appeared to have put it by with a deprecating, ladylike smile — a plea of being too soft and bland for experience.

She took the refined, sentimental, tender view of the universe, beginning with her own history and feelings. She believed in everything high and pure, disinterested and orthodox, and even at the Hôtel de la Mayenne was unconscious of the shabby or the ugly side of the world. She never despaired: otherwise what would have been the use of being a Neville-Nugent? Only not to have been one — that would have been discouraging. She delighted in novels, poems, perversions, misrepresentations and evasions, and had a capacity for smooth, superfluous falsification which made Sherringham think her sometimes an amusing and sometimes a tedious inventor. But she was not dangerous, even if you believed her; she was not even a warning, if you did n't. It was harsh to call her a hypocrite, because you never could have resolved her back into her character; there was no reverse to her blazonry. She built in the air, and was not less amiable than she pretended; only that was a pretension too. She moved altogether in a world of genteel fable and fancy, and Sherringham had to live in it with her, for Miriam's sake, in sociable, vulgar assent, in spite of his feeling that it was rather a low neighborhood. He was at a loss how to take what she said — she talked, sweetly and discursively, of so many things — until he simply perceived that he could only take it, always, for untrue. When Miriam laughed at her, he was rather disagreeably affected: "dear mamma's fine stories" was a sufficiently cynical reference to the immemorial infirmity of a parent. But when the girl backed her up, as he phrased it to himself, he liked that even less.

Mrs. Rooth was very fond of a moral,

and had never lost her taste for edification. She delighted in a beautiful character, and was gratified to find so many represented in the contemporary French drama. She never failed to direct Miriam's attention to them and to remind her that there is nothing in life so precious as the ideal. Sherringham noted the difference between the mother and the daughter and thought it singularly marked — the way that one took everything for the sense, or behaved as if she did, caring above all for the subject and the romance, the triumph or defeat of virtue, and the moral comfort of it all, and that the other was especially hungry for the manner and the art of it, the presentation and the vividness. Mrs. Rooth abounded in impressive evocations, and yet he saw no link between her facile genius and that of which Miriam gave symptoms. The poor lady never could have been accused of successful deceit, whereas success in this line was exactly what her clever child went in for. She made even the true seem fictive, while Miriam's effort was to make the fictive true. Sherringham thought it an odd, unpromising stock (that of the Neville-Nugents) for a dramatic talent to have sprung from, till he reflected that the evolution was after all natural: the figurative impulse in the mother had become conscious, and therefore higher, through finding an aim, which was beauty, in the daughter. Likely enough the Hebraic Mr. Rooth, with his love of old pots and Christian altar-cloths, had supplied, in the girl's composition, the æsthetic element, the sense of form. In their visits to the theatre there was nothing that Mrs. Rooth more insisted upon than the unprofitableness of deceit, as shown by the most distinguished authors — the folly and degradation, the corrosive effect upon the spirit, of tortuous ways. Sherringham very soon gave up the futile task of piecing together her incongruous references to her early life and her family in England. He

renounced even the doctrine that there was a residuum of truth in her claim of great relationships, for, existent or not, he cared equally little for her ramifications. The principle of this indifference was at bottom a certain desire to disconnect Miriam; for it was disagreeable not to be independent in dealing with her, and he could be fully so only if *she* was.

The early weeks of that summer (they went on, indeed, into August) were destined to establish themselves in his memory as a season of pleasant things. The ambassador went away, and Sherringham had to wait for his own holiday, which he did, during the hot days, contentedly enough, in spacious halls, with a dim, bird-haunted garden. The official world and most other worlds withdrew from Paris, and the Place de la Concorde, a larger, whiter desert than ever, became, by a reversal of custom, explorable with safety. The Champs Elysées were dusty and rural, with little creaking booths and exhibitions which made a noise like grasshoppers; the Arc de Triomphe threw its cool, sharp shadow for a mile; the Palais de l'Industrie glittered in the light of the long days; the cabmen, in their red waistcoats, dozed in their boxes; and Sherringham permitted himself a "pot" hat and rarely met a friend. Thus was Miriam still more disconnected, and thus was it possible to deal with her still more independently. The theatres on the boulevard closed, for the most part, but the great temple of the Rue de Richelieu, with an æsthetic responsibility, continued imperturbably to dispense examples of style. Madame Carré was going to Vichy, but she had not yet taken flight, which was a great advantage for Miriam, who could now solicit her attention with the consciousness that she had no engagements *en ville*.

"I make her listen to me — I make her tell me," said the ardent girl, who was always climbing the slope of the

Rue de Constantinople, on the shady side, where, in the July mornings, there was a smell of violets from the moist flower-stands of fat, white-capped *bouquetières*, in the angles of doorways. Miriam liked the Paris of the summer mornings, the clever freshness of all the little trades and the open-air life, the cries, the talk from door to door, which reminded her of the south, where, in the multiplicity of her habitations, she had lived; and most of all, the great amusement, or nearly, of her walk, the enviable baskets of the laundress, piled up with frilled and fluted whiteness — the certain luxury, she felt as she passed, with quick prevision, of her own dawn of glory. The greatest amusement, perhaps, was to recognize the pretty sentiment of earliness, the particular congruity with the hour, in the studied, selected dress of the little tripping women who were taking the day, for important advantages, while it was tender. At any rate, she always brought with her, from her passage through the town, good humor enough (with the penny bunch of violets that she stuck in the front of her dress) for whatever awaited her at Madame Carré's. She told Sherringham that her dear mistress was terribly severe, giving her the most difficult, the most exhausting exercises — showing a kind of rage for breaking her in.

"So much the better," Sherringham answered; but he asked no questions, and was glad to let the preceptress and the pupil fight it out together. He wanted, for the moment, to know as little as possible about them; he had been overdosed with knowledge, that second day he saw them together. He would send Madame Carré her money (she was really most obliging), and in the mean time he was conscious that Miriam could take care of herself. Sometimes he remarked to her that she need n't always talk "shop" to him: there were times when he was very

tired of shop — of hers. Moreover, he frankly admitted that he was tired of his own, so that the restriction was not brutal. When she replied, staring, "Why, I thought you considered it as such a beautiful, interesting art!" he had no rejoinder more philosophic than "Well, I do; but there are moments when I'm sick of it, all the same." At other times he said to her, "Oh, yes, the results, the finished thing, the dish perfectly seasoned and served: not the mess of preparation — at least not always — not the experiments that spoil the material."

"I thought you thought just these questions of study, of the artistic education, as you have called it to me, so fascinating," the girl persisted. Sometimes she was very lucid.

"Well, after all I am not an actor myself," Sherringham answered, laughing.

"You might be one if you were serious," said Miriam. To this her friend replied that Mr. Gabriel Nash ought to hear that; which made her exclaim, with a certain grin, that she would settle *him* and *his* theories some day. Not to seem too inconsistent — for it was cruel to bewilder her when he had taken her up to enlighten — Sherringham repeated over that for a man like himself the interest of the whole thing depended on its being considered in a large, liberal way, with an intelligence that lifted it out of the question of the little tricks of the trade, gave it beauty and elevation. Miriam let him know that Madame Carré held that there were no *little* tricks; that everything had its importance as a means to a great end; and that if you were not willing to try to *approfondir* the reason why, in a given situation, you should scratch your nose with your left hand rather than with your right, you were not worthy to tread any stage that respected itself.

"That's very well; but if I must go

into details read me a little Shelley," said the young man, in the spirit of a high *raffiné*.

"You are worse than Madame Carré; you don't know what to invent; between you, you'll kill me!" the girl declared. "I think there's a secret league between you to spoil my voice, or at least to weaken my wind, before I get it. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre!* How can I read Shelley, however, when I don't understand him?"

"That's just what I want to make you do. It's a part of your general training. You may do without that, of course — without culture and taste and perception; but in that case you'll be nothing but a vulgar *cabotine*, and nothing will be of any consequence." Sherringham had a theory that the great lyric poets (he induced her to read, and recite as well, long passages of Wordsworth and of Swinburne) would teach her many of the secrets of competent utterance, the mysteries of rhythm, the communicableness of style, the latent music of the language and the art of "composing" copious speeches and of keeping her breath in hand. He held, in perfect sincerity, that there was an indirect enlightenment which would be of the highest importance to her, and to which it was precisely, by good fortune, in his power to contribute. She would do better in proportion as she had more knowledge — even knowledge that might appear to have but a remote connection with her business. The actor's talent was essentially a gift, a thing by itself, implanted, instinctive, accidental, equally unconnected with intellect and with virtue — Sherringham was completely of that opinion, but it seemed to him no contradiction to consider at the same time that intellect (leaving virtue, for the moment, out of the question) might be brought into fruitful relation with it. It would be a larger thing if a better mind were projected upon it — without sacrificing the

mind. So he lent Miriam books, which she never read (she was on almost irreconcilable terms with the printed page), and in the long summer days, when he had leisure, took her to the Louvre to admire the great works of painting and sculpture. Here, as on all occasions, he was struck with the queer jumble of her mind, her mixture of intelligence and puerility. He saw that she never read what he gave her, though she sometimes would have liked him to suppose so; but in the presence of famous pictures and statues she had remarkable flashes of perception. She felt these things, she liked them, though it was always because she had an idea she could use them. The idea was often fantastic, but it showed what an eye she had to her business. "I could look just like that, if I tried." "That's the dress I mean to wear when I do Portia." Such were the observations that were apt to drop from her under the suggestion of antique marbles or when she stood before a Titian or a Bonifazio.

When she uttered them, and many others besides, the effect was sometimes irritating to Sherringham, who had to reflect a little to remember that she was no more egotistical than the histrionic conscience demanded. He wondered if there were necessarily something vulgar in the histrionic conscience — something condemned only to feel the tricky personal question. Wasn't it better to be perfectly stupid than to have only one eye open and wear forever, in the great face of the world, the expression of a knowing wink? At the theatre, on the numerous July evenings when the *Comédie Française* played the repertory, with exponents determined the more sparse and provincial audience should have a revelation of the tradition, her appreciation was tremendously technical and showed it was not for nothing she was now in and out of Madame Carré's innermost counsels. But there were moments when even her very acuteness

seemed to him to drag the matter down, to see it in a small and superficial sense. What he flattered himself that he was trying to do for her (and through her for the stage of his time, since she was the instrument, and incontestably a fine one, that had come to his hand) was precisely to lift it up, make it rare, keep it in the region of distinction and breadth. However, she was doubtless right and he was wrong, he eventually reasoned: you could afford to be vague only if you had n't a responsibility. He had fine ideas, but she was to do the acting, that is the application of them, and not he; and application was always of necessity a sort of vulgarization, a smaller thing than theory. If some day she should exhibit the great art that it was not purely fanciful to forecast for her, the subject would doubtless be sufficiently lifted up, and it would n't matter that some of the onward steps should have been lame.

This was clear to him on several occasions when she repeated or acted something for him better than usual; then she quite carried him away, making him wish to ask no more questions but only let her disembrace herself in her own fashion. In these hours she gave him, fitfully but forcibly, that impression of beauty which was to be her justification. It was too soon for any general estimate of her progress; Madame Carré had at last given her an intelligent understanding, as well as a sore personal sense, of how bad she was. She had therefore begun on a new basis; she had returned to the alphabet and the drill. It was a phase of awkwardness, like the splashing of a young swimmer, but harmony would certainly come out of it. For the present there was, for the most part, no great alteration of the fact that when she did things according to her own idea they were not as yet, and seriously judged, worth the devil, as Madame Carré said; and when she did them

according to that of her instructress they were too apt to be a gross parody of that lady's intention. None the less she gave glimpses, and her glimpses made him feel not only that she was not a fool (that was a small relief), but that he was not.

He made her stick to her English and read Shakespeare aloud to him. Mrs. Rooth had recognized the importance of an apartment in which they should be able to receive so beneficent a visitor, and was now mistress of a small salon, with a balcony and a rickety flower-stand (to say nothing of a view of many roofs and chimneys), a crooked, waxed floor, an empire clock, an *armoire à glace* (highly convenient for Miriam's posturings), and several cupboard doors, covered over, allowing for treacherous gaps, with the faded magenta paper of the wall. The thing had been easily done, for Sherringham had said, "Oh, we must have a sitting-room, for our studies, you know. I'll settle it with the landlady." Mrs. Rooth had liked his "we" (indeed, she liked everything about him), and he saw in this way that she had no insuperable objection to being under a pecuniary obligation so long as it was distinctly understood to be temporary. That he should have his money back with interest as soon as Miriam was launched was a comfort so deeply implied that it only added to intimacy. The window stood open on the little balcony, and when the sun had left it Sherringham and Miriam could linger there, leaning on the rail and talking, above the great hum of Paris, with nothing but the neighboring tiles and tall tubes to take account of. Mrs. Rooth, in limp garments, much ungirdled, was on the sofa with a novel, making good her frequent assertion that she could put up with any life that would yield her these two articles. There were romantic works that Sherringham had never read, and as to which he had vaguely

wondered to what class they were addressed — the earlier productions of M. Eugène Sue, the once-fashionable compositions of Madame Sophie Gay — with which Mrs. Rooth was familiar and which she was ready to peruse once more if she could get nothing fresher. She had always a greasy volume tucked under her while her nose was bent upon the pages in hand. She scarcely looked up even when Miriam lifted her voice to show Sherringham what she could do. These tragic or pathetic notes all went out of the window and mingled with the undecipherable concert of Paris, so that no neighbor was disturbed by them. The girl shrieked and wailed when the occasion required it, and Mrs. Rooth only turned her page, showing in this way a great æsthetic as well as a great personal trust.

She rather annoyed Sherringham by the serenity of her confidence (for a reason that he fully understood only later), save when Miriam caught an effect or a tone so well that she made him, in the pleasure of it, forget her parent was there. He continued to object to the girl's English, with the foreign patches which might pass in prose but were offensive in the recitation of verse, and he wanted to know why she could not speak like her mother. He had to do Mrs. Rooth the justice of recognizing the charm of her voice and accent, which gave a certain richness even to the foolish things she said. They were of an excellent insular tradition, full both of natural and of cultivated sweetness, and they puzzled him when other indications seemed to betray her — to relegate her to the class of the simply dreary. They were like the reverberation of far-off drawing-rooms.

The connection between the development of Miriam's genius and the necessity of an occasional excursion to the country — the charming country that lies in so many directions, beyond the Parisian *banlieue* — would not have been

immediately apparent to a merely superficial observer ; but a day, and then another, at Versailles, a day at Fontainebleau and a trip, particularly harmonious and happy, to Rambouillet, took their place in Sherringham's programme as a part of the legitimate indirect culture, an agency in the formation of taste. Intimations of the grand style, for instance, would proceed in abundance from the symmetrical palace and gardens of Louis XIV. Sherringham was very fond of Versailles, and went there more than once with the ladies of the Hôtel de la Mayenne. They chose quiet hours, when the fountains were dry ; and Mrs. Rooth took an armful of novels and sat on a bench in the park, flanked by clipped hedges and old statues, while her young companions strolled away, walked to the Trianon, explored the long, straight vistas of the woods. Rambouillet was vague and pleasant and idle ; they had an idea that they found suggestive associations there ; and indeed there was an old white château which contained nothing else. They found, at any rate, luncheon, and a charming sense of summer and little brushed French pictures in the landscape.

I have said that in these days Sherringham wondered a good deal, and by the time his leave of absence was granted him this practice had engendered a particular speculation. He was surprised that he was not in love with Miriam Rooth, and he considered, in moments of leisure, the causes of his exemption. He had perceived from the first that she was a "nature," and each time she met his eyes the more vividly it appeared to him that her beauty was rare. You had to get the view of her face, but when you did so it was a splendid mobile mask. And the possessor of this high advantage had frankness, and courage, and variety, and the unusual, and the unexpected. She had qualities that seldom went together —

impulses and shynesses, audacities and lapses, something coarse, popular and strong, all intermingled with disdains and languors and nerves. And then, above all, she was there, she was accessible, she almost belonged to him. He reflected, ingeniously, that he owed his escape to a peculiar cause — the fact that they had together a positive outside object. Objective, as it were, was all their communion ; not personal and selfish, but a matter of art and business and discussion. Discussion had saved him, and would save him further ; for they would always have something to quarrel about. Sherringham, who was not a diplomatist for nothing ; who had his reasons for steering straight and wished neither to deprive the British public of a rising star nor to change his actual situation for that of a conjugal *impresario*, blessed the beneficence, the salubrity, the pure exorcism of art. At the same time, rather inconsistently, and feeling that he had a completer vision than before of the odd animal, the artist who happened to have been born a woman, he felt himself warned against a serious connection (he made a great point of the "serious") with so slippery and ticklish a creature. The two ladies had only to stay in Paris, save their candle-ends, and, as Madame Carré had enjoined, practice their scales ; there were, apparently, no autumn visits to English country-houses in prospect for Mrs. Rooth.

Sherringham parted with them on the understanding that, in London, he would look as thoroughly as possible into the question of an engagement for Miriam. The day before he began his holiday he went to see Madame Carré, who said to him, "*Vous devriez bien nous la laisser.*"

"She has got something, then ?"

"She has got most things. She'll go far. It is the first time I ever was mistaken. But don't tell her so — I don't flatter her ; she'll be too puffed up."

"Is she very conceited?" Sherringham asked.

"*Mauvais sujet!*" said Madame Carré.

It was on the journey to London that he indulged in some of those questionings of his state which I have mentioned; but I must add that by the time he reached Charing Cross (he smoked a cigar, deferred till after the Channel, in a compartment by himself) it suddenly came over him that they were futile. Now that he had left the girl, a subversive, unpremeditated heart-beat told him — it made him hold his breath a minute in the carriage — that he had after all *not* escaped. He *was* in love with her: he had been in love with her from the first hour.

XIII.

The drive from Harsh to the Place, as it was called thereabouts, could be achieved by swift horses in less than ten minutes; and if Mrs. Dallow's ponies were capital trotters the general high pitch of the occasion made it congruous that they should show their speed. The occasion was the polling-day, the hour after the battle. The ponies had worked, with all the rest, for the week before, passing and repassing the neat windows of the flat little town (Mrs. Dallow had the complacent belief that there was none in the kingdom in which the flower-stands looked more respectable between the stiff muslin curtains), with their mistress behind them in her low, smart trap. Very often she was accompanied by the Liberal candidate, but even when she was not the equipage seemed scarcely less to represent his pleasant, sociable confidence. It moved in a radiance of ribbons and handbills, and hand-shakes and smiles; of quickened intercourse and sudden intimacy; of sympathy which assumed without presuming and gratitude which promised without soliciting. But,

under Julia's guidance the ponies pattered now, with no indication of a loss of freshness, along the firm, wide avenue which wound and curved, to make up in picturesque effect for not undulating, from the gates opening straight into the town to the Palladian mansion, high, square, gray and clean, which stood, among parterres and fountains, in the centre of the park. A generous steed had been sacrificed to bring the good news from Ghent to Aix, but no such extravagance was after all necessary for communicating with Lady Agnes.

She had remained at the house, not going to the Wheatsheaf, the Liberal inn, with the others; preferring to await in privacy, and indeed in solitude, the momentous result of the poll. She had come down to Harsh with the two girls in the course of the proceedings. Julia had not thought they would do much good, but she was expansive and indulgent now, and she had liberally asked them. Lady Agnes had not a nice canvassing manner, effective as she might have been in the character of the high, benignant, affable mother — looking sweet participation, but not interfering — of the young and handsome, the shining, convincing, wonderfully clever and certainly irresistible aspirant. Grace Dormer had zeal without art, and Lady Agnes, who, during her husband's lifetime, had seen their affairs follow the satisfactory principle of a tendency to defer to supreme merit, had never really learned the lesson that voting goes by favor. However, she could pray God if she could n't flatter the cheesemonger, and Nick felt that she had stayed at home to pray for him. I must add that Julia Dallow was too happy now, flicking her whip in the bright summer air, to say anything so ungracious even to herself as that her companion had been returned in spite of his nearest female relatives. Besides, Biddy *had* been a rosy help: she had looked persuasively pretty, in white and blue,

on platforms and in recurrent carriages, out of which she had tossed, blushing and making people remember her eyes, several words that were telling for their very simplicity.

Mrs. Dallow was really too glad for any definite reflection, even for personal exultation, the vanity of recognizing her own large share of the work. Nick was in, and he was beside her, tired, silent, vague, beflowered and beribboned, and he had been splendid from beginning to end, delightfully good-humored and at the same time delightfully clever — still cleverer than she had supposed he could be. The sense that she had helped his cleverness and that she had been repaid by it, or by his gratitude (it came to the same thing), in a way she appreciated, was not triumphant and jealous: it was lost, for the present, in the general cheerful break of the long tension.

Nothing passed between them on their way to the house; there was no sound in the park but the pleasant rustle of summer (it seemed an applausive murmur) and the swift progress of the vehicle.

Lady Agnes already knew, for as soon as the result was declared Nick had dispatched a man on horseback to her, carrying the figures on a scrawled card. He had been far from getting away at once, having to respond to the hubbub of acclamation, to speak yet again, to thank his electors individually and collectively, to chaff the Tories, to be carried hither and yon, and above all to pretend that the interest of the business was now greater for him than ever. If he said never a word after he put himself in Julia's hands to go home, perhaps it was partly because the consciousness began to glimmer within him that that interest had, on the contrary, now suddenly diminished. He wanted to see his mother, because he knew she wanted to see him, to fold him close in her arms. They had been open there for that purpose

for the last half hour, and her expectancy, now no longer an ache of suspense, was the reason of Julia's round pace. Yet this very expectancy somehow made Nick wince a little. Meeting his mother was like being elected over again.

The others had not come back yet, and Lady Agnes was alone in the large bright drawing-room. When Nick went in with Mrs. Dallow, he saw her at the further end; she had evidently been walking to and fro, the whole length of it, and her tall, upright black figure seemed in possession of the fair vastness, like an exclamation-point at the bottom of a blank page. The room, rich and simple, was a place of perfection as well as of splendor in delicate tints, with precious specimens of French furniture of the last century ranged against walls of pale brocade, and here and there a small, almost priceless picture. George Dallow had made it, caring for these things and liking to talk about them (scarcely about anything else); so that it appeared to represent him still, what was best in his kindly, limited nature — a friendly, competent, tiresome insistence upon purity and homogeneity. Nick Dormer could hear him yet, and could see him, too fat and with a congenital thickness in his speech, lounging there in loose clothes, with his eternal cigarette. "Now, my dear fellow, *that's* what I call form: I don't know what you call it" — that was the way he used to begin. The room was full of flowers in rare vases, but it looked like a place of which the beauty would have had a sweet odor even without them.

Lady Agnes had taken a white rose from one of the clusters, and she was holding it to her face, which was turned toward the door, as Nick crossed the threshold. The expression of her figure instantly told him (he saw the creased card that he had sent her lying on one of the beautiful bare tables) how she

had been sailing up and down in a majesty of satisfaction. The inflation of her long, plain dress, the brightened dimness of her proud face, were still in the air. In a moment he had kissed her and was being kissed, not in quick repetition, but in tender prolongation, with which the perfume of the white rose was mixed. But there was something else, too — her sweet, smothered words in his ear: "Oh, my boy, my boy — oh, your father, your father!" Neither the sense of pleasure nor that of pain, with Lady Agnes (and indeed with most of the persons with whom this history is concerned), was a manifestation of chatter; so that for a minute all she said again was, "I think of Sir Nicholas. I wish he were here;" addressing the words to Julia, who had wandered forward without looking at the mother and son.

"Poor Sir Nicholas!" said Mrs. Dallow, vaguely.

"Did you make another speech?" Lady Agnes asked.

"I don't know; did I?" Nick inquired.

"I don't know!" Mrs. Dallow replied, with her back turned, doing something to her hat before the glass.

"Oh, I can fancy the confusion, the bewilderment!" said Lady Agnes, in a tone rich in political reminiscences.

"It was really immense fun!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallow.

"Dear Julia!" Lady Agnes went on. Then she added, "It was you who made it sure."

"There are a lot of people coming to dinner," said Julia.

"Perhaps you'll have to speak again," Lady Agnes smiled at her son.

"Thank you; I like the way you talk about it!" cried Nick. "I'm like Iago: 'from this time forth I never will speak word!'"

"Don't say that, Nick," said his mother, gravely.

"Don't be afraid; he'll jabber like

a magpie!" And Mrs. Dallow went out of the room.

Nick had flung himself upon a sofa with an air of weariness, though not of completely vanished cheer; and Lady Agnes stood before him, fingering her rose and looking down at him. His eyes looked away from hers; they seemed fixed on something she could n't see. "I hope you have thanked Julia," Lady Agnes remarked.

"Why, of course, mother."

"She has done as much as if you had n't been sure."

"I was n't in the least sure — and she has done everything."

"She has been too good — but *we* 've done something. I hope you don't leave out your father," Lady Agnes amplified, as Nick's glance appeared for a moment to question her "we."

"Never, never!" Nick uttered these words perhaps a little mechanically, but the next minute he continued, as if he had suddenly been moved to think what he could say that would give his mother most pleasure: "Of course his name has worked for me. Gone as he is, he is still a living force." He felt a good deal of a hypocrite, but one did n't win a seat every day in the year. Probably, indeed, he should never win another.

"He hears you, he watches you, he rejoices in you," Lady Agnes declared.

This idea was oppressive to Nick — that of the rejoicing almost as much as of the watching. He had made his concession, but, with a certain impulse to divert his mother from following up her advantage, he broke out, "Julia's a tremendously effective woman."

"Of course she is!" answered Lady Agnes, knowingly.

"Her charming appearance is half the battle," said Nick, explaining a little coldly what he meant. But he felt that his coldness was an inadequate protection to him when he heard his mother observe, with something of the same sapience —

"A woman is effective when she likes a person."

It discomposed him to be described as a person liked, and by a woman; and he asked abruptly, "When are you going away?"

"The first moment that's civil — to-morrow morning. You'll stay here, I hope."

"Stay? What shall I stay for?"

"Why, you might stay to thank her."

"I have everything to do."

"I thought everything was done," said Lady Agnes.

"Well, that's why," her son replied, not very lucidly. "I want to do other things — quite other things. I should like to take the next train." And Nick looked at his watch.

"When there are people coming to dinner to meet you?"

"They'll meet *you* — that's better."

"I am sorry any one is coming," Lady Agnes said, in a tone unencouraging to a deviation from the reality of things. "I wish we were alone — just as a family. It would please Julia to-day to feel that we *are* one. Do stay with her to-morrow."

"How will that do, when she's alone?"

"She won't be alone, with Mrs. Gresham."

"Mrs. Gresham does n't count."

"That's precisely why I want you to stop. And her cousin, almost her brother: what an idea that it won't do! Have n't you stayed here before, when there has been no one?"

"I have never stayed much, and there have always been people. At any rate, now it's different."

"It's just because it is different. Besides, it is n't different, and it never was," said Lady Agnes, more incoherent, in her earnestness, than it often happened to her to be. "She always liked you, and she likes you now more than ever, if you call that different!" Nick got up at this and, without meeting her

eyes, walked to one of the windows, where he stood with his back turned, looking out on the great greenness. She watched him a moment, and she might well have been wishing, while he remained gazing there, as it appeared, that it would come to him with the same force as it had come to herself (very often before, but during these last days more than ever), that the level lands of Harsh, stretching away before the window; the French garden, with its symmetry, its screens and its statues; and a great many more things, of which these were the superficial token, were Julia's very own, to do with exactly as she liked. No word of appreciation or envy, however, dropped from the young man's lips, and his mother presently went on: "What could be more natural than that, after your triumphant contest, you and she should have lots to settle and to talk about — no end of practical questions, no end of business? Are n't you her member, and can't her member pass a day with her, and she a great proprietor?"

Nick turned round at this, with an odd expression. "*Her* member — am I hers?"

Lady Agnes hesitated a moment; she felt that she had need of all her tact. "Well, if the place is hers, and you represent the place" — she began. But she went no further, for Nick interrupted her with a laugh.

"What a droll thing to 'represent,' when one thinks of it! And what does *it* represent, poor stupid little borough, with its smell of meal and its curiously fat-faced inhabitants? Did you ever see such a collection of fat faces, turned up at the hustings? They looked like an enormous sofa, with the cheeks for the gathers and the eyes for the buttons."

"Oh, well, the next time you shall have a great town," Lady Agnes replied, smiling and feeling that she *was* tactful.

"It will only be a bigger sofa! I'm joking, of course," Nick went on, "and I ought to be ashamed of myself. They have done me the honor to elect me, and I shall never say a word that's not civil about them, poor dears. But even a new member may joke with his mother."

"I wish you'd be serious with your mother," said Lady Agnes, going nearer to him.

"The difficulty is that I'm two men; it's the strangest thing that ever was," Nick pursued, bending his bright face upon her. "I'm two quite distinct human beings, who have scarcely a point in common; not even the memory, on

the part of one, of the achievements or the adventures of the other. One man wins the seat, but it's the other fellow who sits in it."

"Oh, Nick, don't spoil your victory by your perversity!" Lady Agnes cried, clasping her hands to him.

"I went through it with great glee — I won't deny that; it excited me, it interested me, it amused me. When once I was in it I liked it. But now that I'm out of it again" —

"Out of it?" His mother stared. "Is n't the whole point that you're in?"

"Ah, now I'm only in the House of Commons."

Henry James.

LA MERVEILLEUSE AMÉRICAINE.

1793-1889.

Ah, who is she I see advance?
Is this a dream of elder France?

She wears a quaintly figured gown;
Her hat is pointed in the crown.

Her close-cut coat has long lapels
That point where either shoulder swells.

Over her hips it falls away,
And to her robe gives due display.

And down the robe a panel goes,
Brodered with many a golden rose.

A silver charm-holder, that hangs
Along the panel, swings and clangs.

And in the charm-holder is set
A dainty silver vinaigrette.

Black hose and high-heeled shoes she wears,
And in her hand a staff she bears.

Delicate ribbon binds it where
It presses on her mousquetaire.

She raises to her eyes of blue
Her lorgnon, as she looks at you.

Who is she? What mysterious chance
Brings here this ghost of elder France?

What wondrous scenes have those sweet eyes
Beheld beneath their Gallic skies?

What deeds in old Parisian days,
When blood bedabbled all the ways?

It may be, from her casement high,
She smiled on legions marching by;

Or watched, in evening's gathering shade,
The battle at the barricade.

Who was she then? Some noble dame
Who shuddered at her country's shame?

Or one who went, at Freedom's call,
To slaughter's crimson carnival?

Perchance she saw the sharp knife set
Against the neck of Antoinette;

Perchance she saw that fair head fall
Where the red basket yawned for all.

Who loved her then? What man of blood
Melted before her amorous mood?

It may be she was Danton's dear,
Or else the sweetheart of Robespierre.

It may be that at her command
Blood drenched the town, flame fired the land.

Nay, one so sweet in youthful bloom
Could scarce have caused another's doom.

Nay, then in Paris had she been,
She might have felt the guillotine.

Not all her grace and nonchalance
Would have protected her in France.

But here along Broadway she goes,
And not a fear or care she knows.

The stare of man and woman's glance
Ne'er put her out of countenance.

She moves in sweet oblivion
Of everything and every one ;

A modern maid, with modern wiles,
Tricked out in old Directoire styles.

"Who is she?" do you ask again?
La Merveilleuse Américaine.

Albert Roland Haven.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY OF TEARS.

I was in company the other day with my friend, the professor of chemistry, and, being in a reflective mood, I chanced to say, "Professor, tears are a curious thing."

"By no means," replied he promptly. "Their composition is quite simple: about ninety-eight parts water, and two parts salt, albumen, and mucus."

I did not pursue the conversation, but thought, without saying so, that if tears are not a curious thing, a professor of chemistry certainly is.

I happened, a few days after, to repeat the conversation to our professor of physiology, who, bringing his supercilious muscles into play, said, "Simple as it may appear to Dr. Atom, the genesis of tears is quite a complex process, and they have multiple mechanical functions. They are secreted by the lachrymal gland, and partly by the orbicularis muscle are conveyed into the lachrymal canal, and thence into the eye, which they flood, and thus effectuate detersion, facilitate the movement of the eyeball, and preserve the transparency of the so-called cornea."

I could only respond, "I dare say.

All you tell me is very wonderful and very complex, but how on earth do the little babies learn to cry so early and so well?" I did not tell him that I did not comprehend a word he had uttered, and hence the wonder, — *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Much less did I reveal what was passing in my mind. It seemed to me that science is like a pin, — very useful for sticking things together, and very nicely contrived for this purpose; but one man spends his whole life in coiling the head, another in shaping the shaft, and another in sharpening the point, while each understands nothing but his own part of the pin.

It next occurred to me to find out what the poets say about tears. They travel from earth to heaven very rapidly, in a daring, desultory way, and always through mists and clouds, seeing things and parts of things very indistinctly, and rarely telling the truth about what they do see; yet notwithstanding, they now and then seem to find out some things, of more or less value, which other people do not know.

As we do not at present keep a pro-

fessor of poetry at our university, I began to rummage among my books. The first lines that met my eye were these : —

“Tears, feelings bright, embodied form, are
not
More pure than dewdrops, Nature’s tears.”

Here is a definition of tears that we can accept without aversion, — tears are the bright, bodily form of feeling. The poet does not tell us that when we weep we are doing nothing more than secreting a mucous fluid by means of the lachrymal gland. He feels bound, however, to state the fact that tears are not *more* pure than dewdrops. The whole truth would have been that they are not *as* pure by a good deal. Perhaps Mr. Bailey did not know that they contain mucus, albumen, and salt. We wish we did not possess the uncomfortable information. We shall never again be able to kiss the tears from her cheek with the relish that once we did.

Voltaire calls tears “the silent language of grief.” Pollock preaches : —

“Sweet tears! the awful language eloquent
Of infinite affection, far too big
For words.”

Byron says, “The test of affection’s a tear.” If this were only true!

Shakespeare gives the necessary caution : —

“Trust not those cunning waters of his eye,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.”

And Moore says : —

“The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow.”

Again, Shakespeare says more coarsely :

“If that the earth could teem with woman’s
tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.”

But under the circumstances, perhaps Othello, from whose lips the expression falls, is not more trustworthily than Byron.

Perhaps Tennyson has uttered the real though unsatisfactory truth, —

“Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.”

Certainly Dr. Young misled his gloomy friend, Lorenzo, in his researches upon this subject : —

“Lorenzo, hast thou ever weighed a sigh,
Or studied the philosophy of tears?
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with
me,
And trace these briny riv’lets to their springs.”

The doctor was already too deep for reality, as he not infrequently was. The lachrymal gland, the source of tears, is not in the breast, but high up in the head, near the outer part of the orbit of the eye.

The feelings, as assigned by poets, which start the flow of tears are diverse and even opposite, — mainly, however, misery, grief, and sympathy with the sorrowing; but it has not escaped them that joy often weeps, and that even laughter cries : —

“My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.”

Here is a pretty simile in prose :
“Tears of joy, like summer raindrops, are pierced by sunbeams.”

I do not recollect an instance (nor has my hasty glance at some poems supplied me with one) of notice by poets that tears are often brought into our eyes not only by sorrow, anger, sympathy, and some other of the stronger emotions, but that even a merely æsthetic appreciation of something heroic, beautiful, tender, affectionate, exquisite, or strikingly appropriate, will sometimes make the throat swell, the voice falter, and the surprised eyes overflow. Many a reader of How Horatius Kept the Bridge, or of the conclusion of Luther’s defense before the Diet of Worms, or of the peroration of Webster’s reply to Hayne, or of Coleridge’s Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni, or of the Ride from Ghent

to Aix, will have some experience of this.

Once I was traveling from Dijon to Geneva in company with a party of tourists, who were gayly jesting and laughing under the exhilarating stimulus of the ascent of the Jura range on a faultless day, when suddenly a deep silence fell upon the group. The diligence had stopped on the last mountain crest, and the historic city, with its rushing Rhone, lay beneath us, and Mont Blanc rose in the far distance. We had gazed hardly a minute on the scene when one, perhaps not the least manly of our party, burst into an uncontrollable gush of tears, and was obliged to bury his face in his hat to hide his mortification at being thus startled into such a manifestation of emotion. I knew a similar effect to be produced upon a gentleman of culture by St. Paul's Cathedral, visited for the first time while service was being celebrated. I suppose most persons have felt their eyes suffused with mist when contemplating the panorama of a calm, early morning, or gazing on a pensive evening landscape.

Shakespeare suggests this æsthetic relation of tears when he makes Jessica say to Lorenzo, —

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

It appears in the line quoted from Tennyson's poem, but there only secondary to an obscure, melancholy regret.

Rossetti says, "All poetry that is really poetry affects me deeply, even to tears. It does not need to be pathetic, or yet tender, to produce such a result. I have known in my life two men, and two only, who are similarly sensitive." He then mentions seeing tears coursing down the cheeks of Tennyson, occasioned by the reading of a poem. An instance of similar sensitiveness on the part of Rossetti himself is given by the author of the *Recollections*. It must be borne in mind, however, that Tennyson and Rossetti were themselves the

readers, and that the poems were their own!

Upon one point all poets seem to be agreed, — tears, beautiful in a woman, are unbecoming in a man.

"For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile."

Byron says: —

"Oh, too convincing, dangerously dear
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear;
That weapon of her weakness she can wield
To save, subdue, — at once her spear and shield."

And Shakespeare: —

"I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me
Out of my honest truth to play the woman."

"I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears."

"Let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheek."

Now this was not always so. Once it was quite allowable for men to weep; and it was just about this I happened to be thinking when I remarked to our chemist that tears were a curious thing. For it is not easy to understand how 98 H₂O and two parts of serum and albumen can be expressive of pain, sorrow, joy, anger, love, and the rest, — not to mention the want that is made known by "the infant crying in the night."

It is still less comprehensible how the lachrymal gland, capillary attraction, and the orbicularis muscle, so out of the range of the *beau monde*, should be subject to the sway of fashion. Such, however, seems to be the fact. When it was fashionable for men to weep, the organs promptly supplied tears; while now that it is not considered good form, they are as inert as a politician's conscience. "And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." This early Scripture instance is not only noteworthy on general principles, but is remarkable for two special considerations.

(1.) What in the world had Jacob to weep about?

(2.) Of two customs of contemporaneous antiquity, it is strange that one should survive in full vigor to the present time, and that the other should have been so completely lost. It is as modern as yesterday that Jacob should kiss Rachel, but not for countless centuries has it been recorded that after the gracious act Jacob falls to weeping! Later, at meeting with his brother Esau, Jacob wept; but the circumstances were very different, and he had ample justification for his tears. The family of Jacob inherited a lachrymose facility. Joseph, that superb historic man, with the large heart, must have also had a large lachrymal gland and an active orbicularis muscle, for his weepings were very frequent. But they were upon such becoming occasions that we feel inclined, through sympathy, to weep with him: whether when he turns his face to the wall to conceal his falling tears, or retires to his chamber to allow their gush, or puts all strangers out of his dining-hall that he may weep his fill with his repentant brethren, or falls in reverential grief upon the face of his dying patriarch father. Of Moses we read only once that he wept, and that was as a babe, in his lonesome cradle among the bulrushes; any modern child might do the like. He was not infrequently angry, and often cried unto the Lord, but he shed no tears. David wept three times, — at parting with his beloved Jonathan, when he heard of the murder of his son Amnon, and once again upon the cruel death of the lordly Absalom. He wept only three times in the presence of others; but David had the emotional nature of a poet, and his Psalms reveal him weeping in secret, often and bitterly. The ancient prophets signalized their monitory mission by the tears they shed for the foreseen calamities of their people, and one of them exclaims, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!" Jeremiah

evidently understood physiology better than Dr. Young.

Weeping was not, however, confined to holy men of old. Homer's ungodly heroes were great blubberers. Not only Ajax, Eneas, Ulysses, Idomeneus, and their peers, together with the Achaians generally, indulge in the luxury of woe, but that brutal athlete, Achilles, sheds lovesick tears when his sweetheart is taken from him; and his *alter ego*, Patroclus, cuts a sorry figure when he undertakes to persuade the surly, cross-grained warrior to return to the fight.

"Meanwhile Patroclus stood beside his friend,
And shed hot tears, as when a fountain sheds
Dark waters streaming down a precipice.
The great Achilles, swift of foot, beheld
And pitied him, and spake these winged
words:

Why weepest thou, Patroclus, like a girl?"

Doubtless prudential considerations restrained Patroclus from retorting upon Pelens' wrathful son, in words which, if not winged, would have been barbed:

"Why didst thou weep, Achilles, for a girl?"

The very steeds about Troy caught the contagion from their masters: thus they mourned the death of Patroclus: —

"So stood

The coursers, yoked to that magnificent car,
With drooping heads, and tears, that from
their lids

Flowed hot, for sorrow at the loss of him
Who was their charioteer."

When Virgil gathers up the Trojan relics, out of which he composes his epic, his wandering hero finds many occasions for weeping, and he bountifully improves them all, except one, — when gracious tears were due to forlorn Dido, piteously begging not to be left behind, deserted. But with hard, dry eyes, he pleaded the Fates against the Sidonian queen. When afterwards, in the regions across the Styx, he met her injured shade, *lachrymas demisit*. But very justifiably, Dido deemed the apology too late, leaving the hero to his

usual resort of 98 H²O *lachrymans longe*. This habit of the chief is readily caught up by all his army, and his warriors weep indiscriminately throughout the *Æneid*. His gallant opponent on the Latian shore, the youthful Turnus, is in this respect in marked contrast to the pious old widower, who deprives him of his betrothed, his kingdom, and his life. Turnus scorns to weep.

The Romans of the last days of the Republic were too selfish and too hardened by the sight of universal ruin to weep. True, Antony, according to Shakespeare, called on them, if they had tears to shed, to prepare to shed them then, but it does not appear that they were prepared. Sylla, Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, and the rest had to keep a sharp lookout for their lives and fortunes, and could not allow their eyes to be blurred. Cicero occasionally melted, but this was only to spread a liquid varnish over his eloquence. Marius sniveling amidst the ruins of Carthage, is an apocryphal exception.

In short, for men to shed tears, once deemed altogether appropriate, is now considered only a weakness. This may be attributed, undoubtedly, in part, to acquired self-control. But only in part; for not only is the habit discontinued, but the inclination no longer exists in force, and for one half of our population the lachrymal apparatus is well-nigh eliminated. Darwin's theory of evolution is just reversed in this process of devolution or revolution, or whatever may be the fitting term. An organ, by continued use, has not been developed, but destroyed. It may, however, illustrate the survival of the fittest, as being the result of advancing civilization. For it may be stated as a general fact that the higher the pitch of refinement, the less the fall of tears. This is true of both sexes, but especially of men, and in men in proportion to the fullness of their manhood. Children, of whichever sex, cry at their own cross

will, but the schoolboy will hardly shed tears when he is flogged; the young man is ashamed to weep when he is hurt by a fall, except into love; while the full-bearded adult has completely triumphed over feeling. By the way, it is noticeable how men, under emotion, are inclined to stroke down a long beard; it serves somehow to draw off the electric fluid. In old men, *iterum pueros*, Nature reasserts herself, and the watery eye, uncontrolled by their weakness, will readily fill up, and not unfrequently overflow. All these statements are true with a difference among nations, due to climatic, historic, or other influences. The English more than all other people refuse to allow this manifestation of emotion. Perhaps we get our self-control through our German lineage. Tacitus says of our rude ancestors that among them

"Feminis lugere honestum est; viris meminisse."

This power of voluntary restraint has its counterpart, more singular still, in the power possessed by some persons of producing a flow of tears absolutely mechanical, and unaccompanied by any corresponding mental or emotional condition. Actors will weep appropriately when performing their parts in a play, repeated so often as to make impossible anything beyond feigned emotion. Some advocates, too, have a facility in weeping for their clients and their fees. I knew a lawyer who had this gift in an eminent degree, and who was notorious for his exercise of it. On one occasion, in the defense of a criminal, he was associated with a brother lawyer, who had caught the trick, and both of them shed tears in their speeches. The prosecuting attorney, a man of sharp sarcasm as well as great learning, opened his speech by saying, with much gravity, "May it please the court, I am taken at a disadvantage to-day. I have no tears prepared to shed; and, if I had, I could not cry against *two at once!*" The

jury smiled audibly, and the sympathy excited by the professional tear was dissipated.

A curious instance of the possession of this power of weeping at will is related of Miss Seward, a literary lady of the last century, who, it will be remembered, burdened her friend, Sir Walter Scott, by leaving to him her poems as a legacy, with the request that he would edit them. This he did, though reluctantly. Miss Seward had the strange power of shedding floods of tears, without any exciting cause whatever, and was frequently called on to do so for the entertainment and mystification of her friends. This power seemed as mechanical as that of the weeping tree, which all visitors to the garden at Chatsworth will recall.

In this connection (as the preachers sometimes say, when the connection is more than usually obscure) it is quite noticeable that a change has taken place in the habits of the colored people of the South in two respects, among others of much more importance. In slavery times, they did not kiss, nor did they often weep. Husbands, wives, and children met, and felt glad, no doubt, but there was no kissing; even mothers fondled their children without this customary endearment. And when they were separated by death, and sometimes by what was sharper than death, the women shed few tears, and the men none. Now they seem to find osculation very pleasant, and, upon suitable occasions, betake themselves to tears as readily as to smoking cigarettes or wearing bustles.

One of the mysteries of tears is that though, as the ministers of emotion, they start to assuage sorrow, yet when a mighty grief strikes us they withhold their relief. Said the Roman philosopher, *Curæ leves loquuntur: ingentes stupent*, — a saying quite as felicitous in its form as it is impressive by reason of its truth. Petty troubles not only express themselves, but are garrulous; the

great are silent from sore amazement. Friends, brothers, sisters, and children can weep over the pallid face; but the wife or mother looks on her dead with wild, unmoistened eyes. Niobe is turned to stone; and, most dreadful of all, she is conscious that she has been petrified to her inmost soul.

In all the range of literature, we know nothing that more powerfully sets forth the inadequacy of tears to express the full despair of anguish than these noble lines of Mrs. Browning: —

“I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men, incredulous of despair,
Half taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne, in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent, bare,
Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute heavens!”

But it is time to lay aside the pen that has indulged itself to an extent disproportionate, perhaps, to the apparent unsolidity of its topic. And yet there is a serious philosophy belonging to tears.

Weeping is a characteristic of humanity. Only man sheds tears; and ever since

“Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woe,”

weeping has been as universal and as inevitable as death. For sorrow is the genesis of tears, and tears are the language of sorrow; and there is no language where their voice is not heard. There are no happy isles where clouds do not precede and return after the rain, and darken the light of the sun. Every page of earth's history is stained by tears; and for every man, high and low, king and beggar, wise and simple, from the time we enter upon the way of all the earth until our feet arrive upon the banks of the silent stream that all must cross, tears are the companions of our progress; and when we go to our

long home, mourners go about the streets.

Is man's life therefore grievous? Nay; for our sorrows are fewer than our joys, and have always their alleviation for those who will accept it. And best of all, the book of sorrow has its lessons of truth well worth the pain in-

volved in learning them, — lessons not to be found elsewhere,

"As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

And finally, sorrow passes away with this mortal life, of which it is an accompaniment; but joy, like the soul in which it has its seat, is immortal.

J. T. L. Preston.

AT SESENHEIM.

WE never should have gone to Sesenheim at all, if it had not been for Rhodora. It was a Saturday afternoon in June, and we — that is, Rhodora and her husband, John, and the Scribe, who was an old friend of them both — were standing on the north side of the minster square at Strassburg, in front of an old bricabrac shop. There was a blaze of sunlight on the square, and it seemed as if waves of heat, reflected from the huge red sandstone minster, were fairly beating in our faces. The shop looked dark and cool. Its windows were hung with rare old weapons, curious drinking-cups in pewter and clay, odd bits of eighteenth-century china, and carved wooden crucifixes, together with peasants' rings and charms and many a queer ornament in ivory or silver. It was not a shop that a woman like Rhodora could easily pass by, and that which drew her fancy specially was a pair of silver candelabra, tiny graceful things, a trifle battered.

"How much do you think they would want for them?" she asked.

"I am sure I don't know," John answered, without enthusiasm.

"They are so lovely," she said, reflectively. "And I can just see them over our fireplace, John. Wait a minute." Then she disappeared within the shop, leaving John and the Scribe upon the scorching pavement. There

was the sound of an eager dialogue, but the questions soon grew slower and more subdued, and presently Rhodora reappeared, empty-handed save for the Baedeker which now emerged from its temporary hiding-place underneath her traveling-wrap.

"Three hundred francs!" she exclaimed, with an impressive whisper. "Did you ever hear of anything equal to that?" The gentlemen were silent. "Now do you think that he could have suspected I was an American?" she demanded. "I'm sure I did n't make any mistake in the German."

Her companions laughed. "It is queer that so many shopkeepers do take you for an American," remarked John, ironically.

"Do you honestly think your bonnet looks like a German bonnet?" the Scribe ventured to ask.

Rhodora was mollified. "I hope not," she sighed, as if the idea brought some comfort with it. She stepped off from the narrow pavement, apparently to go toward the minster, and then stopped, as if surveying the city for final judgment.

"I believe I'm a little disappointed with Strassburg," she declared; "except of course for the cathedral. Three hundred francs for those candelabra!" She turned regretfully toward the shop windows again, and her eye fell upon

the name of the owner, in faded gilt letters, above them. "Brion," she repeated. "Brion? It must be a French name. Why, Brion, — who was Brion? Tell me, one of you two gentlemen." But John and the Scribe looked at each other helplessly. "Brion — why, *of course!*" exclaimed Rhodora. "Friederike Brion, Goethe's Friederike! John, Sesenheim must be near by, and I've always wanted to go there. It's so hot and dirty here; let's go to spend the Sunday at Sesenheim!"

That is how we three happened to make our pilgrimage to the quiet Alsatian village, whose sole claim to notice is that it was once the scene of a love episode more idyllic and more tenderly told than perhaps any other that ever won its gentle way into the world's literature.

It was all Rhodora's enthusiasm. We got but slight encouragement from Jean, our skeptical head-waiter at the Maison Rouge, to whom we applied for information. "Sesenheim?" he repeated, with a head-waiter's shrug. "*Il y a du bon vin rouge là bas, mais*" — Clearly he knew nothing about Friederike Brion. There were no more trains that day. But Rhodora was not thus to be put down, after all her desires to visit Sesenheim, which dated back, she gravely informed us, to her schoolgirl days, when she had first read Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and had promptly fallen in love with Friederike. She dispatched the Scribe in search of a cheap edition of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*; she explained to her husband that for this once she would not object to a Sunday train; and she had her own way in everything. To tell the truth, John, who during his summer vacation was inspecting the chemical laboratories of German universities, and the Scribe, who was keeping him lazy company, were both of them tempted by the idea of escaping for a day from the round of travel, and of going to seek an Arcadia.

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We were lucky enough to find a guide to our Arcadia in the shape of a tiny book on Friederike Brion, written by Pastor Lucius of Sesenheim; and as the early morning train carried us out of Strassburg into the fresh greenness of the level Alsatian country, the Scribe was deputed to read the important passages from the pastor's loving little chronicle. So with Friederike Brion in one hand and *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in the other, he read aloud, and gradually the story took shape: how the Strassburg student, twenty-one, brilliant, lovable, rode to Sesenheim in the autumn of 1770, and met the slender, light-haired daughter of the village pastor; how the gentleness and the gayety of this maiden of eighteen won the student's heart, so that when he went back to Strassburg he could not rest, but must write her letters, bright, tender, and infinitely winning, and must send her verses with all the lyric passion of the "young Goethe" in them, and must ride out to Sesenheim again and again, tarrying longer at each visit, until it seemed to himself and to all as if he "belonged there;" then how he grew restive, perhaps because his genius stung him and he knew himself to be only twenty-one, with the wide world before him; how he leaned down from the saddle and parted with her, ill at ease himself, and not daring, probably, to tell her the truth; how he wrote a final letter to her, only to find that her gentle answer "tore his heart," while his conscience troubled him a long time, forcing him in Götz and Clavigo to do poetic penance; how in journeying southward with the Duke of Weimar, eight years later, he made a solitary detour and visited the parsonage, to find all its inmates unchanged toward him, and Friederike calm and affectionate as of old, so that the next morning, at sunrise, he rode away from Sesenheim "in peace," as he wrote the Frau von Stein; and how after that the lovers never saw each other again, Goethe rising steadily

upon his splendid and solitary path, and Friederike Brion, spinster, growing old, and dying in 1813 at her brother's house in the tiny village of Meissenheim, having lived a life of such unselfish ministration and such sweetness that an old woman who has survived into our own day tells us that when as a child she heard about angels, she "always thought of Auntie Brion in a white dress," and that "the sick, and children, and old people" loved her.

Between the scraps of reading we kept looking out of the wide-opened windows of the slowly moving train, upon the fields of hops and the wide reaches of grain and grass, intersected here and there by lines of heavy foliage, and darkened by clumps of scattered woodland. To the left were the Vosges, in a retreating blue distance, while as we rolled northward, all along on the right, beyond the Rhine, were the wooded summits of the Black Forest, misty yet and shadow-barred in the morning sunlight. It was Trinity Sunday, and the peasants in holiday costume thronged the station platforms, intent upon excursions to neighboring villages. Aside from the recurrent peasant laughter, the morning was perfectly still. After an hour, we passed Drusenheim. It was the place where Goethe changed horses, and the very next village was Sesenheim.

We got out. "It's much like the rest, after all," said John, as he stretched his lank body and eyed the typical modern German station, with its new, neat ugliness.

But Rhodora, holding her skirts together as she passed quickly through a stolid group of peasant women, had already started around the corner of the building. "Come," she said, "I know I shall find my way." We followed her along a foot-path through a clover field. To the left, over a fruit orchard, were the reddish-gray roof tiles of the village and the eight-sided tower of Pas-

tor Brion's church. In a moment more we emerged upon the road, white in the glaring June sunlight, and winding its way into Sesenheim. As we passed the first houses, a girl was busily at work draping a white cloth about a temporary roadside shrine of the Virgin, in honor of the feast day. Oh, the Gasthaus zum Anker was easily to be found, she said; and presently we reached it, standing just where the Anker of Goethe's time stood, close by the church.

The main room of the inn proved to be deserted, except for the inn-keeper's daughter, and two or three peasants quietly taking their bread and cheese and wine in a corner. The place was scrupulously clean, with yellow-painted tables and benches, after the Alsatian fashion. Rhodora soon discovered on the wall a print of the old parsonage and of the Brion family, as the latter had existed in the idealizing mind of some tolerable artist. The present parsonage was modern, the Fraulein smilingly told us, but the barn was just as it was when Goethe and Friederike painted the old chaise together, and had such ill luck with the varnishing; and the jasmine bower, where they sat in the moonlight, was there, too. Pastor Lucius had moved away, but his successor would be glad to show everything to us.

We had an Alsatian country dinner, with such delicious water that even "le bon vin rouge" was almost a superfluity, in a small room whose window looked out on a garden, beyond which was the old gray church. A faint smell of June roses came in from the garden. Perhaps it was only Rhodora's fancy, but it veritably seemed as if we became aware of something subtler than any rose-scent in the atmosphere of this place. There was a hint here of an immortal fragrance. During the meal we talked much of Goethe, — of his capacity for loving, his impressionableness to external influences, and that

reflection of his actual experiences in his poetry which makes what he has written such a revelation of the modern mind. Did his life turn once for all, here in this quiet Sesenheim, and adopt certain lines of choice? Was the Sesenheim experience a spiritual crisis for him, or was it only an incident in his development, like his love affairs with Annette and Gretchen and Lili and many another? We fell to discussing, naturally enough, his reasons for breaking faith with Friederike, and came no nearer a solution than other people have done, who have never taken dinner under the shadow of the Sesenheim church. Rhodora was inclined to be lenient with the young genius. Would it have been wise or right for him, she asked, to make this gentle country girl happy, when his future was unsettled, when the consciousness of power was strong within him, and he knew she could never keep pace with him? Rhodora is a brilliant talker, especially with the odds against her, and she was quicker than either of the men, and knew more about Goethe. But John burst out finally, his brown eyes flashing, and his hand playing nervously with the last of his cherries:—

"You make one mistake, my dear: no German in Goethe's time, and hardly one in our own, would dream that his wife could 'keep pace with him;' and he would not want to have her do so, even if he believed she could. You forget where you are. Now do you suppose," he added almost fiercely, "that any man of genius has the right to break the heart of a girl like Friederike, in order to further his own 'development'?"

"But I think, John," Rhodora answered slowly, "it is not a question of what is right or wrong: it is a question of the inevitable, of something that would lie outside the man's will."

It seemed to the Scribe that the last word had been said, on each side. Perhaps the *Fräulein* suspected it, too, for

she came up timidly, and suggested that as there was to be a funeral service in the church, we might make the best of the opportunity to see the interior. So we paid for the dinner, while Rhodora drew on her tan-colored gloves, straightening her bonnet stealthily before a cracked glass in the main room of the inn, and we strolled over to the church, entering in the wake of half a dozen slowly pacing women. The edifice, consisting of a single narrow nave and rounding choir, was built in the fifteenth century, and since the time of Louis XIV. has been used by Roman Catholics and Protestants alike, as is often the custom in Alsace-Lorraine. In the aisle was a tombstone, with the inscription half effaced, bearing the date of 1557, over which the young Goethe's feet once stepped so lightly; and there was the pastor's pew, in which, by the side of Friederike, he found her father's sermon "none too long." In the apse was a tinselled altar, with crucifix and candles and the image of the Virgin, while on the right wall of the nave was the pulpit, decorated, as were all the windows, with long green branches in honor of Trinity Sunday. The seats were filled with peasant women, in dark, immobile rows; each dressed like all the others, in a black alpaca gown, a short sack of the same material edged with velvet ribbon, a brocaded silk neckcloth, and a queer little quilted black silk cap, with wide stiff bows of ribbon that stood out from the head like the wings of a huge dusky butterfly. They were all of that age, from thirty to sixty-five, when peasants look just alike,—their hair bleached yellow and their faces browned by labor in the fields; shrewd faces, many of them, with strong features, but absolutely untouched by any lines of thought; with animal patience and endurance in them, and in the eyes something of the expression that a dog or horse has when he looks at you and does not understand you.

They were all hushed and reverent now, in the presence of the offices of the church.

The Lutheran pastor ascended into the pulpit, and read the formal death notice of the person whose funeral sermon he was to preach. It was an old woman, born in the very year that Friederike Brion died. There had once been an irregularity in her life, it appeared. "My beloved ones, this woman was sinful," the round-faced blonde young pastor began, "but we are all sinful." He paused, and there was a profound stillness. An old peasant woman on the seat in front of us turned to a companion, and whispered, the tears starting from her bleared eyes, "Das ist wahr." He went on again, preaching from the text, "Dust thou art," amid a silence almost painful. A few children sat in front of the pulpit. On the very back seat were three men, not old, but with strangely wrinkled faces, and all of them were sobbing. Through the open window near the pulpit, the June breeze blew in, making the linden branches rustle gently, and throw flickering shadows on the whitewashed wall. The Scribe found himself looking at Rhodora. She sat leaning forward slightly, intent upon the unfamiliar language; her gloved hands clasped and resting in her lap, her jaunty brown jacket loosened; a touch of color in her face, her gray eyes wide and never moving from the pastor, her thin lips parted. Beyond this delicate, sensitive, highly organized American woman, curiously out of place here, were the rows of Alsatian peasants, whose lives were narrowed down to Sesenheim and the fields around it. "Dust thou art," the preacher kept reiterating; ay, but of what different clay, and how differently breathed upon! Yet here, in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, in the presence of these reverent souls and these solemn words, life seemed all of a sudden very simple and to be tested by simple standards,

whether the life be Goethe's or a peasant woman's.

We came out into the full glow of the afternoon. Along a stone wall that inclosed the churchyard were ranged a dozen boys, waiting for the sermon to come to an end. "Just as if it were a New England country meeting-house!" laughed John. The short grass of the churchyard was covered with small white daisies; some geese toddled away from us as we wandered around to look for the gravestones of the elder Brions, which we found leaning up against the outer wall of the church, with name and date almost illegible: and all this was more like a country churchyard in the Old England than in the New. The sexton came out soon, bringing the Protestant Bible, and a procession of white-robed girls, ready to be confirmed that afternoon in the Romanist faith, was already waiting at the door. They were homely brown little things; we looked in vain for a graceful Friederike. But Rhodora took a sudden fancy to one of them, a stooping, shy girl with great unworldly eyes, and went up and spoke to her. What she said we did not know; perhaps the Alsatian did not, but the dark sad eyes smiled for a moment, and she actually turned and nodded at Rhodora, as the awkward procession filed into the porch. Women are curious creatures.

We walked over to the parsonage and gazed at the historic barn, while John reached his long arm over the fence and plucked a blossom from the famous jasmine bush. Just as Rhodora was protesting that she did not care to enter the new-fangled house, even to see one of Friederike's letters, the rosy-cheeked pastor appeared at the door, and asked if he could be of any service. We looked at Rhodora. She accepted the offer with prompt willfulness, and with a superlative expression of gratitude in her queer German that must have amused the dominie. We all began to feel a lit-

tle like tourists now, and rather ashamed of ourselves, though the pastor made a charming host, and explained why the old parsonage was torn down, and when the jasmine bush was transplanted, and how he had had to study *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in order to answer visitors' questions; and finally he took us to his library, where some of Friederike's letters are preserved. But a yellowed old letter counts for so little after it is framed and hung! Something, delicate and intangible, escapes. After we had put our names in the visitors' book, — we were almost the only ones from America, — we came away, with a consciousness that antiquarianism and curiosity, that prose, in short, had breathed its spirit for a moment upon our hitherto unspoiled Sesenheim idyl.

Fortunately, the best was yet to come. We walked down the winding white road again, past the straggling cottages, — white too, except where the great weather-beaten beams of the framework were left exposed, crossing the plastered walls at all odd angles, — and on out of the village a hundred yards or so, in search of the spot whither most German pilgrims to Sesenheim first direct their steps, the hillock where Friederike passed many an hour in that favorite arbor of which Goethe himself has had so much to say. We found the place easily enough. Some Goethe lovers have bought the hillock, which proved to be an ancient burial mound, and have erected a new arbor, bearing the inscription "Friederiken Ruh. 1770–1880." It commands a characteristic Alsatian view: in front, to the west, the village peeping through its abundant trees; to right and left, the wide-sweeping fertile plains, fed by slow watercourses and interspersed with forest land; while on the east stretches the

long line of trees that mark the course of the Rhine, beyond which lie the northern heights of the Black Forest, as they group themselves brokenly about Baden-Baden. The arbor itself was too slender to shield us much from the June sun, so we took refuge under a great ash in the adjacent meadow; and lying upon the hay, mown the day before, we watched for hours the white clouds drift across the heaven and pile themselves into a huge glistening mass above the Black Forest. Our talk wandered, too, apparently as inconsequently as the clouds, but it always drifted back to Goethe. Toward sundown we strolled up to the arbor again, and waited for the train which was to carry us back to Strassburg. It was a pompous sunset, with slow-fading splendors that suffused the light flecks of cloud far in the south and north, and tinged with a rim of fire the great cloud rampart above Baden. We strained our eyes toward Strassburg, fancying that we could see the minster spire, a speck against that saffron sky, but the light faded out before we were quite sure. The wide landscape darkened gradually; we heard the nightingales in the deep woods along the Rhine. Just before the whistle of our train sounded from Niederbronn, Rhodora rose and left us for a moment. We could see her bending in the dusk above one of the bushes near the arbor; then she came back with some white primroses in her hand. She gave us each one, and stuck a third through the buttonhole of her jacket. There was just one left. John took it suddenly, and, reaching up, fastened it in the lattice of Friederike's arbor. "Why, of course, John!" said Rhodora, softly. "The poor girl!" Then she took John's arm, and we came away.

Bliss Perry.

PALINODE.

BY A POET BROUGHT TO BOOK.

Who is Lydia, pray, and who
 Is Hypatia? Softly, dear,
 Let me breathe it in your ear—
 They are you, and only you.
 And those other nameless two
 Walking in Arcadian air—
 She that was so very fair?
 She that had the twilight hair?—
 They were you, dear, only you.
 If I speak of night or day,
 Grace of fern or bloom of grape,
 Hanging cloud or fountain spray,
 Gem or star or glistening dew,
 Or of mythologic shape,
 Psyche, Pyrrha, Daphne, say—
 I mean you, dear, you, just you.

T. B. A.

THE BELL OF SAINT BASIL'S.

It was a cold morning—for Virginia; and, as everybody knows, Virginia has a plenty of them. The frost bent the fennel so heavily that it lay over like fine silver-work upon the ground, where a flurry of snow skipped before the gusts. The wind itself was restless and ill-natured, like a wind that had got into the wrong climate by mistake, and was hurrying to go somewhere else. Ice lay in opaque sheets upon the pools and swamps, and the air stung. There was no sun. As early as seven o'clock the grayness of the sky took on a determined look, as that of a sky which meant business. One felt something of the same unreasonable resentment before it that one feels before a hard creditor, who would, on the whole, prefer to make one uncomfortable rather than give grace, but who is nevertheless entirely justifi-

able, and one knows it. If it was cold out-of-doors, it was colder within. When Virginia shivers, she is always taken by surprise. She looks out through her half-built houses as if she were a soft brown-eyed girl in a gauze dress, protesting that she is cold, and wondering why.

The weather came in at the doors; the weather came in at the windows; the weather rushed in under the house; cracks in the walls welcomed it; crevices in the posts betrayed one to it; the wide chimneys, where the fires lay unlighted, gulped it in; the floors were flooded with it.

President Peyton's eminently respectable if economical house seemed to keep swallowing little drafts, like a person with a sore throat, whom it hurts, but who can't stop.

When President Peyton got out of his old-fashioned four-posted bed, that morning, pushing aside the curtains of chintz and mosquito-netting with a scholarly, aged hand, he hung his clothes over one arm, and went to find what the thermometer was before he put them on. The thermometer hung over the veranda roof, as it had for thirty years, — as it would for how many more? — upon a rusty tack in the same spot, beneath the window-sill, in the southerly exposure.

"You're letting in the cold, Mr. Peyton," pleaded a vague feminine voice from behind the bed-curtains. "I'm frozen to death. I'm cold enough, Mr. Peyton, to — to — I'm cold enough to — swear."

"*Maria!*" ejaculated the old man severely.

"Why, Mr. Peyton!" cried his wife. It was such an event when her husband called her *Maria* that the poor old lady was frightened. She had known it to happen but a few times in many years: once when he was very angry with her because she had burned a manuscript lecture of his by mistake; and another time when they were in great trouble, but then he had said it so kindly that she had never forgotten it.

That had happened about this time of year, toward the last of January. She could not have told precisely when. She had the indifference or lapse of memory about dates that is apt to be characteristic of age. If life has been full, especially if life has been sad, what matters a day more or less? Sentiments, sensations, affections, grow more important; time, as we approach eternity, less. It dwindles away from us as the two-thousand-year-old heroine of a popular romance shrank to the size of a little ignoble animal when her hour came.

Their trouble had been sore at Mrs. Peyton's heart for many weeks; it had eaten there like a fresh hurt made by

the turning of an old barb. Her wound had never cicatrized. The nature of it made this impossible. She had sat alone a good deal at twilight, lately, crying in her rocking-chair by the light-wood fire, in the shadowy old parlor, before the President came in from the study, at precisely five minutes before six, and said, —

"Mrs. Peyton, we will now dine."

But she did not tell Mr. Peyton. Mr. Peyton had strange ways. He loved her, of course; it was the proper thing for husbands to love their wives; but though they had been married forty years, she stood in awe of him yet. When he went to Richmond, or even as far as Baltimore, on a journey, he always wrote to her. He began the letters, "*My dear Mrs. Peyton,*" and signed himself, "*Yours very truly.*"

Maria Peyton had read her love story in a dead language, poor thing. A simple, feminine, cuddling woman, who would have let a man walk over her and been happy, if only he would have stroked her like a kitten now and then, she might as well have married the *Classical Dictionary* or *Crabb's Synonyms* as the President of Saint Basil's, in Chester, Virginia.

So she did not tell her husband when she cried or why. It was one of the President's "*ways*" not to talk about their trouble. She wished he would. It might even, she thought, have been more bearable. If now and then she could have said, "*Anthony, do you remember?*" or, "*My dear, it was so many years ago, about this time;*" or, "*I did n't mean to cry, but I was thinking of*" — But she could do nothing of the kind. For twenty years the old man had not spoken of what befell them. He never tried to explain to her that this had become almost pathologically impossible. With any allusion to certain events a physical pain so deadly gripped his heart that he avoided it, practically, as one would avoid a bayonet,

though he was quite a healthy man. But he supposed women could not understand such things. Expression was their law. The reserve of manhood, the reticence of vigorous anguish, they knew not. It was the nature of their sex, he reasoned. It did not occur to him that his wife had achieved a silence sadder, because more unnatural, than his own. So, under the solemn arch of that massive grief, which should have sheltered a consolatory and compensatory oneness, these two stricken people walked apart.

They had a boarder at the Peytons', and when the President and his wife came down to breakfast, that January morning, the boarder said it was very cold. She said she did n't believe it was colder than this in New York. She was in the habit of saying this. She added that she had coughed all night, and that Abraham had not brought her half enough wood. This, too, was a familiar remark. Mrs. Peyton apologized, and said she would attend to it, but the President bowed politely, with a vague smile. He had ceased to give his attention to the conversational gifts of the Northern boarder, whom he regarded as, on the whole, the most depressing result of the late civil war. Who had ever heard of a Peyton keeping boarders? Even when you reduced the devastation to the singular number, he could not regard a boarder as other than a social and sociological phenomenon, when coughing at his own distinguished table and complaining of the mattresses in his own hospitable guest-room from December until May. The boarder's name, this year, happened to be Miss Sparker. But that was immaterial. Any name fitted the qualities which reproduced themselves from season to season, with that monotonous indifference to personification which the President thought not without interest as bearing upon the doctrine of the transmigration of the faculty or the

partial soul. It was the only interesting thing he had ever found about the Northern boarder.

Breakfast was the least comfortable of the comfortless meals at the Peytons', because the President had to hurry away to prayers. Mrs. Peyton helped him to his hominy with an anxious hand. Nothing annoyed the President like being late at college. She said it made him nervous. If she had been a rousing, spunky Northern wife, she would have said it made him unbearable. He never scolded brutally, for he was quite a gentleman; he congealed, — that was all. A Boston sleet-storm might as well have spent the day in that house. Anthony Peyton's sternness when displeasure befell him was something hardly less than terrible. His students used to know that. Scattered all over the South to-day are middle-aged men who tell each other college stories of the President, with a shrug in which a reminiscent shudder lingers sensibly still.

His wife had borne the full force of his nature in this respect meekly; it being hers to do so. Besides herself, there had been one other who had borne it, — according to nature, too.

"You will wear your overcoat, Mr. Peyton, won't you?" pleaded Mrs. Peyton timidly, as the President pushed back his chair, and, bowing coldly to the two ladies, prepared to breast the bitter morning.

"It is very cold," sighed the Northern boarder, with an air of originality. "It can't be worse in New York. My chicken is burned, Mrs. Peyton. I'll have another cup of coffee, if you please. Now, our coffee in New York" —

"And an umbrella, too?" entreated Mrs. Peyton. She followed the President out into the hall, leaving the boarder and Abraham to have it out. She stood, shivering, before her husband, a little, shrunken, white, cowed old lady, in a pale purple dress and white knit shawl. She had been a

beauty once, and called "spirited." She felt an unwonted sadness and tenderness this morning. Old as she was, she wanted to be asked what ailed her, or even to be kissed.

"You will take cold, Mrs. Peyton," her husband said politely. "Return and entertain your guest."

The college of Saint Basil's, so far as it was materialized in the college buildings, stood a round half mile from the President's house. A chapel and a couple of dormitories comprised the architectural effect; these were old and ruinous. Saint Basil's was none of your high-schools, starting up like Christmas presents every year, and dubbing themselves colleges, as the boot-black or the barber lays claim to the title of Professor. So thought the President, as he drew his learned coat collar about his aged neck, and beat with the energy of a much younger man against the rising wind. He was apt to cultivate this thought on the way to prayers, on a chilly morning. He took some comfort in it, which was fortunate, for there was nothing else about Saint Basil's that a man could take comfort in now. The sense of dignity is the easiest substitute for practical success, and the President of Saint Basil's made the most of it.

As the college came in sight, he slackened his nervous pace a little. He had always done so in the historic days of the institution, when it had four hundred boys. He had liked to enter the chapel with the grand manner, while the students stood bareheaded, in rank, to let him precede them. He liked to do so now. It kept up the sense of reality which the unoccupied scholar fed within himself voraciously in these pantomimic days lest it starve, and an old man's courage with it.

Saint Basil's was not a cheerful specimen of architecture at best. It was particularly grim in that advancing storm. The old brick dormitories seemed to

draw up their shoulders to keep warm. Here and there a shutter flapped on the closed and cobwebbed windows. The steps and doorways were deserted; the campus behind lay silent in the lightly scattering snow. From the rusty college pump the handle was gone. The brick chapel, standing between the sombre dormitories like a clergyman between two unlighted pulpit lamps, regarded the President as if it were an intelligent thing who understood him. Possibly it did, — no human creature as well. The chapel, too, was still. No smoke struggled from its chimneys, which leaned a little for lack of iron props. Upon the windows of the lecture-rooms up-stairs the blinds were drawn; many a slat was missing. Pray was the janitor late? No fires built? What negligent underling had omitted to ring the bell for morning prayers? The tongue of old Saint Basil's mute? Why did not her iron lips open to call her boys to chapel? The boys? Where *were* the boys? Upon the broken rail-fence, singing college songs? Behind the dormitories, jammed into a Sophomore rush? Waiting the old man's coming, to burst into the college yell, "*Saint Basil loved a pri-o-ress?*" Standing bareheaded, rank on rank, to greet their President, like the Southern gentlemen that they were? See their young heads bowed with that graceful ease which gave Saint Basil her celebrated "manner," their indolent white hands passing the quick gesture of deference from the bare brow. Do you see the students? Count the boys of Saint Basil's. Call the roll. Where *are* the boys?

Seek them in their ruined cotton-fields, in their shattered homes, in hard, unaccustomed manly toil at industries strange to their ancestry, and to their training, and to their State. Seek them in sunken, nameless graves on the banks of the Potomac, at Antietam, at Gettysburg. Find them beneath letters of marble and crosses of flowers on Deco-

ration Day, at Richmond. Saint Basil's boys have gone beyond the urging voice of the chapel bell. Saint Basil cannot call her roll to-day. The ancient college, patronized by an English king, honored by the English Church, once graced by a faculty representing the scholarship of Virginia, long the Alma Mater of her "family," if not always the educator of her eminent men, Saint Basil's, the pride of the proud, the fetich of the ignorant, now become the anecdote of collegiate history, had met the fate common to other interesting facts in the South. She existed "before the war." Saint Basil was, in short, a college without a boy. She had kept her ancient name, her distinguished President, her college buildings, her extended real estate, her chartered rights, and to some extent her invested endowments. What she had not kept was her students. Virginians spoke of the college as they do of the corn-fields, the mansions, the very chickens; nay, the moon in the heavens: "Oh, you ought to have seen it before the war!"

The President of Saint Basil's passed through the ranks of invisible boys, with a stately step. It might have been touching to a delicate observer to see that the old man lifted his hat as he did this. It seemed like the response of a gentlemanly ghost to the deference of spirits. Nevertheless, he shivered like a live man as he put the huge key in the lock of the chapel door. How unmannerly the cold was that day! If he had expected such weather, he would have asked the trustees to provide a janitor and a fire for the daily flummery through which the aged President was expected to pass, that the college might retain her charter and he his office. Once a day, for the space of time covered by the college terms, the President of Saint Basil's officially visited her deserted halls. There, he summoned the invisible institution to order, and conducted, for the instruction of its

unseen youth, the service for morning prayers.

This fact, perhaps the only instance of its kind in modern collegiate history, is not, as one would suppose, widely known. Chester is a remote village, not yet promoted to the scale of a Southern health resort, and the cogs of life's wheels turn slowly there. The Northern tourist is still too few, and usually too feeble or too feminine, to cultivate an interest in so classical a local legend, and reporters are a race unknown. The Chester native is so familiar with the sight of the old man toiling over at half past seven every morning to the silent college, with a key in his trembling hands, that one has long since ceased to pay attention to the circumstances; or says indifferently,

"There's the President going over to prayers."

Sometimes, an intellect more original than the average, perhaps the telegrapher or a railroad man, ventures the added and daring comment,

"They ought to have given him a janitor. They've nothing else to do with their money."

Now, in fact, the President had refused the janitor. Possibly he had some sort of pride in the matter; preferring to do something which struck him as obvious toward the desert of that salary which he drew quarterly from the board of trustees representing the existence and honor of the institution. Really, the honor of the institution was the main point in his scholastic and unmercenary mind. So it had come about that the President rang the bell of Saint Basil's every morning, with his own aged hands.

Had it ever been so cold at college before? The old man stamped off the light snow in the dusty vestibule, with a sigh. He had been an ambitious man in his day, looking forward to an old age of honored and honorable activity. He had not thought to become a fussy,

idle old man, dressing by the thermometer. He had expected to be busily eminent for his scholarship, and in correspondence with the scholars of other institutions and sister States,—entertaining them at Commencements. He had thought to be widely known, too, and feared by students for his remarkable discipline. He had never expected the boys to love him. But they had always obeyed.

He looked drearily about the deserted building as he lifted his hands to the bell-rope. Who was there to obey him now? Other thoughts appealed to his mind, which wandered from the students, as it often did,—too often did. But these, as he never shared them, he bore best when he was alone.

Ring! Rang! Clang! The college bell clashed upon the frosty air, with which it harmonized by the hardest. It was a rusty old bell, and its call was a little cross that morning. It spoke imperiously, severely, like a bell that had always had its own way, and could not understand why nobody answered it.

Ring! Ring! Such a thing! Who ever heard of such a thing? Noise! Noise! Boys! *Boys!* Call! Call them all! Tell—tell! Saint Basil's bell! Saint Basil—yes! Loved—a—prioress! Make a noise—boys! Where are the boys? Who dares? Not come to prayers? *Come to PRAYERS!*

The last authoritative cry clashed over the iron lips, and ceased. When they opened again, they opened gently, like a stern soul grown sad. Appealingly the bell began to toll:—

Roll—toll. Tell the whole. Call them all. Call the roll! Toll—toll. Fought and bled. Count the dead. Boys—boys! Stop life's noise. Come back, boys! Rest—rest. Peace is best. Here is rest. Home is best. Stay—stay! Come to-day! Come and pray! Stay and pray! Oh—stay! Oh—pray!

The voice of Saint Basil's reached so

far and said so much that morning that it was especially noticed in the neighborhood. A negro, driving in to market with sweet potatoes and ducks, spoke of it to a stranger who was strolling through the village. He said *de ole bell was kind o' peart dat mornin'*; 'peared like she'd toted some ob her boys back. The stranger said Yes; that he had been listening to it, and asked what it was rung for and who rang it. For he had understood, he said, that the college was closed years ago.

The President rang conscientiously for eight minutes, according to college law. When the time was honorably up, the trembling rope fell from the trembling hand, and swung off into the air. The last cry pealed and echoed from Saint Basil's throat, and died away:—

Pray—pray! Oh, stay, stay! Oh, pray! Come pray!

The President entered the deserted chapel with uncovered head. The chill struck him heavily that morning, as he walked up the long aisle between the wooden pews, whittled jagged with boy's initials; he knew some of them by heart, from such long acquaintance. There was one deep, naughty cut in the oaken railing before the very chancel,—*A. P.* the letters ran; he glanced at them as he ascended the steps with bowed head, and took his strange, solitary position behind the reading desk. He looked the learned man he was as he stood there in the dim and empty chapel; and this became him, for Saint Basil was the scholar among the saints, as her President used to remind the boys. Yet, that January morning, he seemed a very desolate, cold old man, and one would have thought less of his LL. D. than of his aching fingers, or perhaps his aching heart. The empty benches stretched before him, row on row, a silent, mocking audience. Their invisible occupants came thronging in. The boys of Saint Basil's were still enough now. No need to give them long marks for

inattention, President Peyton. Will you rusticate them, sir, for sticking pins in each other at recitation? Suspend them for humming "Saint Basil loved a priore" while you pray? Write letters of complaint to the silent home of the most rebellious ghost among them! Expel that reckless lad — that one yonder in the front pew — he who had the yellow curls and the saucy eyes; the beautiful fellow! The wildest of the lot always, — up to every trick Saint Basil's ancient halls had ever known; bubbling to the brim with frolic; maddened by severity, melted by tenderness, spoiled by either, spoiled by both; shining with the glory of eternal youth; handsome, defiant, daring, splendid — Expel that spirit! Mr. President, expel that spirit if you can!

"*Almighty and most merciful Father,*" began the President of Saint Basil's. His voice resounded through the empty chapel like a younger man's, strong and firm and fine. He read the prayer uncommonly well; he always had. He slighted nothing of its solemn import now. If any one of Saint Basil's boys had happened in to chapel, whether in the spirit or the flesh, he would have been proud of the old President, as he always was.

"*We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep,*" prayed the solitary man. "*We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. . . . But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord.*"

The chapel door stirred in the strengthening wind; or perhaps a broken blind gave way, or the step of one of the ghostly boys hit a hymn-book fallen from the seat just then? But the President of Saint Basil's was used to spirit-

boys; he so often fancied strange sounds in the chapel that he had trained himself to notice none of them. With his white head bowed and reverently lowered eyes, the old man solemnly read on: —

"*And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen.*"

"*Amen!*" responded a living voice from the empty pews.

The figure of the President, bowed over the Prayer-Book, stirred visibly, but did not start. He had lived too many times in imagination through some such scene as this to suffer himself to express surprise. If any of Saint Basil's boys returned, — and why should *not* Saint Basil's boys return? — they should find the institution prepared to receive them with the dignity which became her. Should her ancient halls bow and smirk, like a mushroom college without a student? If her boys had been scattered for a week's recess, or had but gone to William and Mary's for a ball-match, the President might have received the startling incident which now befell him with as grand a carelessness. Yet in truth it shook him to the soul.

When he raised his gray head, it could have been seen that he trembled, and that his countenance had become very pale. Had any person been observing him — But no one was. His cool, intellectual gray eye — a little feverish spark burning within it — traversed the length of the chapel before it rested upon the figure of a man in one of the back pews, near the door. The man was kneeling upon one of the old prayer-cushions; his head was bowed; his face was hidden in his hands; he did not speak nor stir.

President Peyton closed his Prayer-Book, and slowly descended the chancel steps. His mind was in a tumult strange to its scholastic peace. He was

prepared to get out his old examination papers, nonchalantly, as if it were a matter of course. Saint Basil's should not appear as if she did not matriculate new students any day. He saw himself already going home to tell Mrs. Peyton and the Northern boarder that he should lecture to the Freshman class at half past three. He lifted his white head. His stately figure straightened. The stoop of age rose out of his fine shoulders, and his eye turned strong and young. He walked with great official dignity down the broad aisle, and stopped before the kneeling stranger.

His thin lips had opened to address the young man, but they closed silently and cautiously.

It was not a boy who knelt in Saint Basil's at morning prayers that day. It was a middle-aged man. He seemed to be rather a poor man, or at least he was shabbily dressed. Of his face, persistently hidden in his hands, nothing could be seen. This gave the more prominence to the shape of his head, which was good, though a little weak in the frontal lobes, and to his abundant curling hair, well marked with gray.

Now, when the President had drawn his stately steps to a halt before the kneeling man, he perceived that the worshiper was sobbing.

At this unexpected sight the old man retreated immediately. With great delicacy he forbore even to remain in the chapel, but, passing quickly out, stood in the vestibule, uncertain and distressed. He waited there for some moments, but the visitor did not show himself. The President, perplexed, pushed open the faded baize doors softly and looked in. The kneeling figure in the deserted chapel remained immovable. Only its hands had stirred, and these were thrown over the railing of the pew in front, and knotted together as if they had been wrung.

"Sir," said the President, himself much agitated, "I am an officer of

Saint Basil's. Can I serve you in any way?"

At the sound of his voice the distress of the stranger made itself more manifest. An audible sob — the terrible sob of a man no longer young — shook the air.

"My dear *sir!*" cried the President, quite forgetting himself. But the weeping man lifted one of his clasped hands, and waved the speaker away with a gesture so piteous and so imperious that it was impossible to disregard it. President Peyton bowed and left the chapel, hat in hand.

He went out into the storm, and wandered about for a little while, greatly moved and uncertain what to do. The stranger did not come out, and it grew very cold. The old man felt chilled to the heart. He decided that he would go home and think the matter over, and get warm, and then return.

His wife met him when he came in, lifting her little, pinched, sad old face cautiously to see how his moral thermometer stood. It annoyed him that she looked afraid of him, and he did not tell her, as he had meant to do, what had happened at the college. He sat down by the study fire alone, and tried to dry his feet; but he was restless, and could not stay. In a few minutes he started out again, saying nothing to anybody. Miss Sparker called from the top of the stairs to ask what the thermometer was, and to say that it was ten degrees lower in New York, and Mrs. Peyton cackled anxiously about the halls; but he shut the front door with a succinctness which in a less distinguished man would have been called a slam.

When he got back to the college, he was wet through and dismally cold. The chapel was empty. The man was gone. The President locked the chapel door, with a sigh, and went home and changed his stockings and put his feet in mustard water.

He told his wife, in the course of the day, what had happened, for he could not, as the phrase goes, "get over" it. The incident rose like a mountain in the eventless life of age, and solitude, and idleness. Never since the war had Saint Basil's come so near to a student. The President was bitterly disappointed. He was piqued that his wife shared so little of his official regret. Yet, in her way, she was more agitated by the circumstance than he.

"Mercy! Who cares a wild orange for the *college!*" cried Mrs. Peyton, with unwonted spirit. "What I'm thinking of is the poor man. What possessed you, Mr. Peyton, not to bring him home to dinner? Poor fellow, in that old barn of a dirty chapel, all by himself, — *crying*, — and just look at it snow! I'm surprised at you, Mr. Peyton!"

President Peyton regarded his wife with the helplessness of a larger intellect confounded by the inadequacy of a lower. He remembered that kneeling figure, that cruel sob, that piteous, imperious wave of the hand, — a gesture which no *man* could have disobeyed. He felt that women could not understand certain phases of the superior delicacy of his own sex. But this consciousness practically did nothing toward putting him right with Mrs. Peyton; who seemed to have the moral advantage over him all day. And the worst of it was that she told the boarder.

President Peyton retired to his study and locked the door, and there he spent the afternoon.

His uncomfortable thoughts took long and painful paths; these crossed a waste country, deviously, reaching nowhither. His memories returned upon the thinker like lost travelers. To what end, — oh, to what bitter end?

The old man rose, and paced his study restlessly. The high bookcases regarded him — mute friends, who knew the value of sympathetic silence. Over

in a corner, between the English Poets and the German Metaphysics, the dictionaries stood, piled one above the other, — Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, Spanish, French, — upon an old dictionary-holder, home-made. The President's accustomed eye had not rested with speculation upon the dictionary-holder for many a day. Now, walking gloomily to and fro, he stopped before it, standing with his hands behind him, and moodily regarded the rude thing. With a certain ferocity he began to shove the lexicons about; tossed them over each other, and off upon the threadbare carpet. The dictionary-holder, revealed to the full light, seemed to shrink, as flesh would before a blow. It was a child's wooden high-chair.

Mrs. Peyton knocked at the study door while the President stood among his fallen dictionaries, and, moved by some unexpected impulse, he let her in. She had been crying. She apologized for troubling her husband.

"I — I'm so sorry, Mr. Peyton, to interrupt you, but I've been thinking" —

At this moment her eyes fell upon the scattered lexicons, and then upon the little old high-chair. Her face worked pitifully, but she did not cry any more; she seldom did before her husband.

She went up to the high-chair, and began to rub it tenderly with her handkerchief.

"It needed dusting," was all she said.

The two old people looked at each other. An embarrassed silence fell between them. Each heart beat violently to one thought, upon which the lips of both were sealed.

He had been a dear little fellow, — their only son, their only child. Everybody called him so. He was such a handsome boy! His beauty ruined him, perhaps. It is easier to punish an ugly child. His mother never could withstand him; he rode over her inert feminine being as he drove his pony over the

Southern sand. This was her nature, and motherhood does not change, but only develops nature. The boy's father was severe enough to make up for it; he reasoned that he must make up for it, thus seeking justification for *his* nature, which turned to harshness, given a certain amount of provocation, as water does to ice, given thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The child had lived the life of a thermometer, alternately plunged in the snow and held down the register. It would not be exaggerating the case to say that his boyhood was one panorama of civil war. His home was a battlefield, neither more nor less. Scene upon scene rolled by before the averted eyes of these desolate old parents, — what hot words, what threats, what tears, what fears, what rebellion, mistake, and anguish! See defiance turning to sullenness, and mischief grown disgrace! Poor boy, — oh, poor boy! . . .

If the President could have forgotten one bitter word, one icy rejoinder, any of those terrible conflicts when authority and dependence clashed, when the personal sense of power wrought parental love into a vulgar weapon; one of the hours when he had struck home or struck down; one of the moments when the child had writhed, or threatened, or fulfilled a threat! But he had never forgotten. If she could forget one of the pitiful scenes when she hung like a shield between the sword of his father's anger and the bosom of the boy's blame; the nights when she helped him upstairs, too sore a sight for any eye but his mother's to fall on and forgive; the times when she dismissed a servant, or wore a shabby dress, or suffered for suitable food, that she might save money to pay his debts; the hours when he laid his beautiful head upon her knee and cried like a very little fellow, and said he would never, never do so any more, and asked her to forgive him, and she stroked his curls, and wound them round her finger, and kissed them,

and said, "You'll be a good boy *now*, Tony, won't you?"

Forgive him? She would have poured her soul and body into a crucible, and boiled them down to one red draught for the boy to drink, if so she might have given him a pleasure that she should have denied him, or purity that she had not educated in him. *Forget*? She sometimes wished she could, or wondered if there are worlds where mothers can.

When the terrible time came, when the boy committed the unpardonable sin, whatever it was, — she *had* almost forgotten what, there seemed so many, and that one looked to her so easy to forgive, — when his father expelled him, just as if he had been anybody else's son, — more quickly, she thought; with a hotter purpose, with less mercy, with a colder rage, — she had clung to her husband, and twined her arms about his neck, wishing he loved to have them there, and unclasped them, for she felt he did not, and dragged herself down from his heart to his knees, nay, to his feet, where she lay sobbing and prostrate, a piteous maternal figure, and pleaded for the boy.

"Mrs. Peyton," the President had said, "we will not discuss the subject any further."

And so it had happened. She came home from market, one day, with Juno before her carrying the basket (there was venison in the basket, that day, and celery, and Juno was cross and disrespectful), and she was very tired, and went into the study to lie down on the sofa, for the President was at lecture; and there, pinned upon the green sofa-cushion, — she had covered it since with black cut from one of the boy's old coats, — there she had found his little note: —

DEAR MOTHER (it ran), *Father has expelled me, and I hate him. Tell him I've gone to the devil, and say your*

prayers for me when you can conveniently. I'm sorry to make you feel badly, but I won't stand it.

Your loving son,

ANTHONY PEYTON.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," repeated Mrs. Peyton, that January afternoon, when she had dusted the high-chair. "Shall I put back the lexicons?"

"Allow me," said her husband courteously; "they are heavy for a lady."

When the little chair was covered out of sight, both of the old people drew long breaths; they felt better. They had lived alone together, now, for twenty years. It sometimes did seem a pity that they could not give each other more comfort.

"I wanted to say," began the wife timidly, "I came in to tell you — that I — that I can't forget him, for the life of me!"

"Forget *whom*, Mrs. Peyton?" demanded the President, with a hot flush upon his withered cheek.

"Why, that man in the college!"

"Oh! Yes. Ah. Indeed. Yes. To tell you the truth, my dear, I — I can't myself. It was a very painful circumstance."

He took a chair beside his wife, as he said this; an action unusual with him. She drew her own a little nearer to him, involuntarily, perhaps. They looked at each other drearily. Her blue lips trembled. Suddenly her composure forsook her, and her uncontrolled voice broke into a heart-moving wail: —

"Oh, Mr. Peyton, Mr. Peyton! Don't you scold me, for I can't help it, I can't, to save my soul! If you'd only *got* the poor fellow — or just found out what he was crying for — or asked him to come over and get warm — or, or — or *something*! For the Lord knows, Mr. Peyton, it's what we'd go on our knees to beg anybody else to do for — to do by" —

"MARIA!" cried President Peyton

in a terrible voice. "For God's sake, hush!"

"I won't hush," protested the old lady, with incredible courage. "I won't be still, Anthony! You are my husband, and you were his father, and you shall listen to me! My trouble is your trouble and your sorrow is my sorrow, and your ways ought to be my ways, or my ways ought to be yours, and they're not, and it is n't right! I'm worn out with it — living so — never a word — not to speak his name, any more than if we'd never had a child — and he perhaps — Oh, I know he's dead! I know, I *know* he's dead! I have n't gone crazy — I've got it all clear in my head. I've gone over it and over it nights. I would n't have you think I think he's *living*, Mr. Peyton. But if he *hadn't* died — wandering about; in cold weather; crawling into damp churches; crying before people — but Tony never cried before anybody but me. . . . Oh, Mr. Peyton, Mr. Peyton! It is n't for you and me ever to let a stranger go by without our gates. Supposing he were cold, or even hungry, Anthony — and homesick, and sorry, and felt sick — and somebody took him in. Oh, blessings on those people, wherever in this awful world they are, who took our darling in!"

"Maria! Maria!" repeated the President helplessly. He could not get beyond this unaccustomed word; he dwelt upon it in a kind of delirium. He was extremely agitated, and looked about him pitifully, like a man whose mind was leaving him. "I will go and find him," he said appealingly. "Shall I go and find the man, Maria? Will that please you?"

"You'll take cold," sobbed the old lady, whose mind had flopped to the practical and inexorable surface of things the more heavily for its unusual imaginative flight. "You know you did n't put on your thick ones this morning."

But the President had already left

her. Before she could gather herself to withstand him he was well out into the storm and far down the solitary street; beating about Heaven knew whither, to find the Lord knew what.

Now the Northern boarder was an idle woman, and diverted by the trifles which lease the tenements of empty minds. She sat at her window a great deal of the time, many hours of the vacant day. Whatever went on in the streets of Chester — nothing ever had gone on in Chester, to be sure — Miss Sparker was foredoomed to see. Her large, calm, vague face, with its two little pats of gray curls on either side, gazed from the windows of the Presidential guest-room with patient and mysterious persistence.

Miss Sparker sat at her window that afternoon. She had sat there since half past two o'clock. An unfinished afghan lay across her knee. An uncut magazine lay across the afghan. It was now well on toward five, very cold without and growing dark. The snow had blown on, but the wind held. The streets of Chester were dim and dreary. Miss Sparker did not light her lamp, that she might the better watch the few disconsolate figures that struggled up and down the road. It was time to put fresh light-wood on the discouraged fire, but Miss Sparker had become so much occupied that she forgot the fire, and sat on rigidly, with her face pressed to the window-pane.

"There!" cried Miss Sparker suddenly. "He's coming again!" She spoke so loud that Mrs. Peyton, drying her eyes in the study, heard the Northern boarder's voice, and went into the hall to see what she wanted.

"Mrs. Peyton!" called Miss Sparker, in evident excitement. "Are you there? Come up here — quick!"

"Just look at that man!" she added eagerly, when the old lady panted up to ask if Abraham or Juno had neglected anything. "No — *that* man — there!

That man who's been hanging about this house half the afternoon."

"I don't see any man at all," protested Mrs. Peyton, beginning to tremble. "I must get my spectacles."

"Why, yes, you *do*!" insisted the boarder, with explosive Northern energy. "Who needs spectacles to see a *man*? Over there — behind the live-oak — by the northeast corner of the fence! *There!* . . . I told you so! That man has been haunting this place like a burglar for two hours. It has been very interesting. First he came up, and I thought he was going to ring the gate-bell. Then he changed his mind, and walked away. Then he came back on the other side of the street, and kind of sidled over and hung his head. Then he cleared out again. By and by he came up, and held up his head, and sort of made for the house, as if he'd do it if he died for it. And *then* the President came out. So the fellow gave him a look and put for it, and hid behind the live-oak, and scooted down Chester Street, and I thought that was the end of him. But I thought I'd look a little longer, it was so interesting; and now *there*, Mrs. Peyton, as true as you live he's going away! He's given it up, and he's going away for good. He must be very wet. He seems cold, too. . . . Mrs. Peyton! Mrs. Peyton!"

But Mrs. Peyton had gone. With one little aged quaver of a cry, she had leaped down the stairs like a very young woman, dashed wide open the door, swung the hall light full in front of it, and, pausing only to pull her white knit shawl over her gray head, run straight out into the street.

There she stood uncertain, shaking like a person in a mortal chill. Out in the growing dark she could see nothing. The figure had vanished. She made her way along the fence and round behind the live-oak, where she spread out her searching hands. No one was there.

"Mrs. Peyton. Mrs. Peyton. are you

crazy?" called the Northern boarder. Her window went up with a bang. "Come in this minute, or you'll get your death! The fellow is n't worth it—at your age!"

"Miss Sparker!" cried Mrs. Peyton, with unexampled authoritativeness, and she cried at the top of her feeble voice. "I am the mistress of my own house, and you are my guest. I command you—I command you, for God's sake, to keep *still*. . . . If there is anybody here, Miss Sparker, anybody, *anybody* who wants the shelter of my roof or the comfort of my home, he is welcome to it with all my heart and soul, and I've come out to say so. *Is* there anybody here?" she added, in a soft and brooding tone.

No answer reached her; and then, without another moment's hesitation, she stretched out both her arms as far as she could into the dusk, and quietly said:—

"Tony? Are you there?"

"Tony! Tony, *dear*!"

"Is it *you*, Tony? Don't be afraid, Tony. Your father sha'n't find fault with you . . . if you'll only come home. It's warm at home. It's very pleasant."

"If it *is* you, Tony," she said, more gently still, "I should n't think you'd keep your mother waiting in the wet, like this. You were always careful of your mother—and good to her, Tony. I'm afraid it is n't he. I thought perhaps it was. Tony? Mother's boy! Mother's sonny boy! *Tony*!"

Now, as she held herself thus, a piteous pleading figure in the dark, stretching out her empty arms, they closed suddenly, shaken and awed; for a miserable man, ragged, weather-stained, and wet, had walked straight into them and put his face upon her neck.

She led him into the house without one word. She took his hand, and he let her, as if he had been a very little boy.

She led him into the bright hall, where the lamp was set, and closed the door, and took off his shabby overcoat and rusty hat and hung them on the hat-tree, as if they had hung there every night for all these twenty years.

"I'll have Juno dry these wet things, dear," she said quietly. She took him into the study, quite naturally, and got him down before the fire; threw on more light-wood, knelt upon the hearth, and lifted his ragged, soaking feet upon the fender.

"We'll get off the shoes and stockings right away, Tony," she said. "There, dear! There! Nice to be home again, is n't it?"

They were sitting just so, when the old man came back, drenched and disconsolate. He pushed open the study door, with his hat in his hand.

"Maria," he began, "I could n't find the man. I'm sorry to disappoint you. I've been all over the village after him. But"—

Then and there his eyes fell upon the shabby, middle-aged figure shrinking in his study-chair.

His wife held those soiled bare feet against her purple dress, and washed them as she knelt, and dried them. She kissed them, too, and laid her aged face upon them, and patted them with her thin hands.

"Your father is here, Tony," she said. "He is very glad to see you. He is standing right behind your chair. He wants to tell you how glad he is. Let him kiss you, Tony. It will comfort him."

The two men obeyed her like two disembodied spirits who did not know what else to do but to obey the supreme moral power of the situation.

No one spoke till afterward, and then the mother said, quite easily, that she would go and see to Tony's supper.

She ordered them after this like children, and neither man gainsaid her.

"Anthony," she said authoritatively,

as soon as she could get the President into the hall alone, "do as I bid you, for once in all our lives. Don't you ever — don't you *ever* ask him a single question! It does n't make any difference what he's done. It is n't any matter where he's been. If he wants to tell, let him. If he does n't, we'll never bother him — we'll never ask him — never!"

And they never did. They took him home and cherished him, and said no word, and let him keep his silence, as he chose. It was his own.

He slept that night in his own room and in his old bed. In the night he was heard pacing up and down, and his mother went to him, and remained with him for a time and quieted him.

He came to breakfast with them, next morning, by his own desire; a timid, shaken man, abashed and strange. That was the Northern boarder's hour. Then, indeed, she was the comfort of the family; for she talked about the weather in New York till the subject glowed with vivacity, and took upon itself a supreme value never known in conversational history before. This made Miss Sparker very happy.

When breakfast was over and the President went to prayers, he was surprised, and perhaps embarrassed, to see that a silent figure followed him. It looked shabby, and bowed, and sad.

"I thought I might help you ring the bell, father," was all he said. It was the first time he had directly addressed his father. The old man answered, "Thank you, my son," and they went to college side by side. The storm was over, and the day had melted, fair and warm. The sun would have blinded them if the snow had not sunk away.

The younger man pulled at the bell-rope sturdily, and Saint Basil's voice rang far and wide: —

Stay — pray! Home — to-day. To God — we pray. Home — to stay!

Then they went into the chapel together, and Anthony Peyton took his old seat, and knelt upon the dusty prayer-cushion, and bowed his head upon his hands, while the President of Saint Basil's read: —

"And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To thy glory of thy holy Name. Amen."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

REFLECTIONS AFTER A WANDERING LIFE IN AUSTRALASIA.

I.

Two feelings make it hard for an American visitor in the Australasian colonies to bring to what he sees an open and sympathetic mind. Both feelings are natural, and neither is quite justifiable. The one is the feeling that this new world is too remote from his own to excite in him any very warm interest. The other feeling is that, if he knows his own great West, he can have nothing essentially new to learn

in these regions of the Southern Cross. The two feelings contradict each other; but they unite to obscure the minds of many of us when we hear or speak of Australia and New Zealand, and they accompany us when we journey thither. "Those must be vast, dull regions, full, no doubt, of scenery, of stock-raisers, and of squatters, — regions like our Western States, only still more tedious in the crudity of their life:" so one or two friends of mine, people themselves not precisely appreciative of our own great

West, have said to me, in speaking of the colonies.

Now Australia has indeed some strong analogies to our great West, but these analogies are not nearly so important as the differences that set them off. On the other hand, the feeling that so many thousand miles of ocean part us from Australia as to make it impossible to remember often or warmly such distant brethren is not, after all, an easy feeling to remove. Distance is in one sense almost annihilated nowadays; but we annihilate it for the mind much more easily than for the heart, which is a stubborn barbarian in most of us, loving what is near and clear to it, but seldom glowing for disguised and remote objects. As a foreign tongue refuses to come to the lips when we are in earnest, so a very distant land refuses to appear to us like a perfectly fit habitation for the truest-hearted men or the best of women. All nations accuse foreigners of being unsympathetic and cold-hearted. Elsewhere in the world, they all say, one may find cleverness, courage, wit, skill, refinement of manners, but for genuine *warm-heartedness* you must look amongst us here at home! As men thus attribute to foreigners the cold-heartedness with which they themselves regard everything strange, so we all of us find that new stars seem to shine more coldly upon us from their unaccustomed sky, and we doubt whether very lovable people can ever really love such stars at all. The southern heavens above Australia vex one, moreover, not only with their new constellations, but with their distortions of the familiar ones. Orion half upset when well up towards his meridian, is a sight not to be tolerated. The Southern Cross itself is no consolation, for it is, as all tourists declare, disappointing. Sirius is there brighter far than one often sees him in New England, though never finer than on a calm January night in California; but he has a sort of half-rival in Canopus, whose

claims to princely rank appear in those southern latitudes much greater than we should have supposed. Yet I experienced a certain doubt as to whether Canopus would have any right to such a dignity in a well-regulated sky. As for the two Centauri and the Magellan Clouds, were they sufficient consolation to eyes that sought in vain for the Great Bear?

Of course, if one thus cherishes Philistine prejudices regarding the stars of the south, he will be apt also to feel absurd prejudices concerning the men. Early Yankee tourists to Europe, in the days when traveling was not so commonplace as it is now, used to speak of the shock it gave them when they first heard the very children in the streets actually talking French. And so now the abstract knowledge that these Australasians are indeed our brethren by blood and by our common traditions does not prevent one from finding it a trifle thrilling not merely to know, but actually to see, that a happy home in Australia is the same warm English fireside institution that it is with us. One's prejudice leads him to expect it to be something singular, altered, remote, in short antipodean. It is nothing of the kind, but on the contrary is most disappointingly human and delightful.

Enough, however, of preliminaries. This paper will record a few impressions derived from a recent tour in Australasia, with special reference to certain studies that the author has sought to make regarding general social and political conditions in the colonies.

1.

Australia is the second New World, and doubtless has a destiny before it as distinct in many respects from ours as ours is from that of Europe. But for the moment, of course, the analogies already referred to as existing between our own conditions and those of colonial life attract our attention. Let us look.

then, at our own Orion, half inverted in this Australian sky.

And first of all comes a certain analogy between the industrial and agricultural problems of Australia and some of these in our own country. Our new West has come to depend more and more for its progress upon an understanding of what used to be called "desert" conditions. In Southern California and in the Rocky Mountain regions, our settlers have learned that a desert is by no means always an enemy. Cultivation and pasturage have proved possible and remunerative in places where early explorers and settlers saw only hopeless barrenness. Reclaiming such wildernesses has been one of our problems; developing vast mineral resources by novel methods that in more cases than one have had to be learned through decades of work and expenditure, — this has been another characteristic problem amongst us. Australia, as everybody knows, has depended for the progress and the triumphs of the last forty years upon the solution of very similar problems. In case of the war with the great interior desert, however, the Australian settler has fought in his way a far more serious fight than we have known in our desert. When he advanced into the barren central plateau, he had no Mississippi Valley to use as his great base line. His desert was more forbidding, on the whole, than even ours. It kept its secrets better, concealed its genuine wealth under more numerous disguises, drove him oftener to utter ruin. The very names of numerous mountains at its edge suggest, as several writers have long since noted, the bitterness of the early conflict: Mount Desolation, Mount Disappointment, Mount Despair. Regions that have since proved very wealthy were the graves of the first explorers. The consequence of this struggle has been the development of a type of frontiersmen quite different from our own, — a type already of world-wide reputation

in popular novels, and deserving at any rate our hearty respect. We shall have a word to say of this type later. But for the moment let us glance at the material side of this conquest of the desert. I found my curiosity greatly aroused about the matter as I traveled in the colonies, for so much has evidently depended upon this part of Australian history. Fortunately, an official account of the greater explorations has lately appeared, issued under the auspices of the governments of the Australian colonies, and written by one who is himself an ardent and successful explorer, — Mr. Ernest Favenc; so that the general reader finds in comparatively small compass a summary of a century of hard work. For the early Australian began with his desert almost as soon as he landed; and even yet not absolutely all the interior has been seen by expert eyes. In Australia, as with us, the story of exploration goes hand in hand with the story of conquest and of general progress on the various frontiers.

The theatre of all this toil, the continent of Australia, may be described in general as a great plateau, beveled off around the edges. Encircling the plateau are coast ranges of mountains; the plateau itself is destitute of any great elevations. From the summits of the coast ranges to the ocean, down the beveled edges of the continent, is a decidedly variable distance, and in some places comparatively wide stretches of accessible and level coast lands separate the mountains from the sea. The drainage of the coast ranges towards the ocean gives a system of short rivers; while in the interior there are two great systems of drainage, one leading through the Murray River to the sea, the other consisting of salt lakes and "sinks." Both these latter systems of drainage — the labyrinthine windings of the tributaries of the Murray and the hopeless wanderings of the lost streamlets of the salt-lake region — gave the early explorers

their principal geographical problems. "The unique formation of the country," says Favenc, "set at naught all the approved deductions and theories of the scientific world." At the outset, as appears from Favenc's account, the very least that an explorer hoped to find was a Mississippi. So vast an interior must needs have an appropriate drainage, men said; and explorers of the coast were long on the lookout for a great estuary, fit for some new Amazon. In 1818 one of the most noted pioneers of exploration, Wentworth, commenting upon Oxley's newly made discovery of the Macquarie (a little tributary of the Darling, belonging to the Murray system), expressed his belief, founded upon its size and its direction, that it must flow across the continent to the northwest coast, the only coast of Australia which had not yet been fully explored for river mouths. "If this river," Favenc says, "be already of . . . sufficient depth to float a seventy-four gun ship" at a distance of two thousand miles from the northwest coast, "it is not difficult to imagine what must be its magnitude at its confluence with the ocean." Here, then, he hopes, Australia has a river equal to any in the world. But when this inland-river theory had at length to be given up, for the simple reason that no large river mouth could be found on the coast, explorers were still not without hopes of magnificent wonders to come. There was a vast inland sea in the centre of Australia. If you could not get an Amazon, of course you might look for a Caspian; or if this too failed to exist, then at least there was a vast central range of snow mountains. For Australia, being a continent, must needs have true continental dignity. Either a Caspian, or an Amazon, or an Himalayan range was necessarily needed for such a purpose.

But alas! the cruel gods who made this wilderness loved not to be worshipped, and left for the coming men no

such natural shrines as have adorned other lands. In fact, the most superficial view of Australia confirms the notion that you get from Favenc's book, and from all who know Australia well: its scenery, its whole natural aspect where it is noteworthy at all, is weird, startling, dream-like — a rebellion against the conventional forms of beauty in nature — impressive, admirable, but not what even the most experienced traveler would have expected. A certain monotony of effect soon strikes the eye, to be sure, after the first surprise wears off; but if Australia, according to all accounts, shows a great deal of any one of her marvels to the spectator, these marvels are at any rate original. One of the cleverest of the Australian popular writers, the author of the famous novel of convict days called *For the Term of his Natural Life*, once summarized the natural characteristics of the land in a too sentimental but not precisely ineffective way, thus: —

"What is the dominant note of Australian scenery? That which is the dominant note of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry, — weird melancholy. A poem like *L'Allegro* could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle, in their black gorges, a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying Year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great gray kangaroos lope noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out, shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of

semi-human laughter. The natives aver that, when night comes, from out the bottomless depth of some lagoon the Bunyip rises, and, in form like a monstrous sea-calf, drags his loathsome length from out the ooze. From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire dance natives painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy.”¹

Clarke then goes on to cite the afore-said names of the mountains.

But this forbidding land held its treasures, nor were its secrets all gloomy. Favenc's account is a very instructive lesson in the virtues of courage and patience. These Wentworths and Oxleys and Sturts failed to find what they went to seek, but still they found an empire, and that too even where they personally felt the most disappointment with their discovery. One of the most unfortunate names on the list of the early explorers is that of Captain Charles Sturt, just referred to. “Cracked and gaping plains, desolate, desert, and abandoned of life, scorched beneath a lurid sun of burning fire, waterless, hopeless, relentless, and accursed : that,” says Favenc,² “is the picture he draws of the great interior.” Yet what Sturt saw (in 1828) was a region now in New South Wales and Victoria, just west of the line of the Great Blue Mountain Range, and at the present time known as a very productive country. Sturt had the ill-luck to come in a time of drought, and since he did not know the value of many of the new grasses that he met with and had no experience of how a desert can be reclaimed, what he saw was this : “In the creeks, weeds had grown and withered, and grown again ; the young saplings were now rising in their beds, nourished by the moisture that still remained ; but the large forest trees were drooping, and many were dead. The emus, with outstretched necks, gasping

for breath, searched the channels of the rivers for water in vain ; and the native dog, so thin that he could hardly walk, seemed to implore some merciful hand to dispatch him.” This is a fair type of what others besides Sturt saw everywhere inland.

But now, out of this weird land of desolation, has come the modern Australia, which, still in its infancy, feels itself already a wealthy young country. And it is not the mere strip of land by the coast that has the wealth ; Sturt's desert, also, where the emus gasped for breath and the forest trees died, has its share of the treasures. To be sure, by far the larger part of the vast interior is still unreclaimed. But the Australian is now an expert in his own land, and knows how to reclaim. His arts, according to the authorities, are chiefly these : he has learned that the native grasses, which at first seemed to him part of the desolation of the desert itself, are many of them of the first value for grazing ; he has taught himself how to utilize, for both agriculture and horticulture, land that appeared too barren to be thought of in the beginning ; he has discovered that drought is *not* an unmix'd evil under all circumstances ; and finally, he is coming to know that his desert is full of buried water, — springs, cave-streams, and wells all gradually teaching him that he has a vast treasury under his feet, wherein the irregular contributions of the sudden and transient rains are stored up for a long period by the comparatively regular rock formations of a great portion of his desert.

In view of all this, the material future of Australia becomes fairly well assured, even quite apart from any thought of its mineral wealth. If one considers the agricultural resources of the land, its vast stores of iron, of coal, and of precious metals, it is plain enough that

¹ Preface to the Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, page iv.

² History of Australian Exploration, page 81.

those who toiled so long in the bush to win a first sight of what seemed to them so wretched a land did not live in vain. This whole material struggle is one more triumph of human endurance over the wiles and the mysteries of nature. Contrasting the process with our own story of conquest over a new land, one sees, as a special point of difference, that where we met great obstacles we were always (after those first heroic colonial days had once passed) in possession of far greater resources. When we crossed the Alleghenies, we were already a nation. When the Australians crossed the Blue Mountains to go towards their west, they were still Crown colonists, and their colony was a penal settlement. Long afterwards, when the discovery of gold led to the modern era of rapid progress in Australia, the resources at hand for this progress were still not nearly as well proportioned to the task as were ours after the year 1840. On the other hand, the growth of Australia has of course never been marked by anything equal to the finer crises and incidents of our own career. Our colonies were at least in part originally founded for ideal purposes; and if we have grown grosser in much of our life as time has gone on, we have always our heroic ages to look back upon, — our Revolution, our Pilgrim Fathers, our struggle with slavery. Australia has had no heroes save the explorers and the bushmen, — fine men and noble, to be sure; but her early history is purely a collection of incidents, some of which, like those of the convict life, are simply lamentable and degrading, while the rest, if they are frequently admirable, are never imposing.

As a result of the war with the desert, and as an outcome of the wealth of successful stock-raisers, farmers, and miners, we have at length the growing Australian civilization of to-day. It is this at which we are to look a little more particularly.

II.

Some travelers gather a great deal from personal interviews and from looking out of car-windows. I had a few opportunities of both sorts in Australia, which I prized very highly. But for the transient visitor the personal observation needs most decidedly to be supplemented by a study of the current literature of the land that he is visiting. Newspapers cannot tell a visitor everything, but they can at least be as useful to him as are shop windows. As affording a notion of the conditions of Australian life, the newspapers of that region are exceptionally valuable; for, especially in their weekly editions, they are simply encyclopædic. The stranger at once, in his ignorance, takes an Australian weekly to be intended for use far out in the country, at lonely "stations," by men who find time, once in a while, to adjust all their relations to the universe at one long sitting. The reader of such a weekly acts as a sort of father confessor, while the editor spreads out before him a general confession of all the sins of mankind, from Melbourne horse-races to European complications, in well-classified order and in very good language. All the Australasian colonies are represented in the weekly general summaries; two or three serial novels run their even courses in the few columns allotted to each; the endless list of colonial sports, races, cricket-matches, foot-ball games, is duly set forth; letters from New York, London, Paris, together with pages of telegraphic foreign material, prevent the colonial reader from being too much absorbed in home affairs; while these home affairs are treated in lengthy political summaries, in long editorials, in shorter editorial notes, in correspondence. Meanwhile, practical interests are not forgotten. The farm, the vineyard, cattle-raising, and mining, are discussed at length by experts. Games, puzzles, essays, book

reviews, gossip, close the solid feast of some thirty large closely printed five-column pages of actual text (exclusive of the advertisements). Most of our terrible Sunday papers are far outdone as to quantity of matter, and, on the whole, as to quality of matter as well. None of our weeklies can rival these in encyclopædic character, in well-edited, many-sided variety of appeal, joined, as is here the case, with excellence of workmanship. The only objection that our own badly spoiled newspaper reader would make would be that all this was too dry for him, and too vast. For my own part, since my return from Australia, I have been taking one of these fine weeklies regularly, and reading, not all of it, but as much as I desired, and with no little profit. I know no better means to become acquainted with the drift and the forces of Australasian life.

I had several good opportunities, moreover, to converse with men of affairs, both in Australia and in its close neighbor, New Zealand. Especially did I prize a ramble of several days amongst the dark gorges of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, in company with a prominent public man, who, as he said, requiring rest, for the time forsook politics, and devoted himself to hospitality. He discoursed to me of politics, and, in my ignorance, I could offer him only metaphysics in return, which he received very kindly. We talked particularly of colonial federation, of the good and evil of the colonial systems of responsible government, and of the future of Australasia. From my friend I learned where to look later, in New Zealand, for other sources of information concerning colonial life; and I owe him more, in the way of suggestion, than he himself is aware. On my return voyage, as well as in New Zealand, I saw much of still another prominent Australasian public man, then on his way to London. His views were in

many respects strongly contrasted with those of my companion of the Blue Mountains, and they gave me, for that very reason, so much the more instruction. After all, what I have to offer here are but stray impressions and reflections.

What most strikes the observer in either Australia or New Zealand is the remarkable political maturity of the colonies; and this political maturity is not merely the result of the English heritage that is common to all of us. For in addition to this common heritage, one finds in Australasia a rapid growth of state organization, — a growth taking forms that are partly novel. No English community elsewhere has sought to govern itself in just the way here exemplified. Here are pure democracies, with what an American must unhesitatingly call strongly socialistic tendencies. Whether these tendencies are destined to bear fruit I do not know, but certain it is that a land where state ownership of railways is already not a theory nor yet an exception, but an old established institution, whose existence has become for the inhabitants an axiom, is a land in which English democracy must experience, sooner or later, remarkable developments. It is not, indeed, that state railways are themselves very odd institutions in the world at large, but that, if our experience in this country counts for anything, democracies of English origin have not elsewhere than in Australasia tended to produce the habits of mind of which such state ownership is the natural expression. In this land we are still much in the habit of regarding the state as a means, and not as an end. Our protective tariff is something very different in character from a true experiment in state socialism. Our interstate commerce legislation is still far from government ownership of railways. In many of our States constitutional provisions hamper the legislature whenever it tries to make laws

of a meddlesome kind. In fact, the changes introduced into the newer state constitutions of our country have consisted, in a number of instances, of provisions intended to restrict legislation. The other tendency, that towards state socialism, has from time to time appeared amongst us, and is probably just now on the increase; but it is to be noticed that our state socialists are generally philanthropists rather than men of business, and desire more to take care of the subject's soul and stomach than to carry his goods to market. But in the colonies the drift is the other way. The state is first in every man's thought, and its purposes are commercial rather than philanthropic. If we find our presidential year a serious financial inconvenience by reason of the uncertainties connected with every canvass, how much more, should one think, must not the colonial capitalist feel the presence and the risks of politics in his life, when, for him, a general election is always possible, is very often expected, and may at any time lead to important changes in the business policy of the government, and so of the whole community! But the colonist, used to the vigorous political activity amidst which he has so long lived, makes few or no complaints of these risks. He seems to enjoy the game. When I asked people, during my travels, how they could endure to hear so much of their government, they were generally surprised to learn how little many Americans have occasion to remember, from moment to moment, what their legislatures are actually doing. Government by responsible ministries is always picturesque, even if it is not dangerously drastic; and the colonist thinks so much about the latest great political speech and the most recent ministerial crisis that he hardly knows how a freeman could live and be so completely without dread, as we here in America often are, concerning what may happen next in the political world.

A presidential canvass, like our recent struggle, is for us a refreshing draught of genuine national politics, after a number of years of comparative dullness. But the colonist is used to excitements that for him are almost as great, and that perhaps once a session. This doubtless is one reason why he expects so much from the state. If the gods will always be appearing to mix in the affairs of daily life, then, to be sure, even the herdsman must try to get the gods to do his work for him. With us the gods often inhabit for years a heaven all their own, and we are thankful enough if they mind their own business, and do no more serious mischief than somehow to spend the revenues.

Seriously, however, the elaborate social organization of the colonies is, in view of their tender age, their complete independence of external political interference, and their purely democratic constitutions, a most remarkable fact. Can it be that the problem of state socialism is, after all, to be worked out in these young communities? The impartial observer, remembering what political Frankensteins artificial social organisms are apt to prove, feels some real dread for the future of the Australasian countries when he asks himself this question. Highly organized life is as much the goal of all our efforts in this world as it is an unattainable ideal wherever nature does not accomplish for us the most of the work of organization. State socialism usually seems to be an effort to make live things out of dead theories.

But however this may be, the future of state organization in Australasia will be greatly dependent upon the special causes that are there at work affecting the process; and some, at least, of these causes are patent to any observer.

The first of them lies in the history of the colonies, since the organization of Crown colonies long preceded the coming of the mass of their population.

The colony of New South Wales had its beginning in a convict settlement in Sidney Harbor, in 1787. Transportation was not abolished until 1840, and the settlements in New South Wales were necessarily under arbitrary government in the interim. Bourke, governor of New South Wales from 1831 to 1837, laid indeed the foundations of the later free constitution; but that he found so much to do in the cause of liberty, that, for instance, he even had to establish religious liberty in the land, and to discontinue the monopoly of government aid enjoyed by the Established Church, — this shows how far the colonial life was from the first a government affair. Responsible government was established in New South Wales in 1855, a little more than four years after the discovery of gold in Australia. But the habit of looking to government for aid was well established. At the time of the gold discovery, certain squatters, whose regular pastoral occupations were interfered with by the departure of their laborers for the mines, petitioned the government to stop all mining, to even use military force for the purpose. The request was an extreme one, but we have to observe that it was characteristic. In the summer of 1848, in California, the military governor, Colonel Mason, did indeed doubt whether he ought not to stop the mining in the Sierra, because, as he thought, this misuse of the public lands of the United States was of doubtful legality. But these Australian squatters were interested not so much in the public lands as in the protection of their own industry against the new one. Their appeal went unheeded.¹ But not all similar appeals have been unheeded in Australia, in the days since that time. The subject very generally demands much of his government and gets it.

The early history of Victoria begins

¹ See *The Wealth and Progress of New South Wales* (Sydney, 1887), page 29.

with the founding of Melbourne in 1835; and although Victoria was never a convict colony, the influence of the twenty years of irresponsible government that preceded the constitution of 1855 left their trace here also. The Victorian colony first existed as "the Port Phillip District," until 1851, when the connection with New South Wales was ended, and the name "Victoria" was given to the region. In both of the sister colonies, after 1855, the political development was evidently greatly influenced by the need of adapting established governmental traditions to the wants of a rapidly growing population. One perceives, in fact, that the order of events so characteristic of California's early history was precisely reversed in the development of these two gold-mining communities. In California, in 1849, nearly one hundred thousand new-comers found themselves, by accident, as it were, in a territory to which the United States Congress, for reasons of national politics, had found it so far impossible to grant any form of government. The new-comers formed, so to speak, overnight, a full-grown free state constitution, and gave Congress the choice between admitting the new State or dealing with a rebellious Pacific republic. Congress promptly gave way, and the California constitution, less a main feature than a necessary incident of the life of the new community, came into force without impressing people with any new sense of the dignity of state governments. The State was a convenience to the early Californian, but he hoped and expected that it would keep out of his way, and plague him little with advice or constraint. In Australia, all was different. An existing government, which was nothing if not, in its provincial fashion, a "strong" government, found itself at first much embarrassed by the new-coming miners, undertook from the outset to regulate the use of the mines, was obliged to keep

pace in its growth with the needs of the country, and has so remained, ever since, the central object of social interest in the colonial mind. The early life of California was full of popular movements, intended to make up temporarily for the shortcomings of a deliberately incompetent political organization; but Australia knew of no vigilance committees. In California, there were several times great riots in mining districts; but they were wars among rival miners. In Australia, the Ballarat riots of 1854 were the outcome of a conflict between the miners and the government concerning the miners' tax. The government was victorious after a pitched battle,¹ and then the tax was later abolished; the moral victory of organized society, however, being complete. To sum up: In that American community which is most analogous to the Australian gold-colonies of the fifties, political order, during those early days, was always regarded as a very subordinate means to an end. In Australia, political order was in the field almost before its subjects existed; it felt deeply its own dignity; it grew to be regarded rather as an end in itself. So it has come about that the colonist thinks natural and inevitable the rule that his state shall construct his railways, protect his fortunes, and secure his general welfare by all manner of devices.

But the second cause of this continued government activity and officiousness in Australia is obviously the natural tendency of responsible ministerial institutions in small communities. If a responsible ministry, always ready to be slain by a single adverse vote, makes life under a "strong" system of governmental interference somewhat exciting for the private citizen, the exciting nature of the life tends rather to increase than to diminish the love of interference. A ministry in danger makes bids

¹ Australian Handbook (Melbourne, 1888), page 245.

for popularity. The existing ministry in Victoria is an example in my mind. It has been a strong ministry; it was formed by a coalition; its leaders are amongst the ablest and most high-minded politicians in all the colonies. Yet very lately, as the current news has shown, this ministry, owing to the dissatisfaction of some of its supporters from the farming districts, found itself without a majority upon its Budget proposals. The session was the last one of a moribund Parliament, and a bill for the redistribution of seats was before the assembly. The ministry, upon the plea that this redistribution measure was in all justice much needed before an appeal could properly be made to the country, obtained a postponement of its Budget proposals for the time, and so provisionally retained office pending the passage of redistribution and the dissolution of the House. Under these circumstances the temporarily discredited ministry must try to regain the confidence of the country, and did so by promises which outdid in variety the most extravagant projects of our legislators. The Melbourne Leader of October 6, 1888, referring to a series of speeches recently delivered by members of the ministry, in connection with the ceremonies held in honor of the completion and opening of some new lines of railway, observes: "In the speeches of ministers there was nothing of special moment, beyond the tone of sanguine expectation with which they looked forward to an appeal to the country under circumstances in which they would be able to come as the bearers of rich gifts, bonuses to new rural industries, reductions of freight on agricultural produce, large additions to municipal endowments, and last, but not least, a new railway bill."

In the debate upon those very Budget proposals upon which the government finally found itself in a minority, Mr. Alfred Deakin, the Chief Secretary of the colony, in a very able speech,

appealed to the country members to remember that, if there were some things in the government proposals that they could not approve, the government had still done all it could for them. His enumeration of what the government had offered or intended to offer to the country districts as their due, and as a return for their votes, is highly characteristic of what the colonist nowadays expects of his government.

"I will not," he says, "do more than refer to the encouragement which has been given to the mining industry, the reductions of the railway freights, . . . which are solely for the benefit of the country districts. . . . While considering the country districts, the government have not ignored the towns. . . . There are new duties and increased duties for a number of our great town industries, which it is unnecessary to recapitulate. Taking them only as they affect the farmer, we find that a series of remissions of duties are proposed, . . . remissions on tea, coffee, kerosene, . . . all of which are largely used in the country districts. In fact, in all the remissions proposed in its Budget, the government has had an eye to the country districts. Take again the proposal for transferring the inmates of the present immense asylums of the metropolis to the country districts. . . . What are honorable members to say of the proposal to increase the municipal endowment? . . . It will help the farmers, by making it more possible for their local governing bodies . . . to provide them with roads, bridges, and other improvements. . . . Then there are changes proposed in the existing law to further benefit the arid areas." Thus the appeal continues for some time. Bonuses for farmers' products, a proposition to establish a refrigerating depot, a new freight system for the purpose of bringing about new commercial relations for Victorian agriculturists abroad, all these things are set forth at length for the

benefit of the farmers' representatives, who are all the time complaining that the government is doing nothing for them, and who want relief from all their recent misfortunes to be given by the levying of a new tariff on oats, barley, and stock, to protect them from the competition of the farmers of New South Wales.

It must not be supposed that this fashion of making proposals is in any sort exceptional. Such issues as these seem to be the regular ones of colonial life. "Make me prosper, or I will turn you out," says the subject to the government. The ministry, attacked, can only say to the subject, "When saw we thee an hungered, and gave thee no bonuses, irrigation proposals, refrigerating depots, roads, and free kerosene, even if we refuse thee still prohibitory import duties on thy own productions?" When one sees that such are the proposals, not of demagogues by any means, but of the sincerest and ablest statesmen in Australia, one sees how far this system of responsible government can lead people.

In company with my friend, in the gorges of the Blue Mountains, I talked more than once about the comparative merits of the colonial ministerial system and our own. I could not envy him, I said, the evils of his own too officious methods of cabinet government. Even in New South Wales, I observed, in the free-trade colony, there is still government interference enough and to spare, quite apart from any talk of tariff. But, said I, all this is in one great aspect of it refreshing, when contrasted with our apathetic methods of work in America, with our indifference, with the lack of sympathy between our legislators and our people. My friend, by no means himself averse to the system of state interference, was still full of fervor in his condemnation of certain aspects of the Australian system. It sacrificed ministers, he said, to a system of bidding for popularity, and of frittering away

their time in wrangling and in petty legislation. At the end of all our talks, my friend, in a farewell note, briefly compared the two methods, those of our democracy and those of his own, and, summing up, said, in what I think excellent words, "He will be the genius

of political reform who shall give us responsibility with greater stability of the executive than we possess." I fancy that with changes of this sort, a change for the better would come over the methods not only of Australian legislation but also of our own.

Josiah Royce.

THE LAWYER IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

THE problem of a national existence confronted the thirteen colonies in 1776. The main aspects of that problem were then becoming clear. Independence must be declared and achieved; and a national government must be devised, organized, and established. But were there statesmen equal to such a task? There was not a nobility or any other class with an acknowledged right and capacity to take the lead. Fortunately, as often before in human history, the course of events that had developed the emergency had also trained men to meet its demands. Leaders came forward, not from a titled nobility, but from a sovereign people. In magnanimity and in intellect these leaders had no superiors in their time; and most of them were lawyers.

In New England politics, as the influence of the minister had declined that of the lawyer had increased. In all the colonies the necessities of local government, including the administration of justice, had drawn into prominence men trained in the law and devoted to its practice. When the colonies drifted into resistance to England, the lawyers were the only class to whom they could turn for the readiness, discipline, and knowledge required to organize that resistance and to cope with the enemy in debate.

To this class belonged most of the men immediately associated with the

Declaration of Independence. Of the fifty-six signers of that instrument, only one was a minister of the gospel, and he came not from New England, but from New Jersey, — John Witherspoon, the distinguished president of Princeton College. On the other hand, there were twenty-five lawyers, nearly one half of the whole number. Of the other occupations there was but a small representation. Five of the signers had been educated as physicians, nine had been connected with landed estates, and twelve had followed mercantile pursuits.

While thus greatly superior in numbers, the lawyers also did most of the work. The person in the Continental Congress first to move that the thirteen colonies be declared independent was Richard Henry Lee, a man widely read in constitutional and municipal law, although not experienced in the courts. Upon the adoption of the motion, the committee charged with drafting the Declaration were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. Jefferson, though the youngest member of the committee, was its chairman; and he also did the work of drawing the instrument. When it had been approved by the committee and was reported to Congress, the task of supporting it in debate was performed mainly by John Adams. These men were lawyers, all but Franklin.

The predominance of the legal profession in the work of constructive politics is illustrated more forcibly in the Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States. The plans of government presented for consideration were a scheme for amending the Articles of Confederation by Edmund Randolph, and three drafts of a federal government by Charles Pinckney, William Paterson, and Alexander Hamilton, respectively. The committee of detail, to whom the resolutions of the convention were referred for the purpose of reporting a constitution, were James Wilson, John Rutledge, Edmund Randolph, Oliver Ellsworth, and Nathaniel Gorham; and when the instrument had been reported and thoroughly considered, the committee to whom it was finally referred, in order to revise the style and arrange the articles, were William Samuel Johnson, Alexander Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, James Madison, and Rufus King. The only person not a lawyer engaged in these important services was Nathaniel Gorham. In fact, the Constitutional Convention was practically an assembly of lawyers. They numbered thirty-four out of the fifty-five members; and apart from Washington, the presiding officer, the only one not a lawyer among the eight or nine men that took the most prominent parts was Benjamin Franklin.

The legal profession was worthy of this momentous trust. It had become the class that ranked highest in lineage, dignity, and culture. Among the best families in the colonies were those of Adams, Paine, and Ellery in New England, Livingston and Morris in New York, and Carroll, Lee, Randolph, and Rutledge in the South. As for education, so rapid had been the improvement in the profession that the leaders at the bar were at this time little, if at all, inferior to the ministers in breadth of culture. Indeed, few political bodies have assembled in America through

which the best education of the time has been more evenly distributed than among the signers of the Declaration and the members of the Constitutional Convention. Of the twenty-five lawyers that signed the Declaration, no less than twenty had received a classical or academic education. Eight had attended American colleges, two had been at foreign universities, and ten had been educated under private instruction or in secondary schools of a high grade. So, of the thirty-four lawyers in the Convention of 1787, at least twenty-eight had received a classical training. Twenty were graduates of American colleges, and two had attended foreign universities.

Not only by liberal culture, but also by professional training, were these men eminently fitted for their work. While the delegates from the North may have had greater experience at the bar, those from the South had obtained better advantages for legal study. Several, mostly from the South, by a residence abroad at the Inns of Court, had enjoyed opportunities not only for the systematic study of law, but also for a thoughtful observation of foreign politics. Such was the case with John Dickinson and Jared Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, Charles Carroll of Maryland, John Blair of Virginia, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Edward and John Rutledge of South Carolina.

The nature of their work required the legal mind. Problems such as these, involving abstract principles as well as legal and political precedents, could be grasped and solved only by men trained in the English common law and endowed with an aptitude for the kindred study of politics. In the men of the class and period under consideration, legal attainments and experience in local government and in the exigencies of national affairs had combined to reveal the political situation and to satisfy its demands. In some, also, notably Alexander Ham-

ilton, John Adams, James Madison, and James Wilson, preparation for professional work had been followed by extended research and profound study in the science of government.

Indeed, the composition of the Constitutional Convention might well be regarded as a result of the operation of the law of natural selection in influencing political development. "That so small a body," says George Ticknor Curtis, "should have contained so large a number of statesmen of preëminent ability is a striking proof of the nature of the crisis which called it into existence. The age that witnessed the Revolution and the wants and failures that succeeded it prepared them to know and supply the need." The Convention, says Mr. Bryce in *The American Commonwealth*, "included nearly all the best intellect and the ripest political experience that the United States then contained. . . . These men, great by their talents and the memory of their services, could not have been brought together for any smaller occasion, nor would any lower authority than theirs have sufficed to procure the acceptance of a plan which had so much prejudice arrayed against it."

At first it seemed doubtful whether the States would ratify the Constitution; and what the lawyers had wrought in secret through "bargain and compromise," they now sustained in public by writing and in debate. The speeches of Hamilton and Jay in New York, of Madison in Virginia, and of Wilson in Pennsylvania, together with the writings of the first three in *The Federalist*, were most effective in securing the popular assent.

This earlier or creative era in national politics did not terminate with the ratification of the Constitution. Most of the lawyers concerned in that event who afterward participated in national affairs were engaged simply in their administration. But Alexander Hamilton and

John Marshall exercised a further and important constructive influence. They vitalized and established the Constitution. Yet, though their purpose was a common one, the modes by which they effected it were diverse. That of Hamilton was indirect, in his capacity as administrator: that of Marshall was direct, in his function as judge.

Selected by President Washington as the first Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton became the controlling mind in the administration. In the exercise of his influence he originated, inaugurated, and executed a policy of finance which gave the general government that dignity, power, and stability which were authorized and required, he believed, by the broad intent of the framers as embodied in the Constitution and approved by the people. In this work he was finally sustained by Marshall. The latter had not taken part in forming the Constitution, but he had aided Madison in securing its acceptance by Virginia. While performing that service as well as in the subsequent division of national parties, he took the Federalist or liberal view of the powers of the general government. With such experience and convictions, he was soon called upon to examine and interpret those powers from an elevation in some respects the most exalted in the national government. In 1801 he was appointed by President John Adams to the office of Chief Justice of the United States. "When Chief Justice Marshall," says Joseph Story, his friend and associate, "first took his seat on the bench, scarcely more than two or three questions of constitutional law had ever engaged the attention of the Supreme Court. . . . Texts that scarcely cover the breadth of a finger have been since interpreted, explained, limited, and adjusted by judicial commentaries which are now expanded into volumes." Of course, Marshall was but one of seven judges; but his mind towered above and controlled the minds of his associates. Fifty-one decisions upon consti-

tutional law were pronounced by the Supreme Court while he was its Chief Justice; and only once was he in the minority.

Such was the service of John Marshall, — the second maker of the Constitution, as he has been called by an eminent American jurist. In America, no other lawyer or statesman has ever wielded so great a constructive power. For to him, fortunate in an early acquaintance and a deep sympathy with the fathers of the Constitution, came the task finally to determine that their will should be indeed the fundamental law, — their will, moreover, in all its fulness, not only so far as it was expressly declared, but also so far as it was necessarily implied. Through this unconscious coöperation of Hamilton and Marshall, the national government necessitated by the Declaration of Independence and outlined in the Constitutional Convention was at last established. With the death of the great Chief Justice in 1835 the formative period of national politics came to an end.

But the work of the lawyer in national politics, though already so important, was, it would seem, hardly more than begun. As it has been stated, President Washington, in forming his cabinet, appointed Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. At the same time he made Thomas Jefferson Secretary of State. Later, upon the retirement of Jefferson because of a difference with Hamilton on matters of policy, Jefferson's position was filled successively by Edmund Randolph and Timothy Pickens. All these appointees were lawyers. Indeed, of the nine men called by Washington into his cabinet during the eight years of his administrations, six were of this profession. It is evident that they exercised a predominant influence over his councils in the government. They also controlled the cabinet of President John Adams; of his eight chief counselors, five were lawyers. Nor

did the coming of the Anti-Federalists, or Republicans, into power change the case; for the legal profession was represented by six out of the ten men in the cabinets of Jefferson, and by eight out of the fourteen in those of Madison. This tendency soon becoming a rule, under President Monroe with but one exception, and under President John Quincy Adams with no exception, the chief advisers had studied for the bar. This rule applied not only to the cabinet, but to the presidency itself. After Washington, none other than lawyers filled the President's chair till the election of William Henry Harrison in 1841.

This occupation of the presidential office by men trained to the law, initiated in the earlier part of the century, has been maintained to the present time. The characteristic that has most frequently distinguished the Presidents of the United States is not preëminence in statesmanship. The earliest incumbents of the office were indeed leading statesmen of their time; but this distinction could not be applied to the majority of the men that have subsequently filled it. Neither has breadth of culture been the rule. Of the twenty-three Presidents, about one half have been college graduates. But a knowledge of law has been the common possession of all but five, — George Washington, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Johnson, and Ulysses S. Grant. Likewise, of the twenty-two Vice-Presidents of the United States, about one half have been graduates of colleges, while all but four have been members of the bar.

The same class of men have as a rule retained possession of the cabinet. As the more important duties of the Secretary of State concern the conduct of foreign relations, the office requires an experience in diplomacy rather than a knowledge of law. Accordingly, the selection of Jefferson as the first Secretary of State was the more fitting be-

cause of his long residence at the court of France. So the subsequent choice, for the same office, of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams had the sanction of long and distinguished service abroad. But on the whole such cases have been exceptional. Since the one last named there have been twenty-two Secretaries of State, and of these less than one third have brought to the office experience in diplomacy. In another respect, however, there has been a singular uniformity: all but one — Edward Everett — have been trained for the bar.

The Secretary of the Treasury has charge of the national finances. He digests and prepares plans for the management of the public revenue and expenditures, and the reduction of the national debt. On his wisdom and efficiency may depend the prosperity of business, and hence the welfare of the people. Surely, here is the place for tried skill in finance. It was this qualification which distinguished Robert Morris, at first a successful banker in Philadelphia, and then the financier of the Revolution. But since the adoption of the Constitution, of the thirty-six persons that have been Secretaries of the Treasury, very few, prior to their appointment, had attained prominence in finance. At the same time, all but four had studied for the bar.

The post-office is the great business enterprise conducted by the government of the United States. As such it requires at its head a man not only experienced in the details of business, but also conspicuous for capacity of management and breadth of view. Such an one was Benjamin Franklin when put in charge of the colonial post-office. To what extent the thirty-five persons who have been Postmasters-General of the United States have met these requirements the record does not reveal: all but eight have had a legal training.

Among the chiefs of the departments of war and the navy, one might expect

to find men of distinction in military and naval circles. In the department of war, this expectation has been realized to a considerable extent. The first Secretary of War was Henry Knox, a distinguished Revolutionary officer. Since the time of Knox, the office has been administered by eight army officers, including Generals Scott, Grant, Schofield, and Sherman. It has been held also by twenty-seven lawyers, nearly two thirds of all the incumbents. Among the thirty-three Secretaries of the Navy, only one ever saw service on the sea, while all but eight were educated to the bar.

Why a knowledge of law should thus generally have been the possession of the chief executive officers is not at first apparent. The consideration of questions of a legal character has been assigned by the Constitution to the Attorney-General of the United States, also a member of the cabinet, whose services are available alike to all his associates. Nor is it clear *prima facie* why the members of the cabinet should not as a rule have had before their selection that knowledge and experience usually recognized as most useful in the proper performance of their respective duties. Perhaps the two questions will yield to a common solution.

Under the laws of trade, the management of an important business enterprise usually falls to the person specially qualified for its duties and attracted by its inducements. Is a cabinet position filled on principles peculiar to itself? The answer is involved in the nature and the duties of a cabinet office and in the conditions of national politics. The attractiveness of a cabinet position is lessened by the limitations to which it is subjected. The tenure of a cabinet officer is precarious. As he is summoned, so he may be dismissed, at the will of the President. At most his term of office soon ends; for with a new President usually comes a new cabinet.

There is a lack of independence also. As regards the President, a Secretary's dependence is largely nominal, and his discretion has much latitude; but with Congress — perhaps a hostile body — he must share both his responsibility and his power. The Secretary of State may at times have less power than the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Secretary of the Treasury may devise and recommend a scheme of finance. Whether he will have an opportunity to execute such a plan may depend on the Committee on Ways and Means. A man of large purpose and vigorous execution might well hesitate to accept such dwarfing conditions. At the same time he might prefer a career in Congress to one in the cabinet, as less restricted and more important. It is not incredible that a statesman would choose to be Speaker of the House of Representatives rather than to be Secretary of the Treasury. As the former, he might distribute his enormous patronage so as to control great measures of finance; as the latter, he might apply his efforts simply to their execution.

In fact, the duties of a cabinet officer, at first largely constructive, have become almost exclusively executive. A measure of finance being imperative, in Hamilton's time Congress openly consulted the Secretary of the Treasury; since then, more often the Secretary of the Treasury has privately solicited Congress. If it rests with the national legislature both to plan and to order the construction of ships of war, it does not require an admiral of the navy to execute the decree.

Of course, in time of war or of other great emergency, the executive branch of the government may, either of its own motion or by concession from Congress, exercise extraordinary powers calling for the highest abilities. "Abraham Lincoln," says Mr. Bryce, "wielded more authority than any single Englishman has done since Oliver Crom-

well." But under normal conditions the position and functions of a chief executive officer have not been as a rule such as to enlist or require statesmen of a large mould.

It must be remembered, however, that there is a function, other than executive, exercised by a cabinet officer which has great influence in determining his selection. He has a limited power of appointment. The enormous patronage at the disposal of the executive department is distributed by the President with the advice and assistance of his cabinet. This distribution is made chiefly among party associates and so as to reconcile and strengthen party interests; hence that advice and assistance is more intelligent and trustworthy if prompted by experience and influence in party councils.

In short, under the conditions of politics the qualities that characterize the chief executive officers are usually those that are found also in party leaders. Through the efforts of these leaders the President is nominated and elected; with their support he is to direct his administration; from their number, therefore, for the most part, he selects his cabinet. As a result, his chief advisers are usually his political associates, disciplined in party leadership and in public affairs. They have also, on an average, been well educated. Of the thirty Secretaries of State, at least nineteen have been college graduates. Although the majority of cabinet officers have not been, prior to their appointment, distinguished in diplomacy, finance, business, the army, or the navy, as the case may be, the most of them have spent years in the public service, and some of them have gained distinction in the performance of their executive duties. Alexander Hamilton had not been president of a bank, but he had been a farmer and supporter of the Constitution. William H. Seward had not been sent upon a European mission, but he had

served twelve years in the Senate of the United States. The record of these men as executive officers would honor the history of any nation. Many cabinet officers, before becoming such, had completed a long course of political service, beginning with the state legislature, and running up through the governorship, the House of Representatives, and finally terminating in the United States Senate. Indeed, so often has this been the case that the predominance of lawyers in the cabinet would seem but an index of their ascendancy also in the wider fields of politics, whence mainly the cabinets are drawn.

In regard to Congress, the records, though incomplete, confirm this inference. The First Congress assembled March 4, 1789. As was to be expected, it contained, especially in the upper house, several of the men previously prominent in the Constitutional Convention. In the Senate, the men who had been educated to the bar numbered seventeen out of the twenty-nine members. In the House, their proportion was less, but in Congress as a whole, so nearly as can be determined, they constituted almost one half of the members.

Forty years later the lawyers had evidently acquired a marked increase of influence over national legislation; for the record of the Twentieth Congress indicates that they were in a considerable majority. In the House, about four fifths of the members reported had studied law. Six members had been physicians, six farmers, and ten merchants or business men. In the Senate, one had been a farmer, two had practiced medicine, four had been merchants, and no less than forty had studied for the bar. Thus the proportion of the class last named had risen from about one half in the First Congress to at least two thirds in the Twentieth. To their number belonged, in the latter, such leading spirits as Levi Woodbury, Thomas H. Benton, Robert Y. Hayne,

and Daniel Webster. Congress was passing into the control of the legal profession.

The preponderance then attained was substantially unchanged at the middle of the century; for the Thirtieth Congress, 1847-9, counted in the same profession about three fourths of its Senators and two thirds of all its members. But since the civil war there appears to have been a slight decrease in this proportion, accompanied by a corresponding increase of representation from other professions and from business occupations. In the Fortieth Congress, 1867-9, nearly two thirds of the members had studied or practiced law. Business pursuits had been followed by about one fifth of the Senators and by nearly one sixth of the Representatives. In the House, thirteen members had been farmers, but no other occupation yet unnamed counted more than ten members.

An analysis of the Fiftieth Congress, 1887-9, reveals but little change in composition. More than four fifths of the Senators had studied law. In the House, about one eighth of the members had been engaged in commerce and one fourteenth in agriculture; but more than two thirds of the whole number had been trained to the bar. Thus the ascendancy which this class of men exercised in the Constitutional Convention they early reasserted, and have since maintained to nearly an equal degree in the national legislature. During the first century of our national existence Congress has been controlled by the legal profession.

The selection of delegates to the national legislature mainly from one class of men has doubtless been due in a large measure to the nature of legislation. Upon the adoption of the Constitution and the organization of the new government, it became necessary to devise and facilitate a national policy touching the maintenance of the public credit, the encouragement of domestic

industry and of foreign commerce, the development of natural resources, and the preservation of the public peace and honor. This duty was imposed on Congress, but to what extent and by what means could appear only from the terms of the Constitution or fundamental law. These terms, however, were open to two widely diverging lines of interpretation, and their actual intent was as yet undetermined by a competent authority. Whether the one line or the other should be followed was a question that arose at the outset, because on its decision depended the validity, of national legislation. It arose repeatedly during the first seventy years of our national existence, and it was a question for the legal mind.

The two lines of interpretation just mentioned led also to conclusions diametrically opposite concerning the very basis of our political system, the relation of the States to the general government. The one course terminated in strength, nationality, and union; the other in weakness, sectionalism, and secession. The government of the United States was in form either a constitution established by the sovereign people, and alterable only by inherent methods, or a compact entered into by sovereign States, and rescindable at the pleasure of the parties. This question was finally settled by the civil war, but it was first defined and championed in debate. On the arena of Congress the opposing parties met many times in fierce dispute; at length, exhausted, they stood apart, the silent witnesses of one of the most striking incidents in our history, the single contest between their respective leaders, Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne. These men were lawyers. None others could have played their part.

It should be remembered also that the work of legislation consists largely in the drafting of measures and in the comprehension and elucidation of their bearings. What Congress enacts be-

comes a law; hence, first of all, there is need of exhaustive consideration and verbal precision. Is it surprising, then, that the men delegated to make the statutes should be, as a rule, those that are versed in legal knowledge and adept in exact statement?

At any rate, this class of men have constantly received the suffrages of the people. They have been the popular leaders in national politics, and their leadership has resulted not only from the need of their professional services, but also from the superiority of their intellectual culture and abilities. The high degree of education in the framers of 1787 has already been set forth. The average has been somewhat lower in members of Congress. It appears from the record of the Twentieth Congress, 1827-9, that of the forty Senators in that body that had studied law, at least twenty-four, or nearly one half, had also a collegiate or liberal education, eight an academic or secondary, and three a common school or primary education. In the House, of the one hundred and two Representatives that had studied law, seventy, or nearly two thirds, had also a collegiate or liberal education, eighteen an academic or secondary, and eleven a common school or primary education.

After the lapse of forty years there was but little change. In the Fortieth Congress, 1867-9, forty-nine Senators had been trained for the bar. Of these, twenty-eight, or nearly one half, had also attended colleges or other liberal schools, and fourteen academic or secondary schools; three had attended common schools. In the House, one hundred and fifty-four Representatives had studied law. Of these, about one half had also a first-class education, about one fourth a secondary, and nearly one fourth a primary education. This analysis, though incomplete from the inadequacy of biographical data, points to a good average of non-professional edu-

cation among lawyers in Congress, which, though not so high as it was in the Constitutional Convention, has nevertheless remained almost stationary, in spite of the rapid westward extension of our political system.

It is not, however, the degree of culture so much as the mental traits resulting especially from a study of law that has conciliated popular favor. "There is not within the compass of human attainment," says Joseph Story, "any science which has so direct a tendency as this to strengthen the understanding, to enlarge its powers, to sharpen its sagacity, and to form habits of nice and accurate discrimination." Moreover, a facility in public speech and a knowledge of practical affairs are gained from the practice of law more than from any other single pursuit. Then, too, the quality of legal training has been improving constantly since the youth John Marshall, in 1780, at the College of William and Mary, attended lectures on law by the celebrated Chancellor Wythe. James Wilson at the college in Philadelphia, Chancellor Kent at Columbia College, Joseph Story at the Harvard Law School, and many other distinguished jurists have contributed to give the legal profession a relatively higher eminence and influence in this country than in any other. In short, in the absence of a titled or other class, with an inherited or acknowledged right to govern, the people have naturally entrusted their legislative and administrative powers principally to that class of men who by their culture and abilities seemed best fitted for the trust.

At the same time, this class more than any other have acquired a taste for public affairs, and have had the leisure to indulge it. The science of law largely involves that of civil government, and the practice of law is but an agency in its execution. All the more, then, are the people willing that the two functions should be associated in the

same person. In fact, public opinion, as well as circumstances, which combine to oppose the pursuit of politics in connection with most other callings, have made an exception in the case of law. A seat in Congress has not prevented practice in the courts; nay, often it has but increased or elevated its scope.

Has so partial a bestowal of confidence in political affairs resulted in an unqualified benefit to the public? It appears, on examination, that very often the entrance of a lawyer into politics has proved but the beginning of a long public career, and the practice of the law has been abandoned for the course of political preferment. Whether such course has been followed more often in the pursuit of selfish ambition than in the acceptance of merited promotion it would be difficult to determine. But it is well to contemplate the possibility that social position and special training, if unreservedly trusted, may be employed more for the retention of office than for the good of the public. Indeed, many people believe that this possibility has been realized, and that our system of politics has been rather prolific of so-called politicians than productive of statesmen. It is true, as Mr. Bryce has recently pointed out, that "politics, considered not as the science of government, but as the art of winning elections and securing office," has reached in the United States a development surpassing in elaborateness that of any other country. With this development also has coincided the political ascendancy of the legal profession. And yet a legal training has been the possession of our statesmen as well as of the politicians. Joseph Story said, in speaking upon the *Characteristics of Our Age*: "It was the bitter scoff of other times, approaching to the sententiousness of a proverb, that to be a good lawyer was to be an indifferent statesman. The profession has outlived the truth of the sarcasm. At the present

moment England may count lawyers among her most gifted statesmen; and in America . . . our most eminent statesmen have been — nay, still are — the brightest ornaments of our bar.” These words were not more true when spoken in 1826 than they have been of the period that has followed.

On the whole, it is probable that the “art of winning elections” would have developed less rapidly had there been less of class rule in national politics. One of the principles at the basis of our scheme of politics is “the distrust of the various organs and agents of government.” If this principle be applied to the matter in hand — the political ascendancy of lawyers — it leads to the conclusion reached by Edmund Burke in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. He thus sums up his criticisms upon the preponderance of men connected with the law in the composition of the *Tiers Etat* in the National Assembly: “They are good and useful in the composition; they must be mischievous if they preponderate so as virtually to become the whole.”

There are signs that this virtual monopoly in national politics is gradually disappearing. The unprecedented development of science and industry during the past fifty years has caused the growth of special departments of law, offering extraordinary rewards for their practice, and thus lessening the attractiveness of politics. Often the adoption of a legal specialty opens the way, not to the Senate of the United States, but to the management of a vast corporation and to the possession of great wealth. Sometimes these objects are reconciled, and the Senate, as before, becomes the ultimate goal. In fact, Wealth has long since asserted herself by the side of legal knowledge as the nurse of statesmen, and the millionaire sits with the lawyer in the halls of Congress.

This material development which is distracting the lawyer from politics is also lessening somewhat his relative influence in legislation. Congress has, for example, less occasion to discuss questions of constitutionality in proportion as the lines of constitutional law become definite. On the other hand, its attention is drawn more and more to the material and social conditions that result in these days from the magnitude and complexity of business and society. Such conditions demand consideration from every point of view; and however valuable in legislation the service of the legal profession may be, it should not exclude the coöperation of all classes. Such coöperation must accompany the reform of the civil service. Public sentiment demands that the principles governing the conduct of public office be assimilated to those operating in the transaction of business. The principle that fitness determined by accepted standards shall govern the selection for public office, now slowly penetrating the lower grades, must before long affect the highest branches of the government. It militates with the monopolization of the offices by any class or profession.

Nevertheless the lawyer must retain an important influence in national affairs; and that influence, when properly exerted, is a great conservative force. As De Tocqueville has well pointed out, a large part of political questions in the United States are passed upon sooner or later by the legal profession; and the habit of consulting precedent begets “the stationary spirit of legal men and their prejudices in favor of existing institutions.” It fell mainly to them to constitute and establish the government of the United States. Guided by that spirit, they have adjusted the political experience of the Anglo-Saxon race to the modified conditions of a new world, and the excellence of their work will ever deserve a grateful recognition.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

TROTTING HORSES.

WITH the exception of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, — who would, by the way, have made an excellent sporting-man, had not the superior attractions of literature and medicine intervened, — I do not know that any writer of mark has ever said a good word for the American trotter. This is a great pity, for the animal plays an important part in the daily life of the whole community, being concerned, as the Autocrat pointed out, even in the early conveyance of milk-cans and in the prompt delivery of fresh rolls. These humble offices have actually been performed by horses who afterward acquired fame upon the track. Within the past year, an old Dutchman, living in Western New York and engaged in the milk business, was astonished and not a little frightened by the pace which his beast set up one frosty morning. The cart was bounced over the pavements of the city where his route lay, the cans hopped and rattled in their seats, and the driver lost his breath. But he had no sooner recovered it than he began to boast of the wonderful speed at which the horse had carried him, and thereafter the animal was taken out, harnessed to a buggy, on Saturday afternoons and like occasions, for a brush on the road with the fast trotters of the neighborhood, all of whom he outstripped. Pretty soon the Dutchman's son, who had been brought up in this country, procured an old sulky, and put the milk-wagon steed in some sort of training. In two months' time they appeared at a track, engaged in a race with veteran drivers and horses of established reputation, and beat them all in three straight heats, — a wonderful achievement for a green trotter and jockey, and an immense surprise to the professional persons who had jeered at the uncouth appearance of the new-comers. This case

bears out Dr. Holmes's illustration of the milk-cart; nor is the other example that he gives without foundation in fact. Some years ago, a baker's horse in Boston, after delivering her rolls and brown-bread in the city one day as usual, was driven to Sangus, a distance of about eight miles, and started in a match race at the track there. In the exuberance of her spirits she ran away in the first heat, and went around the course once or twice before she could be stopped. But being allowed to start again, notwithstanding this irregularity, she won the race, and finished her day's work by bringing the baker back to Boston and beating all the horses that engaged with her on the road home.

It must not be supposed, however, that these animals were entirely of plebeian origin. The milkman's horse had a dash of thoroughbred in his composition, and the baker's mare belonged to the incomparable Morgan strain. Indeed it rarely, perhaps never, happens that a horse who is not connected more or less closely with the equine aristocracy becomes distinguished as a trotter. There is a popular superstition that Flora Temple, Dexter, and other celebrated animals were of obscure birth, and began life in humble situations; but this, as I shall presently show, is not the case. Dutchman, to be sure, an old-time trotter of great courage and bottom, was first used in a string-team at Philadelphia to haul brick; but he was a horse of good breeding. He was a bay gelding, 15 hands 3 inches high, very powerfully made, bony and strong, with a plain but resolute face, and a fine neck and head. Dutchman's time for three miles, namely 7 minutes 32½ seconds, remained the best on record from the year when it was made, 1839, till 1872, when Huntress, a beautiful bay mare, reduced

it to 7.21 $\frac{1}{4}$. Some circumstances in the career of Dutchman will be mentioned further on.

There is another reason why every American ought to take an interest in the trotter. Trotting, like base-ball, is, as its votaries often remark, a national sport, — national in the sense not only that it is popular among us, but that it was created by us; and consequently anybody in the United States who fails to take an interest in it is so far forth out of touch with his countrymen. There is something lacking in him, — some obscure though doubtless valuable trait, which, if he possessed it, would surely make him interesting in other directions, but which is most conspicuously revealed in a fondness for the track. Running horses furnish a spirited and beautiful sport, but the runner can never be domesticated; whereas any man who owns a single horse may find himself in the possession of a trotter, or at least of an animal which he considers to be such, — and this comes to nearly the same thing. The very beast who drags a family carryall may, like the milkman's or the baker's nag, prove worthy of a better fate. It must be remembered that few horses trot fast naturally. They require skillful driving and training; often, also, the judicious application of weights, boots, rollers, and the like, in order to lengthen their stride or to correct other imperfections in their gait. It is possible, therefore, for a horse to have "the making of a trotter in him" during an indefinite period; and so long as the owner refrains from putting his inchoate racer to the test, his opportunity for boasting about the animal's latent speed is almost unlimited. Scoffers may throw cold water upon his pretensions, but no man can assert absolutely that he is wrong.

The history of Flora Temple, who reduced the record for a mile from 2.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$, illustrates the fact that trotters, like angels, may be entertained unawares.

She was well born, her sire being Kentucky Hunter, but in her early youth she was considered almost worthless on account of her wild and, as everybody supposed, ungovernable temper. Flora, as they called her at first, was a rough-coated little bay mare, not over 14 hands 2 inches high, but possessed of a blood-like head, shapely neck, long body, straight back, and fine legs with powerful muscles. Her birthplace was in the neighborhood of Utica, New York, where she was sold at the age of four years for the small sum of \$13. A few months later, for \$80, she passed into the hands of a drover, who took her with him on his way to the city of New York. One bright morning in June, 1850, this drover was passing through the beautiful village of Washington Hollow. He was mounted on a fine gray stallion, and keeping his cattle in line, while the small bay horse was tied to the tail-board of an open wagon, drawn by two stout mules and driven by a sleepy negro. This interesting procession attracted the notice of one Mr. Jonathan A. Vielee, a shrewd horseman, who happened to be basking in the sun at his stable door on the morning in question, and who, remarking the strong and gamy appearance of the future Queen of the Turf, hailed the drover, and presently "had the little mare by the nose, and was studying every mark upon her teeth. He then" — I quote from Mr. George Wilkes's history of Flora Temple — "took hold of her feet; and the little mare lifted them successively in his hand, with a quiet, downward glance, that seemed to say, 'You'll find everything right there, Mr. Vielee, and as fair and as firm as if you wished me to trot for a man's life!' And so Mr. Vielee did; and as he dropped the last foot, he liked the promise of the little mare amazingly, and it struck him that if he could get her for any sum short of \$250 she would be a mighty good bargain.

"‘She is about five years old?’ said Mr. Vielee, inquiringly.

"‘You have seen for yourself,’ replied the drover.

"‘I should judge she was all right?’ again suggested Mr. Vielee, partly walking round the mare, and again looking at her up and down.

"‘Sound as a dollar, and kind as a kitten,’ responded the drover, as firmly as if prepared to give a written guarantee.

"‘Not always so *kind*, neither,’ said Mr. Vielee, looking again steadily at the mare’s face, “or I don’t understand that deviltry in her eye. But that’s neither here nor there. You say the mare is for sale. Now, let’s know what you will take for her.’ The result was that Mr. Vielee bought her for \$175.

"‘And a pretty good price at that,’ said the drover to himself on pocketing the cash, ‘for an animal that only cost me eighty, and who is so foolish and flighty that she will never be able to make a square trot in her life.’”

A few weeks later Mr. Vielee took his new purchase to New York, and sold her to Mr. G. E. Perrin for \$350. “In the hands of Mr. Perrin,” relates the graphic writer from whom I have quoted already, “the little bay mare, who had proved so intractable, so flighty, so *harum-scarum*, and, to come down to the true term, so *worthless* to her original owners, was favored with more advantages than ever she had enjoyed before. She was not only introduced to the very best society of fast-goers on the Bloomingdale and Long Island roads, but she was taught, when ‘flinging herself out’ with exuberant and superabundant spirit all over the road, as it were, to play her limbs in a true line, and give her extraordinary qualities a chance to show their actual worth. If ever she made a skip, a quick admonition and a steady check brought her to her senses; and when, in her frenzy of excitement at being challenged by some tip-top

goer, she would, to use a sportsman’s phrase, ‘travel over herself’ and go ‘up’ into the air, she was steadied and settled down by a firm rein into solid trotting and good behavior in an instant. The crazy, flighty, half-racking, and half-trotting little bay mare became a true stepper, and very luckily passed out of her confused ‘rip-i-ty clip-i-ty’ sort of going into a clean, even, long, low, locomotive-trotting stroke. Many a man who came up to a road tavern, after having been unexpectedly beaten by her, would say to her owner, as they took a drink at the bar, ‘That’s a mighty nice little mare of yours, and if she was only big enough to stand hard work you might expect a good deal from her.’”

But Flora Temple was big enough, as her subsequent career proved. Little horses, in fact, often make the best weight-pullers and stand the most work. Hopeful, whose time to a skeleton wagon for a mile, 2.16½, made in 1878, still remains the best on record, was a small gray horse, and, like almost all weight-pullers, a very short and quick stepper. “If little horses of this sort be particularly examined,” says a high authority, “it will commonly be found that, though they are low, they are long in all the moving parts; and their quarters are generally as big and sometimes a deal bigger than those of many much larger horses.” This remark would apply to Arab coursers, who, although their muscles are great, rarely stand above 14¾ hands high; and many thoroughbreds, conspicuous for their staying powers, have had the same general conformation.

Flora Temple soon came into the hands of the noted trainer and driver, the late Hiram Woodruff, a man of sound judgment and of the purest integrity, whose book, *The Trotting Horse of America*, is a classic in equine literature from which I shall freely quote. It shows on almost every page that its writer possessed two

great qualities, — a faculty of grasping general principles, and a readiness to depart from them under particular circumstances. These, I venture to say, are qualities that distinguish the master spirits in all departments of activity. Under Woodruff's tuition Flora Temple became a great race horse. She reduced the mile record, as we have seen, from $2.25\frac{1}{2}$ to $2.19\frac{3}{4}$, being equally good at two and three mile heats. There were several contemporary trotters, between whom and Flora Temple very little difference in speed existed when they first encountered her; but she outlasted the others. Some of these horses actually beat her once or twice; but the longer they kept at it, the wider became the distance between them and the little bay mare, of whom it had been said that she might prove valuable if she were only big enough to stand hard work. Highland Maid, a well-bred, long-stepping bay mare; Tacony, the first horse to make a record of $2.25\frac{1}{2}$; Lancet; Ethan Allen, a small but beautiful and very fast bay stallion of Morgan blood; Rose of Washington; Princess, a very handsome, high-bred mare, who came on from California expressly to beat Flora Temple; John Morgan, a big, fine-looking, golden-chestnut horse of good breeding, brought from the West for the same purpose; George M. Patchen, a famous brown stallion of Morgan and Clay blood, — all these horses and many others engaged with Flora Temple, sometimes "turn and turn about," but all were badly beaten in the end. "Flora Temple," said Hiram Woodruff, "would train on and get better, when thoroughly hardened, towards the middle and close of the season. This is one of the most valuable qualities that a trotting horse can have. The greatest excellence in trotting is only to be reached through much labor and cultivation. Now, if strong work at a few sharp races overdoes a horse and knocks him off, it is a great, almost an insurmountable obsta-

cle to his attaining the greatest excellence, even in speed for a mile."

After Flora Temple came Dexter, a brown horse with a white face and four white feet. Like her he had remarkable courage and endurance, his dam being of the famous American Star family.

"Some of the Stars," Hiram Woodruff said, "have given out in the legs; but their pluck is so good that they stand up to the last, when little better than mere cripples. It is no wonder that they have great game and courage; for Star's grandsire was the thoroughbred four-miler Henry, who ran for the South on the Island here against the Northern horse Eclipse, in 1823. I went to see the race, being then six years old, and got a licking for it when I came home."

Dexter was born and reared in the purple, being first sold at the age of four, when four hundred dollars were paid for him. He lowered the record to $2.17\frac{3}{4}$, and doubtless would have reduced it still further had he not become the property of Mr. Robert Bonner, who withdrew him from the turf. The excellence of this horse probably gave the finishing blow to an old superstition which is embodied in the following stanza: —

"One white foot, inspect him;
Two white feet, reject him;
Three white feet, sell him to your foes;
Four white feet, feed him to the crows."

The first great performance of Dexter was made in October, 1865, when he trotted under saddle against time, being matched to beat 2.19. He was trained by Woodruff, but ridden in the race by John Murphy, a very skillful horseman, and one of the few jockeys whose reputation for honesty is absolutely unblemished. In this match, Dexter trotted the first half mile in $1.06\frac{1}{2}$; but after passing that point he broke. "When he broke," Hiram Woodruff relates, "the people cried, 'He can't do it this time!' But he settled well, and when he came

on to the home stretch he had a fine burst in. I was up towards there, and sung out to Johnny, as he came by me, 'Cut him loose; you'll do it yet!' Then Johnny clucked to him, and he went away like an arrow from the bow, true and straight, and with immense resolution and power of stroke. I knew he must do it if he did not break before he got to the score, and up I tossed my hat into the air. I never felt happier in all my life. The time given by the judges was 2m. 18½s.; the outsiders made it somewhat less."

Of the great trotters, Dexter seems to have been the best "all-round" horse, for none of his contemporaries was able to beat him either in one, two, or three mile heats; and he showed his superiority to a wagon or under saddle as well as in harness. Hiram Woodruff anticipated but did not live to see his greatest triumphs. "It is a long time now," he wrote shortly before his own death, "since I took Mr. Foster to his box, and, pointing out his very remarkable shape,—the wicked head, the gamecock throttle, the immense depth over the heart, the flat, oblique shoulder, laid back clean under the saddle, the strong back, the mighty haunches, square and as big as those of a cart-horse, and the good, wiry legs,—predicted to him that here stood the future Lord of the Trotting World."

Goldsmith Maid, who reduced the mark from 2.17¾ to 2.14, had almost the appearance of a thoroughbred. She was rather small, being 15½ hands high, but her legs were "clean," that is free from fat, wide, and wiry; her head and neck were finely cut and indicative of good breeding; she was deep through the lungs, but so small in the waist as to suggest a lack of constitution, although she was in reality extremely tough and lasting; her feet were small and good. It was said of this famous mare that "in her highest trotting form, drawn to an edge, she is almost deer-like in ap-

pearance; and when scoring for a start, and alive to the emergencies of the race, with her great flashing eye and dilated nostrils, she is a perfect picture of animation and living beauty. Her gait is long, bold, and sweeping, and she is, in the hands of a driver acquainted with her peculiarities, a perfect piece of machinery."

Not a few horses like Goldsmith Maid have had this peculiar thin-waisted appearance, and yet were possessed of much nervous strength and of great courage. A famous trotter described by Hiram Woodruff was of this character. "Rattler," he says, "was a bay gelding, 15 hands high, a fast and stout horse, though light-waisted and delicate in appetite and constitution. He was a very long strider, and when going his best it sometimes seemed as though he would part in the middle." He was afterward taken to England, where, so well did the climate suit him, he gained in appetite, and consequently in health and strength.

Goldsmith Maid, when six years of age, was sold by her breeder for \$260, having never been put to work on account of her nervous disposition. She had, however, taken a very creditable part in certain amateur running races, which were held in a grassy lane about one quarter of a mile long. These dashes always took place by moonlight, being unauthorized by the elders of the family, but secretly enjoyed by the boys on the farm. Soon after she left her birthplace the Maid was sold again for \$600 to Mr. Alden Goldsmith, a famous horseman, by whom she was named. He kept her for five years, and sold her for \$20,000. Her dam and the dam of her sire were both well-bred animals, though their pedigree is not known; and her sire was a noble horse called Alexander's Abdallah, who, in February, 1865, had the ill fortune to be stolen by guerrillas from his home in Kentucky. The next day he was recaptured, and, though

unshod, ridden fifty miles by a Federal soldier over rough and stony roads. Becoming exhausted, he was abandoned at the roadside without food or shelter, and died a few days afterward of pneumonia.

All the great trotters have had grooms, or "rubbers," as they are technically called, between whom and the horses a strong affection existed. The name of Peter Conover is linked in this way with that of Dexter. Conover not only "rubbed" Dexter, but made most of his "boots," and drove him at exercise. Rarus had his "Dave" and "Barney." A colored man named Grant was transferred to Mr. Bonner with Maud S., as being necessarily appurtenant to her. "Lucy Jimmy" was, as his name denotes, the attendant of Lucy, a celebrated mare contemporary with Goldsmith Maid, and very little inferior to her in speed. "Old Charlie" faithfully served the Maid herself for many years, during five of which he was never absent from her stall except for two nights. Goldsmith Maid, like Rarus and like Johnston, the wonderful pacer, had a little dog as a companion.¹ "They were a great family," says Mr. Doble, "that old mare, Old Charlie, and the dog, — apparently interested in nothing else in the world but themselves, and getting along together as well as you could wish. When it was bed-time, Charlie would lie down on his cot in one corner of the stall, his pillow being a bag containing the mare's morning feed of oats; the Maid would ensconce herself in another corner; and somewhere else in the stall the dog would stretch himself out. About five o'clock in the morning the Maid would get a little restless and hungry. She knew well enough where the oats were,

and would come over to where Charlie lay sleeping and stick her nose under his head, and in this manner wake him, and give notice that she wanted to be fed."

I shall speak hereafter of Goldsmith Maid's remarkable intelligence in "scoring." But perhaps the most interesting fact in her career is that she made her fastest time, 2.14, at the age of nineteen, and a year later she trotted one heat in 2.14½, and forty others in less than 2.30. She remained on the track for nearly fifteen years, conquered all the fastest horses of her time, and trotted in all 332 heats under 2.30. She lasted so long partly because of her good breeding, and partly, no doubt, because she was never trained or worked until she had become a mature horse. The fashion now is to make the trotter's career begin while he is still a colt, but although the practice has not been tested thoroughly, it must be fraught with danger. If it ever should become general, it is certain that many young horses would be overworked and ruined every year, comparatively few drivers having the discretion and patience that are required for the safe "preparation" of a colt. There have been other horses who, like Goldsmith Maid, being well bred and beginning at a mature age, lasted a long while on the track. Dutchman, who trotted his first race at six years of age, was still a sound and fast horse at eighteen. Topgallant, a son of the thoroughbred imported horse Messenger, and the first to make a record of 2.40, is a still more extraordinary example. When twenty-four years old he trotted a very hard race of four three-mile heats against all the best horses of his day, winning one heat;

the stall, having his meals brought to him there; and to his assiduity and gentleness Splan, the driver, ascribes much of the credit which arises from the fact that Johnston obtained the best record, 2.06½, ever made by any pacer or trotter.

¹ Johnston was an extremely nervous horse, and the dog was procured for that reason. With his constant companionship and with that of the same Dave who had taken care of Rarus, the pacer improved in *morale*, in health, and appetite. While he was preparing for his match against time, Dave never left

and the week after he engaged in another race of three-mile heats, which he won. Old Topgallant was a great favorite of Hiram Woodruff, who as a boy took care of him, and as a young man trained, rode, and drove him. Woodruff describes Topgallant as "a dark bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches high, plain and raw-boned, but with rather a fine head and neck, and an eye expressive of much courage. He was spavined in both hind legs, and his tail was slim at the root. His spirit was very high, and yet he was so reliable that he would hardly ever break, and his bottom was of the finest and toughest quality. He was more than fourteen years of age before he was known at all as a trotter, except that he could go a distance, the whole length of the New York Road, as well as any horse that had ever been extended on it."

At the close of the civil war there was living on a small farm at Greenport, Long Island, one Mr. R. B. Conklin, a retired stage carpenter, who by industry and thrift had saved a little money. Mr. Conklin had a passion for horses, especially for trotters, and he conceived the idea that a certain colt born on his farm was destined to become the champion trotter of the world. The mother of the colt was a fine gray nag called Nancy Awful, half-thoroughbred, and very high spirited. She belonged to Mr. Conklin, and his belief in her and in her colt became with him a sort of religion. Many men, no doubt, under similar circumstances have been equally enthusiastic, but the peculiarity in this case was that Mr. Conklin had always enjoyed the reputation of being "hard-headed," cautious, and shrewd. His neighbors therefore came to the charitable conclusion that on this particular subject the old carpenter had gone mad. The foal was certainly very promising, long, muscular, and full of life and spirit. "From

the day of its birth," says the historian, "it was treated differently from any other animal on the place. As soon as it had been weaned, a suitable stall was built in a big barn for its accommodation, and from that day forth nothing was left undone to secure its comfort; and it was not long before Conklin and his colt were the talk of that end of Long Island. When the colt was three years old it was broken to harness, and during the following summer took part in a little race on the Island, winning the contest in about three minutes. Then the old man was more certain than ever that he had the wonder of the world, and redoubled his efforts in the way of care, etc., had a special stable built for the colt, with an office adjoining, where in winter, all seated around a big fire, he would entertain his neighbors telling them what a great horse that colt was going to be. . . . For the next two years Mr. Conklin gave almost his entire time to the care and education of this colt. He bought himself a light wagon, got a set of double harness, secured an old runner, and as he was a very heavy man, and did not want to compel the colt to draw his weight, he hooked him by the side of the runner, and in this manner he received his first lesson in trotting."¹

The extraordinary part of this story is that the colt, who was called Rarus, perfectly fulfilled the extravagant expectations of his breeder and owner, becoming the champion trotter of the world, and reducing the record in 1878 to 2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$. Mr. Conklin managed him well, for John Splan, a great driver, in whose hands Rarus passed the famous part of his career, declared that he never drove a better broken horse.

Rarus was a rangy bay, of high courage, with a plain but blood-like and intelligent head, a good neck, and poor feet. Excepting the tendency to inflame, a most racy, entertaining, and instructive work.

¹ This quotation is taken from Mr. John Splan's recently published *Life with the Trot-*

mation in his feet, he was a remarkably healthy horse, never losing his appetite, despite the long journeys that he made and the hard races that he trotted. At one time Rarus served as a foil for Goldsmith Maid, just as in earlier days George M. Patchen, John Morgan, and other horses did for Flora Temple, and as the same Patchen and Princess did later for Dexter. But in this case there was a difference. Rarus was much younger than Goldsmith Maid, and he was controlled by a driver who had no notion of using him up in hopeless contests.

Both horses spent the winter of 1876-77 in California, where they gave some "exhibition" races, no pools being sold, and it being understood that Rarus would not attempt to win. During this time, also, Splan, the driver of Rarus, a man eminently gifted with the wisdom of the serpent, took pains that none of the sporting-men from San Francisco who visited the track occasionally should ever time Rarus at his best. The consequence was that Splan's horse came to be regarded in California as a much-overrated beast. In the spring, on the Maid's twenty-first birthday, Budd Doble drove her a mile in 2:16; but a day or two later Splan privately timed his horse in 2:15. Soon afterward, a purse was offered in a "free-for-all" race, near San Francisco, and both Goldsmith Maid and Rarus were entered. The betting men supposed that the Maid would have an easy victory, but Splan and his friends, who wagered an enormous sum on the result, thought otherwise, and Rarus won. The sporting Californians were freely bled of their money, and Splan was, in consequence, criticised as a robber who had come on from the East with the express purpose of plundering honest men. His conduct toward Budd Doble, his friend and the owner of the Maid, may have been somewhat disingenuous, but there was nothing of which the public had a right to

complain, for the race was a fair one. This trot marked the end of the Maid's public career. Rarus soon took her place as a "star" performer, and two years later he was sold to Mr. Robert Bonner for \$36,000.

No sketch of Rarus would be complete without some mention of his remarkable friendship for a dog. When the horse was in California, a fireman gave to Splan a wiry-haired Scotch terrier pup, who was then two months old, and weighed when full grown only fifteen pounds. Splan in turn gave the pup to Dave, the groom of Rarus, with the caution not to let the horse hurt him, for on several occasions Rarus had bitten dogs that ventured into his stall. But to this terrier, who is described as possessing "almost human intelligence," the trotter took a great fancy, which the dog fully returned. They became fast and inseparable friends. "Not only," says Mr. Splan, "were they extremely fond of each other, but they showed their affection plainly as did ever a man for a woman. We never took any pains to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything he knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable, a pup, until I sold Rarus they were never separated an hour. We once left the dog in the stall while we took the horse to the blacksmith shop, and when we came back we found he had made havoc with everything there was in there, trying to get out, while the horse during the entire journey was uneasy, restless, and in general acted as badly as the dog did. Dave remarked that he thought that we had better keep the horse and dog together after that. When Rarus went to the track for exercise or to trot a race, the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate at his side, watching Rarus with as much interest as Dave did. When the horse returned to the stable after a heat, and was unchecked, the dog would walk up and

climb up on his forward legs and kiss him, the horse always bending his head down to receive the caress. In the stable, after work was over, Jim and the horse would often frolic like two boys. If the horse lay down, Jim would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him; and whenever I led Rarus out to show him to the public, Jim invariably knew what it meant, and enhanced the value of the performance by the manner in which he would get on the horse's back. On these occasions the horse was shown to halter, and Jimmy, who learned to distinguish such events from those in which the sulky was used, would follow Dave and Rarus out on the quarter stretch; and then when the halt was made in front of the grand stand, Dave would stoop down, and in a flash Jimmy would jump on his back, run up his shoulder, from there leap on the horse's back, and there he would stand, his head high in the air and his tail out stiff behind, barking furiously at the people. He seemed to know that he was as much a part of the show as the horse, and apparently took great delight in attracting attention to himself."

When Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner Splan sent Jimmy with the horse, rightly judging that it would be cruel to separate them. But in Mr. Bonner's stable there was already a bull-terrier in charge, and one day when, for some real or fancied affront, the small dog attacked the larger one, the latter took Jimmy by the neck and was fast killing him; but Rarus heard his outcries, and perceiving that his little friend was in danger and distress, pulled back on the halter till it broke, rushed out of his stall, and would have made short work with the bull-terrier had he not been restrained by the grooms.

The examples which I have cited prove that horses are far more capable of attaching themselves to other animals, man included, than is generally supposed; for neither Dexter, nor Gold-

smith Maid, nor Rarus was particularly affectionate in disposition. There is recorded one extraordinary case of friendship between an old horse and a young one. A trotting-bred colt, called Bay, had conceived a great fondness for a gray gelding who was pastured in the same lot with him, his affection being warmly returned. When the young horse arrived at the proper age he was sent to a trainer, but in his new quarters he became unmanageable; he refused to eat, kicked and plunged in his stall, and kept the whole place in an uproar. Finally he was returned to the farm, and put back in the field with his gray friend, where he seemed perfectly contented. His owner then concluded that he would have to send the old horse also to the trainer, as a sort of companion or nurse to the young one. This he did, and thereafter the two animals were never separated. When Bay's education was so far advanced that he was thought worthy to go on the "grand circuit," the gray gelding was taken with him from city to city. In the "palace horse car" which conveyed Bay and the other costly racers, a stall was invariably reserved for his humble friend; and whenever Bay engaged in a race the old horse accompanied the "rubbers" to the track, being always stationed in some place where the young trotter could conveniently see and speak to him between the heats.

The 2.13½ of Rarus was reduced the very next year by St. Julien to 2.11½. This is a big, slashing bay horse, with a large but good head, wide hips, and powerful hind legs. His sire was Volunteer, who was by the famous Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Volunteer's dam being a well-bred mare, from whom he derived a handsome head and neck and a high spirit; these being characteristics seldom found in the Hambletonian strain. The dam of St. Julien was of the Clay family, which he closely resembled. St. Julien, like many trotters, was not

brought to his best without the expenditure of exceeding pains on the part of his trainer and driver, Mr. Orrin Hickock. He is a very nervous horse, and it required months of practice before he became accustomed to "scoring," so that he was fit to start in a race.

A year later, Maud S. reduced the record to 2.10 $\frac{3}{4}$, and again, in 1885, to 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$, which is still the best time. Jay-Eye-See, with his record of 2.10, held the supremacy for a single day in 1884. He is an honest but ugly little black horse, having hind legs of tremendous power, which propel him with the accuracy and force of locomotive driving-wheels. Jay-Eye-See was by Dictator, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, his dam being a daughter of Pilot, Jr., and his grandam being of the famous Lexington race-horse blood. Maud S. was bred in much the same way. Her sire was Harold, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; her dam being Miss Russell, by Pilot, Jr., and her grandam another descendant of Lexington. Maud S. shows her thoroughbred quality in every line. She is a medium-sized golden chestnut, with a beautiful neck, a large, but bony, clean-cut, and noble head, ears that are well shaped, though a little too big, and a large eye, full of intelligence and courage. She has a straight back and strong quarters. Her present owner, Mr. Robert Bonner, says of her, "Maud S. is the most intelligent and the most affectionate animal that I have ever owned. She has, however, 'a will of her own,' and would resent harsh treatment of any kind; but if you use her gently and kindly you can do anything with her. Solomon's dictum concerning children would not answer in her case. If you did not 'spare the rod' you would be sure to 'spoil' her. I would as soon think of striking a woman as to give Maud S. a sharp cut with a whip." There was a time in the career of Maud S. when she was wild, ungovernable, and, as a racing mare, nearly if

not quite worthless. But a long course of patient training brought her back to her original state, and she is now perhaps the best driving horse as well as the fastest trotter in the world.

In the course of this brief survey it must have occurred to the reader that there is one respect in which all the most distinguished trotters have resembled each other, and that is in their nervous energy, in high spirit and courage. That latent flame which the Washington Hollow horseman detected in the eye of Flora Temple came out afterward in the resolute bursts of speed with which she finished her fastest miles. Dexter was represented as being "chock full of fire and deviltry," and capable of jumping like a cat. Hiram Woodruff, as we have seen, spoke of his "wicked head." Goldsmith Maid had a strong will of her own, and the excitement which she betrayed on the eve of a race showed how fine was her organization. "She would stand quietly enough," says her driver, "while being hitched to the sulky,"—although she had previously been kicking and plunging in her stall,— "but she would shake and tremble until I have heard her feet make the same noise against the hard ground that a person's teeth will when the body is suddenly chilled; that is, her feet actually chattered on the ground. The instant I would get into the sulky all this would pass away, and she would start in a walk for the track as sober as any old horse you ever saw." Rarus was so nervous that he never could have been driven with safety on the road, and his courage was of the finest temper. St. Julien was exceedingly high strung, and in hands less patient and discreet than those of his trainer might never have been subdued to the purposes of racing. Jay-Eye-See, though I know less of his personal history, is notorious for the pluck that he showed on the last quarters of his hard miles; and Maud S. is the most spirited, the most determined,

and at the same time the gentlest of animals. It does not seem unreasonable to trace the fineness of nerve and strength of will displayed by these horses to the thoroughbred blood which runs in their veins.

Whatever its origin, this "do or die" quality, as sporting-men term it, goes far to redeem the trotting-track from those degrading associations with which,

one must admit, it is almost always connected. Man may take a lesson from the horse, as well as from the dog, in courage, in resolution, in discipline. It is a noble spirit that animates the exhausted trotter, who, obedient to the rein and voice of the jockey, expends his last reserve of force on the home stretch, and staggers under the wire a winner by a head.¹

H. C. Merwin.

MR. MOTLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE is a profound observation, which we have ourselves made more than once, that the day of leisurely letter-writing went out with the advent of the post-card, emblem of the brevity and no-nonsense of modern social exchange. There are few pleasures greater than having one's profound observations collapse, after they have been said by somebody else, and the two generous volumes containing the correspondence of Mr. Motley² give the lie handsomely to our epigrammatic wisdom. To be sure, the literal philosopher may quote the date of the introduction of cards and confront us with an anachronism; but we are too eager to be rid of our profound observation to mind that, for we have another to take its place, namely, that unofficial letter-writing in a public man or a man of letters is a measure of the generosity and spontaneity of his mind. Look at Walter Scott, whose hearty correspondence was enough to serve for an ordinary being's occupation; at Lamb, who gave forth his keenest wit and most acute criticism in letters to friends, some of whom were quite outside the range of literary folk; at Henry

Taylor, who always seemed a person of abundant leisure when he was writing friendly letters, yet was known as an industrious under-secretary whose very business was letter-writing; and now at Motley, who, to judge from these two liberal volumes, threw off his great histories in his leisure moments, but was occupied for the most part in long, delightful letters, or in a round of breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners.

Whatever may be said of letter-writing as a test, the reader of Motley's correspondence cannot fail to draw thence a conviction of the richness of Motley's nature. The eager boy who writes home from school for books, books, more books, and whose letters when he first visits Europe have a headlong rush, as of one who plunged into study and intercourse with men impetuously and in a spirit of noble self-confidence, is the same person as that paralytic who fumbles with his pen at the end of the second volume, and after writing an account of his condition to his lifelong friend Dr. Holmes, strength stolen from the right arm, vigor gone from thought, clearness from vision, adds: "Do not consider me an

¹ In a subsequent paper the art of training and driving the trotting horse will be touched upon.

² *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley.*

Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1889.

egotist for these details, for you will find them curious, I am sure. Do not believe me inclined to complain, or to pass what remains of life in feeble lamentations. When I think of all the blessings I have had, and of the measure of this world's goods, infinitely beyond my deservings, that have been heaped upon me, I should despise myself if I should not find strength enough to bear the sorrows which the Omnipotent has now chosen to send." The greater part of his life was spent in Europe: he was early in diplomatic service, and in the maturity of his power was minister successively at Vienna and London; he had familiar friends at these courts as well as at the Hague; he was a companion of Bismarck in their student days, and his chosen friend when after a lapse of years they were thrown together again; his daughters married Englishmen; he himself spent his last days in England and was buried there; he was cruelly treated by two successive administrations in the United States, yet this man, whose studies took him into the sixteenth century and whose daily life was among the most cultivated men and women of modern society, was, as his correspondence shows, passionate in his devotion to the land of his birth and to the political principles for which it stood.

Mr. Curtis has passed over the miserable McCracken incident almost in silence. He gives us only a glimpse of Motley's scorn, but he provides the reader with a noble reply to the base insinuations made by a sneak and shamefully listened to by a great secretary. The letters of Motley written before, during, and after the war for the Union are an overwhelming attestation of Motley's lofty patriotism. His father was opposed to the war, and the son, strong in his filial affection, could not bear either to be silent or to drag his father into controversy. Therefore he poured out his mind to his mother in letters

which leave no uncertainty as to his sentiments.

"No one," he writes to his mother after his father's death in 1864, "appreciated more than I did the excellent qualities of mind and character which distinguished my father. I always thoroughly respected and honored his perfect integrity, his vigorous and uncommon powers of mind, his remarkable vein of wit and native humor, with which all who knew him were familiar, his large experience, his honorable prudence, his practical sagacity, and his singular tenderness of heart. I can say to you *now*, what it was difficult to write before, that it has always been a cause of sincere pain, at times almost of distress, that I could find no sympathy with him in my political sentiments. In this great revolutionary war now going on in our country, in which the deepest principles of morality and public virtue are at stake, and in which the most intense emotions of every heart are stirred, it would have been an exquisite satisfaction to me could I have felt myself in harmony with him whom as my father I truly honored, whose character and mind I sincerely respected, but whose opinions I could not share.

"You may believe that it was a great pain that I could never exchange written or spoken words with him on the great subject of the age and of the world, and I therefore formed the resolution of always addressing my letters to you, in order that I might not seem to say to him what might cause controversy between us. I supposed that he would probably read or not, as he chose, what I wrote to you, and that he could not be annoyed by my speaking without restraint on such occasions. As to concealing my opinions, that neither he nor you would have wished me to do. And as to doubting whether I am right or not in the feelings which I have all my life entertained as to the loathsome institution which has at last brought this

tremendous series of calamities upon our land, I should as soon think of doubting the existence of God. Therefore I was obliged to be silent to him, and I have often expressed the regret which that silence caused me. I could easily understand, however, that his age and the different point of view from which he regarded political subjects made it not unnatural that he should hold with tenacity to opinions which he had formed with deliberation, and acted upon intelligently during a long lifetime."

It may be said of Motley's political creed that it was one of large principles, and not of petty policies; his historical studies were indicative of the interest of his mind in great movements for human freedom, and educative also in leading him to see the struggle going on both in America and Europe, under his eyes, as a conflict of forces of right and wrong, not mere adventitious fights of factions. It is this habit of looking below the surface for underlying principles which renders his observations so interesting. One feels that one is listening to a generous rather than to a subtle man; that this eager student of affairs takes counsel of a robust, sympathetic human nature, and has not learnt his lesson from the cautious weavers of diplomatic webs.

"Throughout this great war of principle," he writes in 1864, "I have been sustained by one great faith, — my belief in democracy. . . . The democratic principle is potent even in Europe, where it only exists in hidden and mutually neutralizing combinations with other elements. In America it is omnipotent, and I have always felt that the slave power has undertaken a task which is not difficult, but impossible. I don't use this as a figure of speech. I firmly believe that the democratic principle is as immovable and absolute a fact upon our soil (not to change its appearance until after some long processes of cause and effect, the beginnings

of which for centuries to come cannot even be imagined) as any of its most marked geological and geographical features, and that [it] is as much a necessary historical and philosophical result as they are.

"For one, I like democracy. I don't say that it is pretty, or genteel, or jolly. But it has a reason for existing, and is a fact in America, and is founded on the immutable principle of reason and justice. Aristocracy certainly presents more brilliant social phenomena, more luxurious social enjoyments. Such a system is very cheerful for a few thousand select specimens out of the few hundred millions of the human race. It has been my lot and yours to see how much splendor, how much intellectual and physical refinement, how much enjoyment of the highest character, has been created by the English aristocracy; but what a price is paid for it! Think of a human being working all day long, from six in the morning to seven at night, for fifteen or twenty kreutzers a day, in Moravia or Bohemia, Ireland or Yorkshire, for forty or fifty years, to die in the work-house at last! This is the lot of the great majority all over Europe, and yet they are of the same flesh and blood, the *natural* equals in every way of the Howards and Stanleys, Esterhazys and Lichtensteins."

The ardent faith in democracy which Motley expresses was a part of his character. The buoyant hopefulness of his nature was fed by his study and observation. His was not a cautious, hesitating mind, and above all it was not a self-centred one. He threw himself into his pursuits, and he gave himself loyally and heartily to his friends and to his country. After the great success of the Dutch Republic he was flattered by the men and women whose praise was most worth having, but there is little direct exhibition of this in his letters. Except to his wife, he scarcely ever recounted his triumphs; and when

he mentioned them to her it was with an uneasy air, as if even she might fancy he overvalued them.

The warmth of his feeling, joined to that active imagination which enabled him to see vividly the objects of his interest, made him a generous rather than an acute critic. He was always on the right side, but he lacked that healthy spirit of criticism which makes one skeptical of the near while confident in the remote good. Thus his prophecies during the war were constantly falsified, but he continued to make them with assurance, because his faith in the ultimate triumph of the Union was firm. There is a humorous pleasure which one takes in reading these prophecies, they recall in so lively a way the experience of many like him who passed through the same period. Scott rises to view at the beginning of the war in those gigantic proportions which gave such comfort to many. "Don't be affected," he writes to his wife, "by any sneers or insinuations of slowness against Scott. I believe him to be a magnificent soldier, thoroughly equal to his work, and I trust that the country and the world will one day acknowledge that he has played a noble and winning game with consummate skill." Later he pins his faith to McClellan, whose military capacity he believes to be, on the whole, equal to that of any of his opponents; and when Grant's star is in the ascendant, he thanks Heaven that the coming man seems really to have come. "So far as I can understand the subject," he says, "Ulysses Grant is *at least* equal to any general now living in any part of the world, and by far the first that our war has produced on either side." Like others who brought no captious criticism for a test, he read the promise in Lincoln early. He was in Washington in June, 1861, and his comments on the men then at the fore are those of an ardent American determined to be pleased, and

ready to see beforehand all the military ability and statesmanship that were needed in them. He read the signs of the times no better than others when he wrote to his wife, who was in Europe: "Don't be cast down, either, if you hear of a few reverses at first. I don't expect them, but whether we experience them or not, nothing can prevent our ultimate triumph and a complete restoration of the Union. Of this I feel very confident. I don't like to prophesy, — a man always makes an ass of himself by affecting to read the future, — yet I will venture one prediction: that before eighteen months have passed away the uprising of a great Union party in the South will take the world as much by surprise as did so recently the unanimous rising of the North." When Bull Run swept away the pleasing illusions he had cherished, he was as frank in his momentary despondency as he had been in his cheerful prophecies. Up to July 22d he had been writing to his wife of the succession of petty victories, closing, "And, in short, you have here from an unimpeachable witness evidence that even in Eastern Virginia, the very hot-bed of secession, the rebellion is not overpopular, and that the stars and stripes are hailed, by some of the inhabitants at least, as the symbols of deliverance from a reign of terror. I shall leave my letter open in order to add a P. S. to-morrow." To-morrow he writes his P. S., beginning, "Read this sheet first. I have had half a dozen minds about sending you the foregoing pages. Since they were written the terrible defeat of Sunday evening has occurred. We are for the moment overwhelmed with gloom. I pity you and my children inexpressibly to be alone there. . . . I don't feel now as if I could come into England again." But the head hung so low was soon lifted, and five days later he was able to write, "Don't be too much cast down about Bull's Run," and to show how, though

the defeat was most unfortunate, the country was more determined than ever.

We are very glad that Mr. Curtis did not think it necessary to protect Mr. Motley's character as a man of judgment by omitting or slurring over these very interesting expressions of his momentary belief. They are reflections of the minds of thousands of Americans who were as devoid of experience as Mr. Motley, and they bring back with great freshness the emotions of those stirring days. Besides, they help us to a better knowledge of the lovable man who poured himself out in these unrestrained letters. Mr. Motley speaks somewhere with impatience of the system which permits the communications of foreign ministers to become the public property of the nation instead of serving the ends of the administration, and makes an unfavorable comparison with the system in operation in the Venetian republic, which resulted in the masterly letters of the ambassadors to England and other countries. But private correspondence like his own is of great value to the historian who would recall the impressions made on men's minds when the great movements of the war had not yet thrown light backward upon the beginnings of the conflict.

We have dwelt at length upon the letters which relate to the war, because they seem to us the most valuable portion of the book, and because they illustrate so abundantly the temper of Motley's mind. Most of us draw our knowledge of Netherlands history from Motley's own writings, and have no criterion by which to judge of the probable truth of his presentation of the subject. We do know something of American history and society, and thus can apply tests to Motley's judgment of home affairs. In the light thrown by this means on a brilliant historian we are able to see both his strong characteristics and the limitations of his mind.

The result certainly is in a heartier admiration of the man himself, and a confidence in the moral quality of his enthusiasm.

This confidence is heightened by a great variety of his comments on men and affairs in Europe, and we learn besides to appreciate how much more important in his eyes were principles of human conduct and general movements of society than were individual forces. There is a great deal of picturesque observation on the persons whom he meets, but surprisingly little of patient analysis. He grasped wholes, and saw pictures of the world rather than expended his strength in finespun and subtle discriminations. The comments which he makes on the Prussian-Austrian war, which took place while he was minister at Vienna, are very striking for their grouping of historic phases; but though he knew Bismarck intimately, he has little to say which would denote a penetrating discernment of the quality of Bismarck's greatness. Bismarck's own letters to Motley, of which a number are given, afford a most interesting glimpse of his character on a side not always shown to the public.

For picturesque setting forth of men there is nothing better in these volumes than the several sketches which Motley gives of Brougham, who interested and amused him greatly. The chancellor seemed to fascinate him, and he returns again and again to his portraiture. Motley and he received the degree of D. C. L. at Oxford at the same time, and in writing to his mother Motley says: "Nothing could be more absurd than old Brougham's figure, long and gaunt, with snow-white hair under the great black porringer, and with his wonderful nose wagging lithely from side to side as he hitched up his red petticoats and stalked through the mud." "There certainly never was a great statesman and author," he says elsewhere, "who so irresistibly suggested the man who

does the comic business at a small theatre as Brougham. You are compelled to laugh when you see him as much as at Keeley or Warren. Yet there is absolutely nothing comic in his mind. On the contrary, he is always earnest, vigorous, impressive, but there is no resisting his nose. It is not merely the configuration of that wonderful feature which surprises you, but its mobility. It has the litheness and almost the length of the elephant's proboscis, and I have no doubt he can pick up pins or scratch his back with it as easily as he could take a pinch of snuff. He is always twisting it about in quite a fabulous manner."

The two volumes abound in clever, often witty, but more often genial observations, which help the reader to understand why Motley was such an evident favorite in society. How suggestive, for instance, is such a remark as this touching the war for the Union! "It is not a war; it is not exactly a revolution; it is the sanguinary development of great political and social problems, which it was the will of the Great Ruler of the Universe should be reserved as the work of the generation now on the stage and their immediate successors." And here is a bright little picture of the singing of the children at St. Paul's on Holy Thursday: "The spectacle is certainly very touching and impressive. There are about four thousand children, mostly under the age of ten or eleven. Arranged in long rows, rising tier upon tier above each other, and all dressed in dark stuff gowns, with white kerchiefs and aprons and mittens, with quaint Old World starched caps about their young fresh faces, they have a very unique as-

pect. Particularly when they all rose and seated themselves as by a single impulse, the flutter of these thousands of white wings all through the church, with the devout, innocent look of the thousands of child faces and the piping of their baby voices, suggested the choir of the angels in Paradise. I do not know much to say of the charity. It is merely a collection of all the children, some of whom are fed, clothed, and educated by various schools, which are variously endowed. But as an artistic exhibition it is certainly most effective. Thackeray, who was with me in the pew, said, 'It is the finest thing in the world, — finer than the Declaration of Independence.'"

The book is rightly named *Correspondence*, for though of course Motley wrote the great bulk of the letters, there are many delightful ones to which his are replies, and the reader is treated to foretastes of what he may reasonably hope some day to receive in fuller form; letters, that is, from Dr. Holmes, who was Motley's most faithful correspondent. Bismarck, also, as we have intimated, writes some juicy letters, and Bright, J. S. Mill, Hawthorne, are represented. Mr. Curtis has done his task with admirable taste. If we had asked anything more, it would have been some slight looping together of the letters by means of a sketch of Motley's doings and movements; but Dr. Holmes's brief monograph supplies what the reader actually requires. We trust these two volumes will send many readers to the earlier book, because that contains so just a statement of Motley's diplomatic career.

A PAINTER'S PEN AND BRUSH.

MR. HOPKINSON SMITH has before given us examples of his sketches with a slight accompaniment of letterpress; now he gives us a literary sketch with a few pictorial decorations.¹ It is not very hard to detect the same hand, whether it holds the brush or the pen. There is in either case a happy faculty for catching those broad effects which plenty of sunshine makes possible, and that skill which uses a few strokes with dramatic force and suggestive boldness. Mr. Smith went to Mexico, as he tells us, with no such serious intent as would have compelled him to unload on the public a volume of description and reflection touching the social, political, religious, and financial problems of the country. He says frankly, "I have preferred rather to present what would appeal to the painter and idler," and then he adds a rapid catalogue of the charms of the country in this aspect: "A land of white sunshine, redolent with flowers; a land of gay costumes, crumbling churches, and old convents; a land of kindly greetings, of extreme courtesy, of open, broad hospitality. I have delighted my soul with the swaying of the lilies in the sunlight, the rush of the roses crowding over mouldy walls, the broad-leaved palms cooling the shadows, and have wasted none of my precious time searching for the lizard and the mole crawling at their roots."

The power to sketch surfaces agreeably is not lessened by an ability to see below the surface, and Mr. Smith does not always do justice to his own nature in this book. He is a good deal more than an ingenious rattle, as the chapter on *Some Peons at Aguas Calientes* intimates, and we suspect that he was a little in fear of his own shadow

in drawing off this result of a jaunt in Mexico. He really was in no danger of being dull. The pictorial and the dramatic are too highly developed in him to permit this, but a freer, bolder recourse to sentiment and thought would have added the one touch needed to make this book an uncommon piece of literature; so true is it that surfaces have a value in proportion to the solidity of the presumable substance of which they are the exposition. To take a technical illustration from this book itself, it is printed on paper which is superficially polished to counteract the lack of depth in the engravings, and one handles it with an apprehension lest the whole will "come off." So the reader catches himself wondering if some of the incidents and persons that serve as the basis for Mr. Smith's lively narrative have not been glazed a little to add to the effect of the drawing. The painter is so clever and has so lively a touch that he must easily have yielded to the temptation to heighten this or that scene. The absence of deep tones sometimes requires the exaggeration of lights.

As soon as we accept the dramatic element in Mr. Smith's art, and recognize the fact that what we see in his pictures and read in his text is Mexico on the stage, as it were, we resign ourselves to very unusual enjoyment. We are in the position of spectators who are far enough away from the front to find all the illusions satisfactorily deceptive, the voices pitched just right, the scenery effective, and the figures natural and expressive. What could be cleverer than the opening scene, with the breakfast party superintending the painter's sketch, and the generous hospitality of the Mexican grandee concentrated on the roving

Author. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

¹ *A White Umbrella in Mexico.* By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. With Illustrations by the

artist? If Mr. Smith had chosen an introduction to his acquaintance with Mexican life, he could not have been more felicitous. Nor is the close of the book less happily conceived. He holds the incident of the visit to Tzintzúntzan and the disclosure of the Titian as an admirable climax, to which the reader's mind is led by a succession of interesting steps.

The dramatic is thus involved in the very structure of the book, and from beginning to end there is a suggestion of gesture and almost pantomimic action; yet all is so deft, so free from excess and mere extravagance, that the reader is not teased by a reminder that this is a free, mimetic representation of life;

he enjoys the play as a piece of art, and does not think, while he is engaged upon it, that everything has been arranged for his pleasure.

It is not often that we fall upon a little book which unites so many diverse manifestations of a single predominating nature. The quick touch-and-go quality of Mr. Smith's work is as much in the literature as in the art, and characterizes both the manner and the structure of the book. It is a quality not often found under such absolute control; and it is this control, determining the use to which it may be put, that raises the book from a mere desultory collection of bits into a unique, gay little masterpiece of its kind.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Classic
Reputation.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD bids us beware of two things in our estimates of literary works, — the bias given to our minds by historical considerations and the bias caused by personal sympathy. I cannot but think that the reputation of Wordsworth's poetry has been increased in just this way. His share in that epoch-making book, the *Lyrical Ballads*, secured him an important place in the history of English poetry, and I believe that both an historical and a personal bias must be allowed for in the judgment passed upon his work by many critics. It is noteworthy, however, that no poet who has been ranked so high by competent critical authorities has at the same time met with such severe disparagement of so large a portion of his work. Let me put together some of the judgments which agree in praise and some of those which agree in dispraise, and see what impression we shall gather from the whole. Mr. Arnold "firmly believes that, after

Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth's poetical performance is undoubtedly the most considerable in our language, from the Elizabethan age to our own." That cultivated writer, Mr. Ingleby, speaks of the "considerable quantity" of Wordsworth's poetry which incontestably proves him one of the greatest poets of the century. I cannot quote any single sentence from Mr. R. H. Hutton's sympathetic and discriminating criticism, but every page of his essay testifies to his thorough appreciation of Wordsworth's unique power, and his citations are the happiest I have seen.

Our estimate of a poet should, no doubt, be qualitative, not quantitative, yet I think we cannot disregard quantity when we consider Wordsworth's relative rank, as Mr. Arnold does. Remembering the short time given to Shelley, Byron, and Keats to work in, and the length of years — between fifty and sixty — during which the poet of Rydal labored, the wonder is how, in mere bulk, there

can be any comparison between them. It seems to me the *proportion* of superior work in Shelley and Byron is greater than in Wordsworth. His sincerest admirers agree as to the necessity for leaving out of the account much the larger part of Wordsworth's poetical performance. But, they say, the remainder is of such transcendent merit as to gain for him the most exalted place in modern poetry. This judgment is one I must question. Upon no poet has the same anxious care been bestowed — by others, not himself — to separate the gold from the dross, and bring to clearest view all that is best in his work. Taking this small residue of Wordsworth's choicest verse, what is there in it that constitutes it of such incomparable worth? The "noble and profound application of ideas to life" Mr. Arnold makes the test of the truest poetry. Noble, Wordsworth undoubtedly is, at his best, but is he even there always profound? The passage beginning "Within the soul a faculty abides" I grant is profoundly true and noble. The Ode to Duty belongs to the same class of meditative poetry, addressing itself to the best thought and instinct of men, and in form is as little didactic as Wordsworth could make it. Out of the hundreds of sonnets he composed, certain fine ones may be selected to add to the list of his best performance. If we take *Three Years She Grew*, the *Boy of Windermere*, and *Daffodils*, which, characteristic and fine as they are, can hardly be described as profound, we come to the end of the list of works that can in any sense be called great. The pleasing poems on *Yarrow* are not great nor specially characteristic. If one chooses to pronounce the *Ode on Immortality* profound, I do not know that I can argue a negative. I can only say I do not feel impressed by its profundity, though I recognize in it fine passages of verse. How the preponderance of reflection, the lack of passion, in Wordsworth contrast with

Coleridge's intellectual yet emotional poetry, such as *Youth and Age* and the *Ode to Dejection*! Alas that Coleridge's working years were so few!

I believe that lovers of Wordsworth lend to his verse something beyond what it contains in itself, contributing out of the fullness of their own minds much they think they perceive. In the lines about "the soothing thoughts that spring out of human suffering," the poet does but imply that such thoughts there are, and what they are some readers are unable to imagine, while others easily supply all that is unsaid.

Mr. Hutton and Mr. Lowell agree as to Wordsworth's lack of structural and dramatic power, and the latter adds, "Of narrative power he has next to none." His lack of spontaneity, also, they both admit. And it seems to me plainly evident that, in Mr. Lowell's words, "more than with most poets poetry was with Wordsworth an art rather painfully acquired, needing a toilsome education of the ear."

Productions that cost us much we are apt to value unduly, which partly accounts for Wordsworth's overestimate of his own work. With the exception of some of the sonnets, where the imposition of strict form aided him in construction, there is hardly a *perfect* poem in Wordsworth's whole seven volumes. The little poem called *Daffodils*, which to my mind has the *charm* so noticeably absent from most of Wordsworth's verse, is really perfect, while in *Three Years She Grew* we are able to choose some stanzas as excelling the rest. As Mr. Hutton observes, Wordsworth did not *paint* nature; his *rôle* was that of interpreter; but in the short poem just referred to the poet does, for once, paint the "jocund company" for our eye before suggesting the thought of the "inward bliss" which is to be ours through memory. After all, as Mr. Lowell says, works of literary art must be judged by reference to their literary qualities, and

how little of the form, the body, of pure poetry is there in Wordsworth! The lack of art-form is the defect which prevents much of Mr. Browning's true thought from ranking with the finest poetry, even with the poetry of smaller men. The many severe criticisms passed upon so much of Wordsworth's verse I do not repeat here, because I wish to quote only such strictures as apply to his work as a whole; the qualifications that have to be made with regard to his best poems, not his worst. While on this question of art-form, I must note a signal proof of the large, the prevailing element of prose in Wordsworth's mind. The piece called *Ellen Irwin* is his version of the tragic story elsewhere embodied in the lyric of *Fair Helen*. Those unacquainted with the latter will find it in *Palgrave's Golden Treasury*. *Fair Helen* seems to me unsurpassed for poetic power; and on reading these two poems, the question at once arises why Wordsworth wanted to meddle with a subject already treated so admirably, and, as it might have appeared, once for all. Compare the concentrated passion of *Fair Helen*, uttering itself in one heart-broken cry of mingled rage and grief, with the tame feeling and bald statement of Wordsworth's lines, to say nothing of their false rhymes. I cannot think any other poet could have been guilty of such a parody. But Wordsworth's conviction of his vocation and mission made him unable to conceive that he was not the equal of any writer in prose or verse, when he chose to challenge them. He wondered why Scott thought it worth while to write the novel of *Rob Roy*, after he himself had given to the world his verses on *Rob Roy's Grave*, — a poem in no way remarkable except for two happy four-line stanzas.

Wordsworth, then, is not eminent for command of artistic form, and it seems clear that his defect in this respect was due partly to poverty of natural endowment, and partly to a false theory of

poetic production. Even Mr. Hutton cannot refrain from a gibe at the poet's reasoning in defense of certain of his works, — a reasoning, he remarks, which would have equally justified Wordsworth in sitting down to write a touching sonnet on the *Illicit Process of the Major*. As he also admits, the poet "directed" his imagination too much, and constructed pedestals not broad enough for the thoughts they were meant to sustain. Mr. Arnold says that Wordsworthians praise their favorite poet for the wrong thing; less for the pure poetry which is reality than for the so-called philosophy which is illusion. And Mr. Hutton observes, to the same effect, that for so contemplative a poet there was "singularly little of the comprehensive grasp of Reason in Wordsworth's mind, which was too concentrated, too intense, for general Truth, and that he had still less power of expressing universal emotions."

If we admit, in accordance with the critics from whom I have quoted, that Wordsworth had no spontaneity or passion, no structural dramatic or narrative powers, no large command of art-form, no grasp of reason or capacity to deal with universal emotions, is this not to say that Wordsworth was deficient in almost all the greater poetic qualities? And that, again, is equivalent to saying that so far from being a great poet, as that epithet is commonly applied, he was a poet great only in a special, very limited field. There were whole tracts of life he never surveyed and sources of emotion and action he never explored, so that the "application of ideas to life," the poet's function, was in him reduced pretty much to this: a power of spiritual interpretation of Nature and her influences on the soul of man, and of depicting a certain order of thought and kind of emotion not common to men in general, but only to those of rarer sensibilities. "In all his many contemplations of character there is no *variety* of

moral influences ;" and it is noticeable that while nature was his favorite theme, there is no whole landscape in his poems. Without wishing to undervalue the gift which Wordsworth at his best has to offer, I feel that even where he is strongest he yet in some measure defeats his own purpose by the too constant habit of "resolutely withdrawing his mind," and the reader's, from the more obvious suggestions of natural scenes and objects, and forcibly turning toward the most inward and spiritual influences that flow therefrom.

In the poem on the Nightingale he seems to me perversely moral. I think that other poets bring to us the healing and uplifting power as well as the sensuous delight of nature when they paint it, not in the sense of cataloguing it, but by re-presenting it, in such fashion that we not merely see it, but feel the joy of it as we have felt it, — or as we might not feel it without the poet's aid. Wordsworth's Skylark almost seems to have been written for the sake of the two concluding lines, the poet seizing upon the bird as furnishing a text for the brief pointing of a moral. Shelley's Skylark (which I have dared to criticise as too long, too packed with imagery) has verses in it which stir us with the same thrill of delight as would the actual vision of the bird, almost lost in the pale purple even melting round its flight. Take some of Mr. Arnold's poetry, where he paints, to use his own phrase, with his eye on the object itself, not on the spiritual lesson it discloses, but, as Mr. Hutton remarks, in the most *restful* way possible, and note how the external scene is set before us with the most exquisite lucidity, ease, and tenderness.

I think that one who loves Nature with the passion that ever grows in depth and strength, and knows her power to console and sustain by suggestion of an abiding peace and joy whose source is beyond herself, — such a one

feels that her influences have reached his inmost soul less by reflection and "resolute withdrawing" of the mind into special channels of thought than by letting her beauty sink silently in through the eye to the spirit. Within us is the pain of life's experience, without is the joy of earth's beauty ; and we let the two currents of thought and feeling mingle and flow together through the soul.

In his latest utterance on Wordsworth Mr. Lowell says : "He is great and surprising in passages and ejaculations. When at his best he startles and waylays as only genius can, but he is the furthest from that equanimity of constantly indwelling power that is the characteristic of the greatest work. . . . The limited circle to whom he appeals feel his power to a degree that makes them fanatical. The universal poets call out none of this fanaticism. . . . Will Wordsworth be known a century hence as the author of remarkable passages ?"

If a century hence men will be at the pains of searching through the seven volumes of his production, they will come upon passages remarkable as intrinsically precious, and also as surprises hidden away like glinting bits of pure ore among masses of hard rock or dull earth.

"Around a Spring." — A spring is a hostelry which, lone and hidden though it may be, yet lacks not for guests. Its good wine needs no bush ; wherever it lies deep and translucent in a bowl of ancient brown earth, or trickles softly along a little hollowed pathway, there all the furred and feathered denizens round about come regularly to partake. We may go into the woods, and be almost startled by the silence and apparent absence of life : there is no song or movement of a bird, no whisk of a squirrel's tail along the boughs. But if we seek out a familiar spring a little away from the path, and stand motionless for a few moments among the an-

tique mossy furniture of rocks and tree trunks, we shall be pretty sure of some sign that the suspension of animation is not quite so complete as we had imagined. The shy creatures of the underbrush are half lured from their covert to drink at the spring; the dwellers in the topmost branches overhead come now and then to earth at its margin.

The sportsman, taking account of the prospects for game in a new country, makes a spring his starting-point, examines all the footprints in its neighborhood, and waits in some ambush for the sure return of its frequenters, who are thus betrayed by their necessities. If animals and birds could forego food and drink, they might elude many an enemy; but Nature appears to frown upon a safe and negative policy; she will not allow of too close prying into the adversary's game, but incites each player to make his own moves. The favorites of civilization may find it essential to good manners to dissemble their love for good cheer, to deck it with ribbons and call it by finer names; but birds and beasts, like the majority of human beings, have too sharp a contest in the struggle for existence to coquet with their hunger and thirst. The bird, with its high organization, living at a rate which leaves the New Yorker far behind, must incessantly repair the vitality which it is incessantly working off. This constant need is a constant source of danger, but the need is an affirmation which cannot be ignored.

Yet hunting and hunted as they are, the "*smale foules maken melodie*," and to our keenest observation wear in attitude and motion an almost continual gladness. If we stand aside after slaking our thirst at the spring and watch the manners and aspect of the other guests, the conviction steals over us which came to Wordsworth sitting in the grove, "that there was pleasure there." The little jerk and quiver of the head which sends the beaded drops along the bill is

as good as a grace; there is exultance in the dip into the cool water, followed by another and another plunge, by triumphant screams and much shaking and ruffling of plumage. It is hardly fanciful to suppose that bodies, like spirits,

"are not finely touched

But to fine issues."

In that intense vitality of the bird there is not alone a semblance, but a vast possibility, of joyousness. A sort of rapture and luxury in the very satisfaction of its necessities seems the primal instinct of every creature; and if the bird's faculties are sharpened and concentrated towards a single end, if its activities are largely absorbed in the getting of food, it exhibits in the finding something which, remote as it may be in kind from the gratitude enjoined upon human beings, is no unhandsome substitute for it.

Speaking of gratitude, what a trick this delicious spring water has of welling through the fancy months or years after we have imbibed it, and coming fresh and cool upon the memory after a long and dusty interval! We recall the arduous tramp that lay behind; the heat and thirst; the search, long in vain, for relief; and finally the discovery of a little pool at the root of a tree, and the joy with which we greeted it, plunging drinking-cup or hands into its coolness, or, if that seemed too half-hearted a fashion, lying prone to meet it face to face. And then, if our journey was downward from the mountain or between its ridges, at a point where the waters begin to gather, perhaps a little farther on, lay a second fairy cup, and then a third, and we drank from those also, not for the satisfaction of thirst, but out of pure enjoyment. Utility and poetry meet at the spring: it brings to one of the most urgent of physical needs a relief so grateful and pleasant that the body must needs call the mind to share the feast. Many of us — would that the number were far greater! — go

through life with no experience worthy the name of hunger ; but thirst is quicker in its operations, and as democratic as the mosquito ; it is an arrow which we have all had in our flesh.

The boy in the fairy tale followed the brook to its fountain-head, and found that it all came out of a nutshell, buried in the ground, which he stopped up with moss and carried away with him for future emergencies. No fairy tale of tradition or of science can heighten or dispel this miracle of the flowing of water out of solid ground. It is no wonder that legend stood in awe at the smiting of the rock, or that superstition bent before the hazel twig ; and when we have penetrated to the strata through which the rain oozes drop by drop, or to the subterranean chambers where it gathers for the overflow, we have reached not a final cause, but the dark and hidden root of this wonderful blossoming. Above and below subtle agencies of nature combine to keep it daily fresh and ever mysterious.

Around a spring we find the first tint of verdure which comes to the sodden brown of the meadows. That moment when the green, already vivid, lies in patches in the damp places ; when a suspicion of yellow is beginning to steal over the lawns ; when the sky is of a softer blue and the earth has shaken off her frosts, if only temporarily, and left her hard grays for a richer brown ; when the crow-blackbirds fill the trees with their vociferous greeting, which has a rusty and difficult sound, like a remnant of winter in the throat, — that is to me a delicious epoch, with all its chilliness. When I was young, the first warm day was an engagement which it had been sacrilege to break, a joy which had the imperative force of a duty. It must be spent under the open sky, consecrated to some favorite spot where I could note the first stirrings of the sap, and find a sure, familiar record of the advance of spring. We love best what we loved first ; and

perhaps part of my delight in lingering about the sources of a rivulet comes from the fact that my earliest passion was for a half-wooded inclosure known as the "spring lot." It was the goal to which I turned as a child, when the sky was radiantly soft, with fleecy, summer-like clouds, and the stirring of the south wind in the treetops was a call to my baby soul. The thought that it was "really and truly" spring, that the world was growing beautiful again, made my lonely stroll to the lot a succession of blissful stations. I lingered in the lane, where the ferns began to have a newer look, and on the bridge over the little river, bordered by yellow-tasseled willows and swishing with a pleasant murmur against its grassy banks. There are many pieces of sheer good-fortune for children of luck in this world : it is well to have been born rich or handsome, or to have the talents which command the prizes of life. But it is perhaps no less happy and supreme a gift to have been born a child of the universe ; to have known in early childhood brooks, mountains, and sea ; to have felt the companionship of the sky, and in listening to its thunder to have heard deep calling unto deep. There is often an incommunicable and half-unconscious sense of these things in the heart of a child, wholly apart from any training or habit of observation. It is a seed which any soil will quicken ; the commonest landscape will be food for it as fine as the Alps. In fact, there is sometimes with the child as with the artist a sort of instinctive selection of the humbler phase. Among the memories of a journey through Switzerland in my childhood, that of a woodland bank at Roseclani, covered with moss and with tiny pink flowers, remains to me as having afforded at least as keen a pleasure as the glacier itself, and the image of Mont Blanc had no power to efface the delights of the "spring lot." The power upon us of a scene or thought lies

partly in the extent of our intimacy with it.

In the "spring lot" I knew every tree and stone, the bubbling of the cold, clear water in the pool, and the tumblers and ripples of the tiny brook which carried its overflow to the river. The earliest hepaticas and blood-roots opened within that charmed circle; not close to the water, for flowers seldom grow immediately about a spring, but a little back, in the thicket of alder bushes and hazels. This little copse was always full of whispers and soft undertones, and once when I was standing near its edge, along with the murmurs of the breeze there came to my ears a terrible voice: "Little girl, what are you doing here?"

It was the Widow Lee, standing grim and awful a few feet away, with a hatchet in her hand. She owned the acres from which I gathered my "mystic fruit," and had come out to trim the bushes. Her question may have had no harsher prompting than curiosity, but to my imagination her gaunt figure haunted the spot ever after, and there was a terror in the joy with which I listened to the wind in the trees, a fear lest it should bring at any moment a repetition of that freezing question, "Little girl, what are you doing here?" Henceforth my spring was troubled; its waters were tainted with the terrors and perplexities which belong on the mundane side of the gate of the Garden of Eden.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Books for the Young. Testa, a book for boys, by Paolo Mantegazza; translated from the Italian of the tenth edition by the Italian class in Bangor, Maine, under the supervision of Luigi D. Ventura. (Heath.) This book was suggested by De Amici's *Cuore*, and like that is a singular compound of *simplesse* and shrewdness. The form of the book is very different from what would grow out of an English or American boy's life. No such serious little diarists, it is safe to say, are now at work; but there is a good deal of strong sense and some amusing sentimentalism. Why should we be amused? Probably we should not be if we were Italians; but it is our crass Anglo-Saxon nature that makes it hard for us to see a small boy roll up his eyes without being amused. — *A Quaker Girl of Nantucket*, by Mary Catherine Lee. (Houghton.) A delightful story, with agreeable humor and a sunny temper. The author has used the venerable situation of an exchange of persons in an entertaining and suggestive fashion, for she manages to transfer the square peg in the round hole to the square hole, while she puts the round peg in its proper place. The background of Nantucket life is skillfully drawn, and the Quaker figures give genuine amusement without being caricatured.

Domestic Economy. *Quick Cooking*, a book of culinary heresies for the busy wives and mothers of the land, by one of the heretics. (Putnams.) Here are some six hundred recipes, requiring for execution from five to thirty minutes. The audacious author has the husband on her side at once when she declares, as the fundamental doctrine, that "there is no waste in the kitchen so much to be deplored as wasted time." She winds up with thirty-nine recipes of appetizing dishes, which take time, but in the author's judgment are too nice to be sacrificed. There is a candor in this "black list" which increases one's confidence in the heretic. — *Progressive Housekeeping; Keeping House Without Knowing How, and Knowing How to Keep House Well.* By Catherine Owen. (Houghton.) A sensible book by an experienced housekeeper, who treats housekeeping not as something to be learned in a series of rules, but as capable of being systematically studied by an intelligent woman. She seeks to bring order out of chaos, and to teach economy by disclosing rational methods. The practical hints are abundant, and the book is admirably calculated to make the head of a house respect her own position, and to see the real dignity of her calling. — *What to do in Cases of Accidents and Emergencies, Describ-*

ing the Symptoms in each Case, and How to treat them on the Moment, with a list of the Principal Poisons, which if taken, require prompt treatment. Their Remedies and Antidotes. Designed for Family and General Use. By Joseph B. Lawrence, Medical and Surgical Nurse. (J. H. Vail & Co.) We give the title in full, as it is written and punctuated. The book is arranged alphabetically, and, as the author remarks in conclusion, "ought not to be listlessly read merely as a novel or as any other piece of fiction." The range of subjects includes a number which do not seem to come under the head of accidents and emergencies, but the directions are in the main simple and intelligible. It is well to remember that in the case of poisoning by chloroform you must "suspend the patient for a few moments by his legs."

Sociology and Political Economy. The Australian Ballot System, as embodied in the legislation of various countries, with an historical introduction, by John H. Wigmore. (C. C. Soule, Boston.) The spread of the movement to reform our voting methods has been very rapid, and is one of the most interesting political signs of the times; but the ordinary voter, who has not yet tried the system, may well be somewhat appalled at finding a volume of a hundred and fifty pages devoted to a codification of the laws of different countries and states based upon the new system. However, if he will turn to the specimen ballot at the end of the volume, he will perceive how simple is the practical exercise of voting, and he will be interested to see how all the contingencies which may arise under the system have been met in legislation. — *The Plantation Negro as a Freeman*, by Philip A. Bruce. (Putnam's.) The observations upon which this study is based have been made through a series of years in Southside, Virginia, and every student of the Negro Problem will wish to read carefully a book which reflects the mind of a cautious and apparently unprejudiced Virginian. Unprejudiced, that is, consciously; but it is impossible to read many pages without feeling that here is a writer whose mind has been trained to regard the old relation of master and slave as on the whole freer from evil than the present relation of equal interdependence. The book is a discouraging one, but it appears to proceed from a mind constitutionally discouraged, and this temper, we think, has unconsciously colored all the observations made. — *Marriage and Divorce*, by Ap Richard D. Swing and others. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) An inquiry into the moral, the practical, the political, and the religious aspects of the question. This is in the main an Eng-

lish book, and deals in a critical fashion mainly with English law. — *Outlines of a New Science*, by E. J. Donnell. (Putnam's.) One of the Questions of the Day series, and in form a lecture delivered before the Reform Club. As nearly as we can make out, Mr. Donnell claims the term "new" for social science as an expression of the constitution of the human mind, and the application in economics is to the freedom of commercial exchanges. The book is interesting as showing how an eager mind fumbles with his key for the key-hole, so impatient is he to throw open the door. — *International Law*, by Henry Sumner Maine. (Holt.) A publication of the late author's lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge in 1887. The historical method of the writer renders the work attractive to other than legally trained minds, and it especially appeals to readers because the basis is sought in ethical relations, not in mere legislative enactments.

Poetry and the Drama. Virgil's *Æneid*, the first six books, translated into English rhyme by Henry Hamilton. (Putnam's.) The rhyme is better than the measure, which is often unrhythmical. The book reads a little too much like an exercise in translation, and lacks the fine poetic element. — *Mother Carey's Chickens*, by Wilbur Larremore. (Cassell.) Poems of sentiment of an honest sort, but not charged with much poetic fire. — *Idyls of the Golden Shore*, by Hu Maxwell. (Putnam's.) The golden shore is California, and the poems are the fragments of a busy man's hours. The poetry is such as a tolerably well read man might write, if he had a good ear and fluent tongue. — *Mastor*, by John Ruse Lanes. (Putnam's.) A drama in form, in which the characters and incidents are typical of humanity, good, evil, and so forth. Pretty heavy-footed sort of verse. — The tenth volume of Macmillan's uniform edition of Browning contains the concluding portions of *The Ring and the Book*, the poet's masterpiece.

Fiction. *Steadfast, the Story of a Saint and a Sinner*, by Rose Terry Cooke. (Ticknor.) Mrs. Cooke has chosen for the scene of her story a Connecticut Valley spot in the early part of the last century, and for her incident the trials of a young minister. Her reading of the New England character is always just and sympathetic, and she has not attempted to make her book antiquated, but has used certain underlying elements of character which were not only possible a hundred and seventy years ago, but were brought into prominence by the social conditions of the time. This book has strength wherever it touches on what is peculiar to New England. Her scapegrace is a cosmopolitan wretch.